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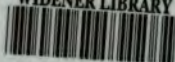
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JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR IN THE LEVANT,

BY
WILLIAM TURNER, ESQ.

Ἀρεκίως καλὰ λείξει
Ὅππῃ ἀπιπλάγχθη· τί καὶ ἄς τις ἴκῃ χώρας
Ἀθροῦν' αὐτοῦς τί, πόλεις τ' ἴν' ἐσιδαιώσας
Ἥ μιν ὅσοι χαλεπὸί ἴε καὶ ἄγριοι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι·
Ὅι τί φιλόξενοί. Odys. viii, 572.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IT is with the warmest feelings of thankfulness and respect, that I presume to dedicate the following pages to you, who placed me in the situation which enabled me to visit the Countries I have attempted to describe, and from whom I have always experienced so much condescension and friendship; and, if I had no other excuse for venturing to commit my Journal to the press, I should confidently rest my apology on the opportunity it affords me of thus publicly acknowledging the obligations you have heaped upon me, and of expressing, as strongly as I can, that whilst I continue to enjoy life and memory, I must ever be proud of your protection, and grateful for your kindness.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most faithful and devoted Servant,
WILLIAM TURNER.

PREFACE.

THE apology usually advanced by a young Author for publishing is the urgent solicitation of friends: but I am unwilling to avail myself of this plea, both because I should think it the height of injustice to shift the odium (if there be any) from myself to my friends, and because I have ever observed that this excuse is as unavailing in failure as it is superfluous in success. Yet, I am far from insensible to the rashness of the experiment I am trying, whether the World will find time to read, or indulgence

to excuse, a plain Book, neither embellished by fancy, nor illustrated by learning.

In fact, I assume no other merit for the following pages than that of having always written them on the spots which they profess to describe. The only exceptions to this assertion are the four initial chapters, which were subsequently compiled from my Journal, the three first, because the places they treat of are too well known to communicate interest to a daily detail, and the fourth because, for the same reason, I kept no regular Journal during the three years of my residence at Constantinople (where I passed the greater part, and expected to pass the whole, of my time) but contented myself with noting down such occurrences as seemed to me to illustrate the character of the government, or the manners of the people.

If the obvious question be asked, why,

when my materials were ready prepared, a task which could be performed so easily was delayed so long, my answer is, that I did not write my Journal with any intention to publish it, and that the intention did not arise till long after my return. The motives which prompted it must be indifferent to the Publick.

Being at length decided to publish, I was preparing to arrange my materials in the formal and laboured style in which Travels are usually written. I had loaded my table with Homer, Strabo, Pausanias, Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient Geographers and Poets, from whom I painfully laboured to extract descriptions to be compared with my own. Friends, to whom I communicated my intentions, and whose judgment it would have been the utmost presumption to dispute, advised me to relinquish this labo-

rious design, and to publish my Journal as nearly as possible in the form in which it was originally written. They flattered me with the hope that the Publick would not expect any depth of learning from one whose time was incessantly occupied by the routine of official occupation, and I adopted their suggestion with the more readiness, as I was conscious that my studies, snatched as they must be from the hours of business, would, in all likelihood, be too hurried to be successful.

The field, in fact, has been so well reaped that even the gleaner must be possessed of more than common penetration to find any thing new. The accurate descriptions of Sandys, Pococke, Tournefort, Wheeler, Stuart, Gell, Chandler, Denon, Niebuhr, Olivier, and Hamilton, have left subsequent travellers nothing but repetition to offer. I chiefly

rested my hopes of exciting interest on the opportunity afforded by the informal style of a Journal, for describing the manners of the countries I had visited; but, even this humble intention has been anticipated by the exact and admirable work of Dr. Holland, → who has left all our modern travellers in the Levant far behind, in painting to the life, the manners and customs prevalent in Greece. Had there existed such a living picture of men and manners as they are seen in Syria and Egypt, I could have found no pretence for publication.

Some of my readers, who are not aware of the obstacles which hourly rise to frustrate the projects of a traveller in the Levant, may think it extraordinary that I should have approached, without visiting, so many spots remarkable for their ancient or modern reputation, such as Thermopylæ, Tempe,

Baalbec, Aleppo, Damascus, &c. I can only remind those by whom I may be, on this account, accused of want of enterprise, that my time was not my own, and that I was not an independent traveller. I was often obliged to console myself for the indispensable abandonment of a projected excursion, by the reflection that, situated as I was, I ought rather to be thankful for what I did see, than discontented for what I could not. I cannot enter upon this consideration without acknowledging my obligations to Lord Castlereagh for confirming my annexation to the Embassy, and to Sir R. Liston, British Ambassador at the Porte, for the kindness with which he permitted me to change my official labours for the pleasures of travelling.

The enthusiasm with which the sight of Greece filled me, inspired me with the

warmest interest for its degraded people. On my return from Athens to Constantinople, I zealously applied myself to the study of their language, which delighted me by its similarity to that of their ancestors, a similarity which strikes more forcibly the further we look into antiquity, for some peculiar idioms are used by the modern Greeks which are to be found in Homer, but would be vainly sought in the later poets or historians of Greece; and the works of the more ancient Greek writers contain many words which are still in vogue among the natives of Greece, though they are not to be found in the later Hellenick authors. I was led by curiosity to examine the state of Romaick Literature, and there are few late publications in that language which I did not bring home with me; I once purposed to collect the information which these works might enable me

to acquire on this head, and present it to the Publick : but, fortunately for those whom it interests, my intention has been anticipated by Colonel Leake, whose *Researches in Greece*, afford much greater knowledge of the subject than I could have hoped to impart.

I cannot pass over in silence the difficulty which I found, where few would suppose any could exist, in expressing to English ears the true pronunciation of the Turkish or Greek names of places and things : in order to give the exact sound, it is frequently necessary to frame a word which bears the most uncouth appearance to the eye, and for this unavoidable inelegance I must repeatedly claim the indulgence of my readers.

With this exposure of its faults, which I am more ready to confess than able to correct, I venture to commit my book to the Publick ; but however signally it may fail in

affording information or amusement, let it not be imputed to its author that he has travelled in vain: he has learned from comparison to be thankful that he is the native of a country which, however it may be depressed at intervals by temporary suffering, is undoubtedly the happiest in the world, and to be proud that his birthright gives him a share in the most perfect form of government that ever was administered to the human race.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

ON THE

MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES OF TURKEY.

I THINK it more advisable to make my readers acquainted at the outset with such particulars as will most frequently require their attention, than to harass them by repeated explanatory notes, inserted successively in the pages.

The following is the Money at present most generally current in Turkey :—

Paras ;
Piastres ;
Rubiehs ;
Beshliks ;
Mahmoudies.

*40 paras make 1 piastre;
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ piastres 1 rubieh;

* Three aspers make one para, but the asper is now no longer current. I succeeded in obtaining one only during my residence in Turkey. As an imaginary coin, however, it is much used among the Turks, the incomes of the Timars (military Fiefs), the pay of the Janizaries, and all that part of their finances which is connected with ancient institutions, being still computed in aspers.

5 piastres make 1 beshlik;
25 piastres 1 mahmoudie, which is
also called a yeermeh beshlik, *viz.*, a piece of
25 piastres.

Large sums are calculated by purses. A purse is 500 piastres, and is an imaginary value.

The para, piastre, and beshlik are of silver, extremely base, particularly the first. The rubieh and mahmoudie are of gold. There is likewise a gold coin called a foondook, and another coined in Egypt, thence called a half-mysseer, but these are not frequently met with.

The value of this money to a foreigner depends of course on the rate of exchange between Turkey and the country on which he draws : of the fluctuation of this value some idea may be formed from the fact, that when I arrived in Turkey, in 1812, a bill on London procured only 17 piastres* for the pound sterling, for which 30 piastres were given, when (and some little time before) I left it in 1816. In the intermediate years it had varied frequently between these two extremes. Of its intrinsic, compared with its current, value,

* Thirty years ago, eight piastres for the pound sterling was the usual exchange on London.

I can fortunately give a more definite account, having brought home with me several specimens which I procured to be assayed. The following was the result, which gives the exact amount of the depreciation of the Turkish coin :

Gold Coins of Turkey, assayed at the Royal Mint, January, 1820.

	Current Value.	Weight.	Fineness.	Standard.	Pure Gold.	Sterling Value.
	Piast. Par.	Dwt. Grains.	Carats. Grains.	Dwt. Grains.	Grains.	L. s. d.
Yeermeh Beshlik, } or Mahmoudie.*	25 0	3 1½	B† 0 3½	3 4.68	70.5	0 12 5½
Foondook	11 0	2 5	W† 2 3	1 22.37	42.5	0 7 6½
Half Myseer	3 20	0 18½	W 5 3½	0 13.27	12.16	0 2 2
Rubieh	2 30	0 12½	W 2 3½	0 10.9	9.9	0 1 9½

Silver Coins of Turkey, assayed at the Royal Mint, January, 1820.

	Current Value.	Weight.	Fineness.	Standard.	Pure Silver.	Sterling Value.
	Paras.	Dwt. Grains.	Oz. Dwt.	Dwt. Grains.	Grains.	L. s. d.
Piece of ten paras	10	0 16½	W 5 14	8 14.	7.5	0 0 1½ ⁰
Piastre	40	6 6½	W 5 14	3 1.2	67.7	0 0 9½
Beshlik	5 piast.	15 16½	W 2 6	12 10.4	276	0 3 2½

For these accurate valuations, I am indebted to the kind attention of Mr. Bingley, the King's Assay Master.

* The Mahmoudie is a new coin of the present Sultan. It loses in weight, the superiority which it has in fineness over the other Turkish coins.

† B. and W. signify whether the coin be *better* or *worse* in fineness than the English standard.

Fraudulent advantage is sometimes taken of the extreme depreciation of Turkish money, though, from the low state of the arts in Turkey, not so often as might be expected. Some of my Zantiote friends knew a man of that island, who had speculated largely in the fabrication of Turkish coin, and defended his practices by pleading, perhaps with truth, that his money was intrinsically more valuable than the Sultan's: and when I was at Smyrna preparing to embark for England in December, 1816, a large supply of Turkish money, coined at Marseilles, had been just received by a French merchant. Nor is this a new speculation; for I find in Mignot's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, that, in 1668, during the reign of Mahomet IV., great commotions were excited at Constantinople, by the abundance of false money introduced into that capital by French and Dutch merchants.

Turkish Weights reduced to English Weights
Avoirdupois.

1 oke* (which consists of 400 Turkish drachms)

* The oke is, on a rough calculation, generally estimated at two pounds and three-quarters English weight, and is therefore so valued throughout my Journal.

= 2 lbs. 13 oz. English. 5 okes are nearly equal to 14 English lb.

1 Turkish drachm = $\frac{4}{5}$ of an English drachm.

1 metical = $1\frac{1}{2}$ Turkish drachm.

1 rotolo = 176 Turkish drachms, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. English.

1 teffeh = 610 Turkish drachms, or nearly $4\frac{1}{4}$ lb. English.

1 quintal = 100 rotolos, or 44 okes, or 125 lb. English.

Measures.

The principal corn-measure is the kilo, which is nearly equal to 1 Winchester bushel, and when filled with good wheat, weighs 22 okes.

Liquids are commonly measured by the weight of the oke.

1 pic = 27 English inches.

The valuations of Turkish weights and measures were furnished to me by an English merchant at Constantinople, in the printed form which was commonly used in his counting-house. Finding, however, that those which I received from him were extremely inaccurate, and even contradictory: I subsequently corrected them by calculation, and

by comparison with the *Universal Cambist*, published by Dr. Kelly, which is considered the best authority on such subjects, and the author of which kindly favoured me with his personal assistance. It is however impossible to fix any general standard of weight or measure in Turkey, where almost every town has a weight and measure peculiar to itself. For instance, there are no two cities in Turkey, which have more mercantile connexion than Smyrna and Constantinople; yet in these two places the weight of the quintal differs, being in the former 45, and in the latter 44, okes. Several other differences of the kind, equally striking, might be mentioned.

In journeys the Turks compute distance by hours, and an hour may be estimated at three English miles, that being nearly the pace of a loaded baggage-horse, to which the traveller must, however impatient, confine his speed, as it would be hazardous for him to lose sight of his baggage. An hour of the Arabs must not be estimated at more than two miles and a half, from the greater slowness of a loaded camel. The Turkish miles at sea are reckoned in the proportion of four Turkish to three English.

The Turks begin their computation of time from sun-set; it is then with them twelve o'clock, and again twelve hours afterwards. They are therefore obliged to alter their clocks and watches frequently, and can never tell at what hour the sun sets.

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Mode of travelling in Turkey to face	Title
<p>The two first figures are the Surigees (conductors) leading the baggage horses, whose load is covered with a carpet or piece of cloth to save it from rain. The third figure is the Janizary of the Travellers. The Costumes are very accurate, and the Building in the back ground gives a correct idea of the general appearance of Turkish country houses.</p>	
Turkish Arabah	82
<p>The Costume of the Turkish Women within is very accurate, as is also that of the driver. The <i>Arabah</i> is drawn sometimes by oxen and sometimes by Buffaloes.</p>	
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<p>The Drawing is a strikingly accurate resemblance. The Mount behind is Mount Scopo. The Castle overhanging the Town to the right has been strongly fortified since our possession of the Island.</p>	
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<p>The Hill in the back ground is the Cadmeum. All of the Town which is seen in the plate stands on a hill, the Drawing not being large enough to comprise that part of it which is at the bottom of the Mountain.</p>	
<p>Map of Greece and the Archipelago, to be inserted at the end of the Volume.</p>	

JOURNAL,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

HAVING been attached by Marquis Wellesley in 1811, to the embassy with which Mr. (now Sir Robert) Liston was charged to Constantinople, I embarked on the 8th April, 1812, with the other gentlemen of the embassy, on board the *Argo*, Captain Warren, which was appointed to carry us to the Dardanellès. We lost sight of England that night. My first few days were, as is usual with inexperienced travellers, days of wretchedness. The depression of spirits occasioned by leaving home was not yet lightened by the variety of travel. Though we enjoyed moderate breezes and clear weather, there was so considerable a swell on the Bay of Biscay, that I was happy, on the 19th April, to see Cape St. Vincent, of which, besides its national interest to an Englishman, the picturesque headlands afforded a prospect very pleasing to an eye accustomed for some days to see nothing but sky and water. On the point of the

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Cape stood an old convent converted into barracks. The morning of the 20th was cloudy, but the weather cleared in the afternoon, and at 4 o'clock Cadiz appeared fifteen miles ahead: its appearance to the naked eye at that distance was only an indistinct mass of white, but the prospect round it was delightful. To the left appeared Rota with the French batteries and fortifications, and San Lucar here closed the view. The country surrounding these towns was cultivated and cheerful. It contained several gentlemen's seats, and some convents which at a distance resembled parish churches in England. Before us was Cadiz, the harbour of which, full of shipping, extended to the right. We made signal for a pilot, who came on board at half past five, and at eight we anchored in the Bay.

We staid seven days in Cadiz. The town is about three quarters of a mile long, and half a mile broad, and its first appearance pleased me greatly. It was neat and clean, the houses being universally white-washed, and its ramparts afforded an agreeable walk, commanding a view of the harbour, but they were paved with light-coloured stone, and this mass of white was painful to the eye in a place exposed to a hot sun. The roofs of the houses are all flat for the purpose of catching rain-water, which by this means is procured in quantities sufficient for the constant supply of the town. Almost every house has a small turret on its top, to serve as a *look-out*, which has a handsome effect, and all the better sort have

balconies. I entered few; but most of them being, as I was told, alike, I could judge of them by that of Sir Henry Wellesley, the British Ambassador, who received us with great hospitality. More attention was paid to appearance in its entrance than in its interior. The outer hall led into a quadrangle (on which a gallery looked down from each story) quite open to the sky, exposed to the air in summer, and in winter sheltered by glass. After ascending three flights of a handsome wide staircase of marble, we entered his drawing-room, in which my eye was at first rather hurt to see whitewashed walls and a brick floor, the latter indeed partly covered by a carpet, which was contrary to the custom of the place. There are no fire-places, but on a chilly day, of which our stay afforded me only one instance, (though, whilst we remained, the thermometer did not rise higher than sixty-five in the shade,) a brasier full of charcoal, previously burnt to a red heat in the air, was brought in. Almost all the old-fashioned houses had every window guarded by a projecting iron cage quite round it; but many of these had been pulled down to provide chevaux de frise for the fortifications; and in the more modern buildings, constructed since the jealousy of Spaniards had somewhat yielded to their enlarged converse with European society produced by the late invasion, the practice was totally discontinued. At intervals appear a few convents with high walls, little remarkable for beauty of architecture in their construction, or chasteness of ornament in their interior

decoration: the latter consisted of altars tawdrily gilt, glittering with the disgusting mummary everywhere observable in Catholic churches, and hung with the most wretched daubs that ever bore the name of pictures; there were but few good pictures in Cadiz, and those chiefly of Murillo. In the church of the Capuchin Convent, hung the painting, (a Virgin and the infant Jesus) that caused his death. He fell from the scaffolding while employed on it, and never recovered the effects of the fall. The drapery was finished by a pupil*. In this church was hung a list of books which the Inquisition forbade all good Catholics to read, among which I noticed the Letters of Lady M. W. Montague and of Lord Chesterfield. These, however, might be read by such as had a license to that effect from the Inquisition; but there were many others, of which not even such a license, if obtained, could authorize the perusal. The finest building I saw in Cadiz, was the *New Cathedral*, as it is called; for it is yet unfinished, though it has been ninety years building, funds being wanting for its completion. The interior is adorned with pillars of fine marble, and its lofty top commands an extensive view of Cadiz, with the harbour and island. The vaults beneath it are uncommonly spacious, extending through the length of the whole building, and divided into square and circular cells of about twelve feet circumference.

The richest church in the place is that of Santa

* This picture, I have been told, is now in England.

Cruz. It contains a set of pictures, (forming a series of the history of our Saviour) which are thought good, and the dresses of the priests, canons, &c., were numerous and costly. The only other public edifice worthy of notice was an hospital for women, the internal quadrangle of which was large and neatly built. The theatre was small and attended by a provincial company, who acted with more declamation than judgment, and expressed no feeling forcibly, except their desire to hurry to the end of their speeches. The orchestra was very tolerable. Great order was kept in the house, apparently from the natural disposition of the audience; for though fifteen or twenty soldiers were stationed about it with drawn cutlasses, their interference was never required. The boxes, were mostly private; to those which were not so the price of admission was two rials, about nine-pence. Many seats in the pit were appropriated to particular individuals and secured to them by being turned up and fastened with a lock. On St. George's day the house was illuminated in honour of our King; "God save the King" was sung in Spanish and received with enthusiasm by both Englishmen and Spaniards, and two miserable daubs representing George and Ferdinand were hung on the stage, to which each of the performers bowed on singing a subsequent patriotic hymn. The plays I saw were *El Cid*, in which I was amused at seeing the actors preserve the old salutation of a courtesy, "*Garcia del Castañor*," "*Il Secorros de los Mantos*,"

which was hissed, and a burlesqued tragedy in the style of Tom Thumb, called "El Manolo," which convulsed the audience with laughter. After the play, a beautiful woman, dressed in man's clothes, danced the bolero exquisitely in true Spanish style.

The streets of Cadiz were very orderly, the more so probably from the indispensable observance at this moment of military discipline. I did not see one drunken Spaniard, and this sobriety was much promoted by the total absence of public-houses, wines and liquors being sold like all other articles, in shops, where they were kept on the shelf, and measured out to purchasers, who did not sit down, but drank standing in the shop, or carried away with them the bottle or glass which they bought. The different trades were denoted, as with us, by writing or signs over the door; and I was much amused by a "Sangrador y Dentista," who proved his pretensions to the latter character, by stringing over his shop-door four or five rows of the teeth which he had drawn. The streets were gay on a Sunday, when almost every inhabitant was taking the air, and the common people, neatly dressed, walked with segars in their mouths. These were universal, and a small case containing them was as indispensable to a Spanish gentleman, as a snuff-box to a snuff-taker. The cheerfulness of the crowded walks was, however, somewhat clouded by the generality of black gowns, which the women of Cadiz, with an unaccountable perversion of taste, all wear abroad, and throw off

on their return to the house. Many of them were strikingly beautiful, and the elegance of the mantilla set off their charms to advantage; but wherever I have been, I have always retained the impression, that no one but a madman would leave England in search of female beauty; and the only things in which I could wish to see my countrywomen imitate the Spanish ladies is in the uprightness of their carriage and the gracefulness of their walk. They were generally in crowds in the evening on the Ameda, the promenade of the town, a long walk between the ramparts and the houses, sheltered by trees and commanding at intervals a view of the sea. The hum of conversation in this scene suffered a short pause every evening, when the bells of the neighbouring churches sounded for vespers, at which moment every voice was hushed and every man uncovered. The effect was pleasing from its suddenness. When it grew dusk, the more fashionable part of the walkers adjourned to the Place de St. Antonio, a small square neatly paved with white stone, where it was the fashion to take two or three turns, after which the different groups dispersed, part to the theatre, and part to small private parties, of which I attended two or three, and found them very pleasant, being entirely free from the restraint of formal ceremony. Nine or ten couple generally assembled in the evening at each other's houses, danced two or three hours, and then separated, after appointing the place of meeting for the next evening. The dances

were waltzes and Spanish and English country dances. The oblong form of the rooms was well adapted for the purpose; but the grating noise of the brick-floor, which was often sanded, was insufferable. In these meetings Spanish was the only language in use, as, though many of the ladies could speak French, from patriotic motives they forbore to do so.

The Isla de Leon, about six miles distant from Cadiz, formed at this time the quarters of our troops. I rode to it in a calesa, a vehicle very like an English one-horse chaise, except that the top is fixed, and it is entirely without springs. The harness of the horse's or mule's head is furnished with bells, the jingling of which serves to clear the way, and is thought pleasing to the animal. The driver generally led the horse out of the town, and then seating himself sideways at the bottom of the calesa, drove at a good round trot. The road was very bad, but it became pretty near the Isla, being there bordered by many gardens, and by hedges full of aloes, with a few palm-trees. The calesas are frequently driven by the beach, which is much more cool and pleasant than the road, and is nearly as hard. The Isla forms a town nearly as large as Cadiz, and contains one magnificent street, a mile and a quarter in length and about seventy feet wide, neatly paved in rows of large white stones regularly laid between small ones. From the top of a high tower within the Isla I enjoyed an extensive prospect of Porto Real, Cadiz, Puerto de Santa Maria, the small town, built like Cadiz of white stone,

of Chiclana, which was the head-quarters of the French army, and of the mountains of Andalusia at 40 leagues distance. Immediately under me to the N. W. lay a large plain, on which the new constitution of Spain had lately been read with great ceremony, and with prayers for its continuance which the folly of its government has since rendered unavailing. The prospect was rendered very cheerful by the numerous gardens in and round the Isla, which were in full verdure. From a neighbouring height I looked down on all the English batteries and some of the French, and had a distant view of Santi Petre (a small island at the extremity of the Isla), fortified by a castle, at which were posted 300 English, and the same number of Spanish, troops, who were relieved every week. I thence rode towards the British lines, to the extremity of which I could only advance on foot, as, for additional security, the road was only a footpath, much curved and intersected by numerous ditches. At the end of this path we saw the French sentries not more than 150 yards distant from us, and Chiclana lay close to our right. All these works were thrown up on the high road from Cadiz to Seville. On our way to the lines, we crossed the river of Santi Petre on a strongly fortified bridge, called La Suarzo, which is said to have been built by a Roman emperor, and to be more ancient than that of Trajan at Alcantara. Every resource afforded by the natural strength of the place was adopted to secure Cadiz. Besides the British regiments stationed

in and round it, numerous levies were raised and exercised every day by British officers, under whose instruction they improved so rapidly as to justify the idea that the stupidity, sometimes imputed to the Spaniards, resulted from the unskilfulness or haughtiness of their teachers. I was much pleased with the remark of an English officer long resident in Spain, that you might lead the Spaniards with a thread, but you could not drive them with a pitchfork. No fears whatever were entertained for the safety of the place.

The Cortez was sitting during my stay in Cadiz. Their assembly was held in a large and lofty hall, formerly a church: at the top of it was a canopy for the throne, and under this a chair, reversed on account of the absence of the sovereign, on each side of which a sentinel with a drawn sabre was stationed, and relieved every hour. Behind the chair was a picture of the King. The number of members was 200. Among these, though the Andalusians themselves are extremely dark, it was easy to distinguish the colonial members, who were nearly negroes. Forty of the members were ecclesiastics; and of these three were bishops. Notwithstanding this disproportionate number of priests, their undue influence was not dreaded. They had lately failed in an attempt to restore the Inquisition, the pretence of which was, their present inability to punish the authors of some anti-catholic works lately published. I had a strong proof of the decline of their power in the observation of a Spaniard sitting next me in the gallery, who told

me, that the priests would find themselves disappointed in the hopes they were still foolish enough to entertain of leading the people by the nose as they had been used to do.

The proceedings of the Cortez were conducted in a very orderly manner. The President commanded silence by ringing a small bell, and his command was instantly attended to. I heard several speeches delivered with fluency, and listened to with attention. One member (a Señor Arguellos) was extremely eloquent. The manner of voting was, that those who favoured the question should rise, and those who opposed it should remain sitting. The Secretaries then going round counted and declared the numbers. The first day I attended their assembly, they were engaged in electing a President, the last having lately died. A list of the candidates lay upon the table, and every member whispered the name of the person for whom he voted to the Secretary, who affixed a mark opposite to it. The list was then read, with the number of marks affixed to each name; and he who had the majority was immediately elected and acknowledged. I here renewed my acquaintance with Señor Materosa, who was a member of the Cortez, and whom I had known in England, when he resided there as a Deputy from Spain.

The politics of the Peninsula wore a gloomy appearance during my visit to Cadiz, almost the only considerable place in Spain from which the French were at that time excluded. Many who had laughed

at Napoleon's project of subjugating the Spanish people began to regard it as no longer a chimera, and even felt their hopes for Spain ending in fears for Gibraltar. The stupendous bomb which is now lying a harmless trophy in St. James's Park, had, a few days before our arrival, threatened such ravages to Cadiz, that every feather-bed and mattress in the town had been spread in the streets to prevent its shells from bounding. Yet the inhabitants were firm and cheerful. I exulted to see the marks of their patriotic violence on the house from which they had lately dragged to punishment the Marquis of Solano, their treacherous governor, and they talked of victory, however distant, as ultimately certain. Those who best knew the character of the nation shared its confidence; foremost among these was the late Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Duff, whose hospitable kindness I am happy to have an opportunity of acknowledging by this mark of posthumous respect. Long residence in the country had given him the feelings of a Spaniard, and he said he should die contented, after the French were driven from the Peninsula. The good man's prayer was granted, he lived to witness the triumphs of Wellington, and to see the deliverance of Spain made a stepping-stone to the freedom of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

WE left Cadiz on the 28th April at day-light, and anchored at nine that evening in the Bay of Gibraltar, having gratified our national feelings about noon with a sight of Cape Trafalgar, and enjoyed by sunset a clear view of Tariffa, a neat town on a small plain by the seashore, with high mountains rising behind it: it was now partly garrisoned with English troops, and its fortifications had lately been considerably strengthened. The prospect on each side of the Straits as we sailed through them delighted me. To our left, the coast of Spain, whose hills in full verdure were sprinkled with neat white cottages, and overtopped by the Rock of Gibraltar; to our right, that of Africa, whose giant mountain, the other column of Hercules, now called Ape's Hill *, rocky and barren towards the sea, but verdant and well cultivated on the land side, was the mightiest feature of the scene, formed in their combination a splendid panorama. The impregnable fortress of Ceuta, of which the well-built town and

* From the number of those animals that inhabit it. There are also many Apes on the Rock of Gibraltar, the only place in Europe, it is said, where they are found. They appear in the greatest numbers when the wind is easterly, at which time it is dangerous for women and children to walk unprotected among the unfrequented parts of the Rock.

neat fortifications slope down to the shore, are a striking addition to the beauty of the scene; but the incalculable advantages which the possession of it would confer upon us, are so evident to the most unpractised observer, that Ceuta, while held by the Spaniards, must ever be an eyesore to an Englishman.

We were hospitably received by the late General Campbell, the Lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar, who was spaciously and comfortably lodged in a house which was once, and still bears the name of, a convent; but I cannot conceive a more disagreeable residence in Europe than Gibraltar: a narrow strip of land, hemmed in by the sea on one side, and by a high rock on the other, it has no shelter from a burning sun, and there is little to compensate its local disadvantages; for no one lives there from choice; the merchants are nearly all Jews, and military society, even if abundant and varied, is ever obstructed by the indispensable etiquette of a garrison. There were occasional garrison balls, of which the one that occurred during my stay was well attended. The inns are extravagant in their bills, and so wretched in their accommodations, that most of us preferred returning at night to the frigate to sleep. Indeed every article of luxury in the place is almost unattainably dear. The only cause I can imagine for a favourable description of this "military hot-house" is, that it being generally the first spot at which the English voyager through the Mediterranean lands, he expresses the delight he naturally feels on a first view of the vegetable wonders

which the climate fosters. This at least was my sensation. After seeing only the slow process of the growth of plants in flower-pots in England, I was delighted by the sight of orange, lemon, jasmin, solanum, and banana trees, and hedges of geraniums, many in bloom, and some fifteen, and even thirty, feet high. The ascent of the Rock was in general easy, till I nearly reached the top; when I mounted on steps, cut in it by order of General O'Hara, the late governor, who also erected, at the summit, a high tower, which has been twice thrown down by lightning, owing, it is supposed, to an iron stand for a spying-glass, which was placed on it without a conductor. The mountain was covered with shrubs, which were much injured by the goats, and other cattle, who browse on it; and among these shrubs were many palmettos in great perfection. The view from the top extended far over the Mediterranean and Atlantic. To the south were the mountains of Africa covered with snow, to the north lay hills, among which peeped the towers of Algesiras and St. Roque, and far to the N. E. rose the high mountains of Grenada. On my descent I entered St. Michael's Cave, a natural cavern in the rock, of great extent, adorned by nature with rough pillars and large stalactites; and the light penetrating its extremities had a wild and pleasing effect. Several ruins of Moorish buildings are made available in the fortifications; and there was an old Moorish castle; built exclusively of earth, so solid and strong that the shots which had struck it during the siege (the marks of which are

every where visible) had little effect. It would be presumptuous in me to express any opinion on the strength of a fort so generally allowed to be impregnable as Gibraltar. Towards the land the rock is perpendicular and inaccessible, and the fortifications towards the sea have defied Europe: but I should certainly be disposed to contradict the assertion which General O'Hara is said to have made,—“ that Gibraltar might be taken with the sacrifice of ten thousand men, if, after incurring that loss, the besieger could persuade troops to advance.”

I was glad of an opportunity to ride over the neutral ground to the small town of St. Roque, which had lately been abandoned by the French. Our ride thither lay over a country composed alternately of soft sand and high pathless hills covered with stones, and interspersed with large masses of rock. The town was quite a ruin. The French, after pulling down whole streets, whose materials lay blocking up the pavement, stripped the houses of the doors and furniture, with which they made a camp on the plain before the town; and, on their departure, had burnt every thing they could not use or remove. The ruins were now full of a part of General Ballasteros' defeated army which had just arrived; they were mostly fine-looking men, but miserably ragged, and exhausted by fatigue: they had no uniform-dress, and the bare feet, and neglected beards, of most of them, were manifest marks of a hasty flight; yet they seemed cheerful, and were amusing themselves with the favourite

Spanish pastime of tormenting the ox on which they were to dine, round whose horns they had tied a small rope, by which they dragged him to and fro, and ran away laughing when it grew enraged. During this sport the rope broke, and I was looking on so close, that if the animal had turned on me, my unskilful horsemanship would probably have cost me dear. Luckily it chased the best rider amongst us, who took a long circuit, and thus led him away from our party, which was dispersed in the confusion, and I with difficulty found my way back alone to Gibraltar.

On the 1st of May, we sailed from Gibraltar without regret, on the 6th passed the coast of Sardinia, at fourteen leagues' distance: on the 10th, we were eleven leagues N. W. of the Island of Maritimo, a barren rock, now the Botany Bay of Sicily; and on the 12th saw clearly the small town of St. Julian, situated on Mount Eryx of classical memory. We sailed that evening along the northern coast of Sicily, which is entirely mountainous, and sparingly scattered with small towns. One of these towns was Trapani, at which are made the beautiful imitations of antique cameos. The air was clear and calm, the sun set with its usual brilliancy, and gave a warm and cheerful hue to the lovely scene before us, to which additional beauty was imparted by a rainbow that rested on the mountains. We passed Mount Pellegrino, two miles from Palermo, famous for the Grotto of Palermo's patron Saint Rosolia; of whose history and honours Brydone has given a detailed account.

The next morning, (having had constant calms since the 10th), we anchored in the Bay of Palermo, and enjoyed a delightful view of it. The Bay is a complete horseshoe. At the north-west end stands the city, built on a narrow plain, and surrounded by verdant hills, full of country houses, built with taste, and embellished with every ornament both of nature and art; behind it rise high mountains covered with trees and shrubs, whose dark colours form a striking contrast to the gay and luxuriant vegetation of the gardens in and round the city. The sun shone brilliantly on the tops of these mountains, while a long chain of clouds hid the middle of them from sight.

The natural beauties which distinguish the site of Palermo, cannot fail to excite admiration; but I was disappointed in the city itself, which is about a mile in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth. I should think Brydone's account of its population, viz., 150,000, to be still correct. It is built with great regularity, being intersected by two great streets, which, crossing each other at right angles, form in its centre a square of well-built houses. There are several minor squares which would have a fine appearance, but for their not being paved. The most striking feature is the profusion of statues and ornaments, all of marble, which is very common, that of a yellow colour the most so. The houses are almost all built of a coarse yellow stone. The streets are paved only in the centre, where every one walks, and derive a singular appearance from a circumstance

which I never observed elsewhere: every house, with hardly a single exception, has its lower story occupied by a tradesman; so that the passenger on his level sees the shop of a shoemaker or a tailor, and on looking up a handsome house, frequently a palace, above. This peculiarity extends to the convents, of which and of churches the number is most disproportionately large. The imperfect pavement of the streets is a great evil to the passengers; but this is little regarded, for the higher classes of Sicilians think it very derogatory to their dignity to walk. During the few days of my stay, (in the hottest day of which the thermometer rose only to seventy-four in the shade) it rained almost incessantly, and they were so full of mud as to be at intervals impassable. The houses are very superb, being lofty and spacious both without and within. That of Lord William Bentinok, at which we were most kindly received, was magnificent. After ascending a marble staircase of splendid width, we passed through five or six large ante-rooms to the dining-room, which was about forty feet by twenty, and at least thirty in height; and I was informed that there were many houses in the city of equal size, but wretchedly furnished, to our ideas at least, partly from the increasing poverty of the nobles, and partly because little furniture is used in hot climates: most of the ceilings are painted in fine Italian style, and the floors are of painted Dutch tiles. Of the public buildings the cathedral is decidedly the finest; its exterior is magnificent and simple, and its

interior is richly adorned without tinsel or tawdriness. The aisles were about one hundred and fifty feet long, and lighted by a number of very elegant gilt chandeliers. It contains some superb monuments of the Norman kings of the island, composed of the finest porphyry, about six feet in height, and overhung by a neat shelving roof supported by pillars, all of the same rich materials. The king's palace is an insignificant building, standing in an unpaved square, but derives an appearance of comparative grandeur from the meanness of the houses around. Before it stands a handsome marble statue of the present king's grandfather, and within its walls is the royal chapel, which though small, is very richly embellished, and contains some of the finest specimens of mosaic ornament. The king and queen were now residing at a country palace, about thirty miles distant from the capital.

The cathedral of Monte Reale ranks next to that of Palermo; its internal decorations were, I thought, superior. The outer doors were of sculptured bronze, the pillars dividing the aisles of granite, and the walls and pavement encrusted with mosaic, consisting of a gilt composition and of porphyry, and verd antique. It contained several marble statues of saints on pedestals of porphyry, and figures of our Saviour and the disciples, with other saints, were inlaid in mosaic all round the walls. Part of this fine cathedral was burnt down in November 1811. A convent is attached to it, which can boast of a very fine picture of Morales. Our drive to Monte Reale

lay through a lovely scene, and the view from the hill on which the cathedral stood, was most extensive and delightful. It commanded the whole of the rich valley of Palermo, over whose abundant foliage the eye was conducted to the mountains, between the tops of which it enjoyed partial glimpses of the sea. One of the most curious, but least inviting, spectacles in Palermo is the vault of the Capuchin convent, in which are kept the bodies of the deceased friars, habited in their monastick dress, and placed upright in niches in regular order. These bodies are merely baked in ovens till the juices are all dried up, and this imperfect mode of preservation renders the sight very disgusting. One of them, (the ticket attached to which was dated between 1690 and 1700) was a mere skeleton, and, in all, the flesh was gradually mouldering away in proportion to the time elapsed since their death, while the distortion of features in some, showed the agonies of their last moments. The hairs of the beard remained. There were also the bodies of some cardinals of Palermo; of a few princes, one magnificently arrayed in his state dress, and a few bones of a king of Tunis, (converted as the monks said to Christianity) which had been there nearly two hundred years.

The country-houses round Palermo, exceed those of the city in the costliness of their internal decoration: most of these are at Bagaria, to the east of Palermo. I saw that of the prince of Palagonia, better known by the name of the Palace of Monsters, a former possessor having expended large sums in filling it with representations in sculpture of every

possible and impossible distortion of nature. These monsters have almost all been removed by his successors. The ceilings of all the rooms were encrusted with crystal, and the walls and floors inlaid with precious marbles: the walls of one apartment were carved and painted in exact imitation of blue and gilt china. The house was filled with tables of tortoise-shell and mosaic, inlaid with porphyry, verd antique, &c. The villa of the Prince Belmonte, on the west side of Palermo, was a very neat building; its garden, extensive and neglected, lay along the lower declivity of Mount Pellegrino; and a summer-house on the highest terrace commanded a view of the delightful valley in which the city stands, and which is about ten miles in diameter, almost entirely laid out in rich and well-cultivated gardens. Between three and four miles out of the city, the King had a summer-palace called Favorita, our ride to which lay along the royal garden, extending something more than a mile along the bottom of Mount Pellegrino; the walks were bordered by olive trees, to which were fastened strings covered with vines. It was much neglected, but sufficiently rich in vegetation to astonish an English eye, in the beginning of May. The palace was a small tawdrily-painted Chinese building; we did not enter it, but I was told, that its internal decorations were very superb, and cost two hundred thousand pounds. The Sicilian noblemen are very fond of these painted buildings. In the garden of Prince Butero, was a fantastic summer-house of painted stone, of which the interior was

adorned with waxen figures as large as life, dressed as friars, nuns, peasants, &c., so well executed, that the deception was, for a short time, complete.

The public road to Favorita was, like all those round Palermo, very beautiful, lying along the valley, the mountains enclosing which were covered with shrubs and wild flowers. One of these mountains was Pellegrino, and a well-built road winding to its summit, had a picturesque effect. At regular intervals along the roads round Palermo are pillars for conveying to the city the water from the mountains. They are in general about seventy feet high, and being of coarse stone and rough workmanship, are far from ornamental. About twenty feet from the ground a ledge projected, on which were fixed ladders reaching to the summit. The public gardens of the city are tastefully arranged, and kept in good order. They were scattered with fountains which were pretty in design, but spoiled by the clumsy sculpture of the statues in their centre. These adjoin to the public walk—the Marino,—the beauty of which deserves all the praises that Brydone has bestowed on it.

Every family in Palermo that aims at gentility, keep their carriage, without which they could not reputably stir abroad, and there are public carrosses in the streets for strangers. They resemble an English barouche. I saw some of these drawn by three horses or mules abreast, which had a very classical effect. Their fares are high. The horses, as is general in the countries of the Mediterranean, are

adorned with bells. Great weights are conveyed in carts drawn by oxen, whose horns are between three and four feet in length.

The Sicilians calculate their time from sunset, the hour after which is the first, and the hour before, the twenty-third. I was at first astonished to hear the clocks striking sixteen or seventeen, about two hours after noon.

The only public amusement of Palermo, while I was there, was the opera. The theatre though small was neat; the performers were very respectable, and the scenery was far above mediocrity. I could not reconcile myself to the system of leaving the boxes in darkness, to give greater effect to the stage; but the advantages which it secures to the Sicilian ladies, in enabling them to attend the performance without changing their dress, are too valuable to be resigned. After the opera, a *conversazione* is held in the upper rooms of the theatre, where the fashionables meet and gamble. They carry with them rouleaux of dollars, with which they play high, round a table of *rouge et noir*. In no capital of Europe does the *beau monde* keep such late hours as in Palermo. In winter they gamble or dance, and in summer walk on the Marino, till five in the morning. Numbers of them attended the parties of the British Minister, where they danced waltzes and country dances, there being no dance peculiar to Sicily. Almost every nobleman I met there was a chamberlain to the king, and wore a golden key at his pocket-hole.

Palermo presented a melancholy picture of pro-

fligacy in the higher classes, and of beggary in the lower. The elegant ease of manner which distinguishes the superior society of the Sicilians, gives them a high rank among polished nations, but it cannot remove or soften the disgust with which an Englishman contemplates their revolting immorality; marriage is considered by the women merely as a cloak for licentiousness, and this is bounded by no restraint except the necessity of that outward decorum, without which they would cease to be attractive. All the agricultural and commercial interests of the island are sacrificed to the luxury of the capital. The roads round Palermo are excellent, while the interior of the island is almost impervious for want of them; of this the non-residence of the nobility is both the cause and the consequence. While they are gambling away fortunes in the metropolis, their estates are so neglected, that bread during my visit was something above a penny an ounce, and a short time before it, this ancient granary of the Roman empire had been in imminent danger of a famine: nor is the unfeeling neglect of her nobility the only bar to the prosperity of Sicily. The priests avail themselves of their spiritual power to increase their revenues; and thus the people are so oppressed and plundered, that perhaps no instance can be found of a nation enjoying the reputation of being civilized, and presenting every where such scenes of misery. It was truly horrible to see the squalid wretchedness of the crowds of beggars that infested the streets, whom starvation

rendered so importunate, that it was difficult to escape without giving alms, though the moment they were offered they produced a scramble and a fight. The galley slaves were enviable in comparison, for though chained by the legs two and two, constantly watched and hard worked, their supply of food, however wretched, was regular.

I had expected, on leaving Palermo, to sail through the Faro of Messina, the prospect of which is one of the finest spectacles that the Mediterranean affords. But as the batteries of Reggio were then firing on all vessels that passed, it was, to my great regret, thought safer to sail round the west coast of Sicily. It seems ridiculous to have been in Sicily without seeing *Ætna*; but such unfortunately is my case, for though the mountain is ordinarily visible along the whole coast, and even from Malta, the weather during our passage was so cloudy, that we had not the least glimpse of it. We left the Bay of Palermo on the morning of the 19th of May, and on that of the 28d, passed Goza, which, it has been erroneously supposed, was in Homer's idea, when he painted the Island of Calypso. It presents no other appearance than that of a barren sandy soil, and is lower land than I had yet seen in the Mediterranean. We sailed into the harbour of Malta the same evening, early enough to enjoy the view of its magnificence. I had never witnessed any thing so grand as the prospect of the city, when we coasted down its port. The happy mixture of houses and fortifications, the arched gal-

leries, the precipitate heights thronged with spectators, and the crowds of shipping, formed altogether a most imposing scene. We anchored opposite the famous Fort St. Angelo, and (Valetta being built on a hill) immediately ascending the stairs from the port to the city, (called by our sailors the *Nix mangiars* stairs, that being the incessant cry of the beggars who crowd them) were conducted to the palace, where we were most hospitably received by General, (now Sir Hildebrand) Oakes, then commander-in-chief and civil commissioner for the island.

Malta is so well known, that the shortness of my stay in it, (but four days) is not the only reason for my forbearing to describe it at large. It seems rather to have been intended for a quarry, than a habitation of man, for it contains little else besides stone. In Sicily, every advantage has been lavished by nature, and none obtained by art. Here it is exactly the reverse,—industry has raised splendid palaces and fruitful fields, where nature had laid down a rocky desert. The very hedges of the fields are masses of stone piled on one another, and being entirely of a light colour, its glare is intolerably oppressive to the eye. The palace is a large quadrangle, containing spacious apartments, elegantly furnished and adorned with very fine tapestry, and with successive portraits of the grand masters. There is also a fine picture of Louis XVI., which was presented to the knights, by the unfortunate monarch himself. Within the palace are a public library,

containing above twenty thousand volumes, many very valuable, particularly French, fine editions having been sent as presents to the knights, by the kings of France; and an armory, in which are deposited twenty-five thousand stand of arms; and which, besides many plain suits of armour of knights, possesses three suits of grand masters, beautifully inlaid with gold, a fine specimen of chain armour, and a very curious leathern cannon. The garden of the palace is of course not extensive, but it is neatly laid out, and has a wild effect from being planted on the fortifications. There is a more extensive garden belonging to the palace at St. Antonio, about four miles from Valetta. We drove in a carriage, like the calesa of Cadiz, drawn by an excellent mule. The size and strength of these animals in Malta are remarkable. There is scarcely a cathedral in Europe of which the interior is more richly ornamented than that of the church of St. John: the walls are of painted stone; the altar is decorated with a fine picture representing the beheading of the patron Saint, and the pavement is composed of magnificent gravestones of the knights, whose armour is described in highly-wrought mosaic of different coloured marbles.

One of our party having quoted to us an opinion of Sir William Drummond, that Hannibal had been buried in Malta, founded, he said, on a stone discovered by that gentleman in the island, bearing in Punick characters the following inscription;—"The
" people, when arranged in order of battle, lamented

Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar,"—I rode with a small party to the village of Benlisa, at the eastern extremity of the island, rather with the view of seeing the country, than with the idea of realizing so wild a vision. We found some ruins of a small pyramidal building, (the base of one side of which was in good preservation,) that had evidently been a tomb, whose foundations, enclosing two distinct chambers, were still very distinguishable. Round it lay several hewn stones, with circular serpentine ornaments sculptured on them; and the old Maltese peasant who accompanied us said, that he remembered an old church standing near there, in which it was said, that some great man of old lay interred.

Our detention for a day by a contrary wind gave me an opportunity to visit the famous Grotto of St. Paul, which is at Città Vecchia, about eight miles from Valetta. A small chapel, dedicated to the same saint, is built over the grotto in which the Maltese say he dwelt three months; and the man who shewed it made me carry away a piece of the chalky stone of the grotto, as an infallible preservative against the bite of vipers or any venomous insect, denouncing vehement curses on all who disbelieved its efficacy. Unluckily my interest in his story was destroyed by Bryant, who has proved to demonstration, that Melita, and not Malta, was the island on which St. Paul landed: the absolute freedom of the latter island from all sorts of venomous animals, which has been considered by some to strengthen its claim to the

visit of the saint, is sufficiently accounted for by the dry and rocky nature of the soil, which could afford them no nourishment. Near Città Vecchia I was also shewn some catacombs of inconsiderable extent, in which it is said the Saracens took refuge, and which certainly were well calculated for concealment and defence. Apartments, tombs, ovens, and even a small church, were hewn out of the subterraneous rock, which was quite a labyrinth; and out of these habitations branched a passage, also subterraneous, which, I was told, extended two miles. The fields round Città Vecchia had more appearance of verdure than any I had seen in Malta.

CHAPTER III.

ON the 28th of May we were towed out of the harbour of Malta, and at noon, on the 31st, saw the coast of Greece, 15 leagues N. E. by E. of us. On the 1st of June, we sailed along the southern coast of Cerigo, on which we descried a small neat-looking town. On each side we saw distant mountains covered with snow ; those of the Morea on the left, and the Cretan Mount Ida on the right. On the 3d of June, a strong north-east wind stopped our progress, and, being off Milo, we at noon fired a gun for a pilot, who came out to us. The sailors of Milo are reputed to be the best pilots in the Archipelago. Michili, who came off to us, was pilot to the English fleet that passed the Dardanelles in 1806. He spoke very good English, and held the post (without salary) of English Vice-Consul in the island. In the afternoon we anchored in the bay, which is one of the best harbours in the Archipelago, being about six miles long and three and a half broad, and not more than three-quarters of a mile wide in the entrance. The country on the coast of the bay is very hilly, and must have been beautiful when well cultivated and covered with vines, as it was when the island was well peopled ; but the plague made such ravages in it a

hundred years ago, that the population of the whole island is now only 2,300, whereas before that time the town alone contained 10,000. The depopulation has been more systematically promoted by the badness of the water and the unwholesomeness of the air, which are said to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. The tribute paid by the island to the Turks is 20,000 piastres, though rated only at 7,000. This the inhabitants send annually to Constantinople, and thus avoid the oppression of the Turks (of whom there is not one on the island), except at the dreaded visit of the Turkish fleet, which takes place every two or three years, more frequently here perhaps than elsewhere, owing to the excellence of the port. The interior of the island is better cultivated than its first appearance would lead the traveller to suppose. The conditions of labour are very patriarchal. The labourer divides the produce with the proprietor, but provides all the necessary animals and implements. Its staple produce is cotton, which is cultivated almost exclusively by the women. It grows a sufficiency of corn (mostly bearded wheat) to furnish a supply to two or three of the neighbouring islands, and contains 30 windmills. The hills are very rocky, and much of the stone is of a reddish iron-colour, as if the island were volcanic. Milo, the capital, which is built on a plain, about two miles from the coast, is now almost in ruins, and the narrow streets are choked with the materials of fallen houses. The inhabitants, however, appeared cheerful: the women

(who in the evening sat spinning cotton at the doors) nodded to us affably, and were very willing to shew us the inside of their houses, which were generally neat and clean. They were a fine race of people; the men strong and active in their limbs, and upright in their carriage, and a great proportion of the women could boast of beauty. The costume of the latter was curious, consisting of a sort of wrapper of white cotton, with a cap of the same; from which dangled two long folds, which fell about a foot and a half down the back. We rode to the town of Castro (the second on the island) on donkies, equipped with a clumsy wooden saddle, on which the rider sits sideways, like a woman, and without a bridle. The path lay alternately over rocky hills and rich fields covered with vines, olive and fig trees, and oleanders, which latter grow here wild in great perfection. Castro stands on the top of a high mountain shaped like a sugar-loaf. Its streets, if it be allowed to give that name to unpaved passages about four feet wide, overhang each other, and are ascended by irregular stone steps. The inhabitants live in a very patriarchal manner, two or three generations of a family occupying the same house; and when a father gives his daughter in marriage, he makes over to her husband his house with all its furniture, and either remains in it as a guest, or finds another for himself. We entered the house of our Vice-Consul (built of stone, as were all those both of Milo and Castro,) of which the interior was neatly white-washed, and furnished with

wooden chairs and tables, for most of the Greek islanders retain several European habits, which were taught them by the Venetians. We were presented with almonds and wine, of which latter the island furnishes two sorts, red and white, both very sweet.

In the neighbourhood of Castro, and indeed all over the island, are scattered great numbers of small chapels, of which formerly one was appropriated to each family. They are contemptible buildings, about eight feet high and 16 long, with arched roofs. The priests (papas) are distinguished from the other inhabitants only by their beards on week days, when they are generally employed in teaching the children to read. At the bottom of the northern side of the mountain, on which stands Castro, are ruins of the ancient city; but they consisted only of a few fragments of marble bearing mutilated inscriptions, and some pillars of granite. Even these remnants will soon cease to mark the spot, for the Greeks carry them off to adorn their churches. On one of the marbles I saw part of an inscription—ΣΑΒΕΙΝΟΕΖΟΗΥ. One of our party saw one (which was afterwards brought on board the frigate,) inscribed,

ΔΑΜΟΣΟΜΑΔΙΩΝ—Σ—
 1ΤΤΥΡΟΥΤΟΝΕΤΕΡΓΕΤΑ

and another succeeded in bringing on board a large altar of brown stone, weighing 12 cwt. inscribed,

ΔΑΜΥΚΡΕΟΝ
 ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕ

From St. Elias, the highest mountain in Milo, and, indeed, next to Athos, in the Archipelago, being 2,036 feet above the level of the sea, I enjoyed a most extensive prospect of the islands of the Archipelago, of which I counted 27 from its summit. Near its base stood the Greek convent of Santa Marina, which, though the chief convent of the island, is a wretched building. Its small church, however, was handsomely adorned, the walls and the screen before the altar being gilt, varnished, and painted with tawdry figures of saints. Every Milote bequeaths something to it at his death, and, in return, it entertains gratis all who pass by it. It is occasionally visited by the Mainote and Albanian pirates, who *en passant* apply for provisions, which of course the Monks dare not refuse. I did not leave Milo without visiting the hot springs which Tournefort has described, and which are on the S. E. coast of the island. They are both salt, being immediately close to the sea. The temperature of one was 128, and of the other 115, of Fahrenheit. Tournefort mentions, that he kept an egg in the water of the spring an hour without its being affected by the heat; but that upon fixing it in the sand, it was boiled in a few minutes. My experiment confirmed his account of the egg not being affected by the heat of the water; and the natives assured me, that he was correct in stating, that in the sand it would be boiled instantly, though I could not try the latter, having broken my

only egg to see the effect of the spring, and being too far from any house to procure another.

The wind became favourable on the 7th of June, and early on that morning we sailed from Milo. At noon, on the 12th, we passed Tenedos, and two hours after anchored off the entrance to the Dardanelles. A messenger was immediately sent to Constantinople, to advertise Mr. Stratford Canning (then British Minister there) of the arrival of the Embassy. We remained on board the frigate till the 16th, and, in the interval, received complimentary messages from the Turkish Governor of the Dardanelles' castles, inviting us on shore. We were anchored before the mountainous and woody coast of Asia, enjoying from the ship the prospect of Alexandria Troas, and part of the plain of Troy. On the 16th, I went ashore, with three others of our party, to the village of Koum Kalé, where we found waiting for us the horses of the Governor of the Dardanelles, with two of his Turkish servants, and a Jew, the brother of our Vice-consul there, who served us as interpreter and guide. The horses were accompanied by an open cart of simple construction, drawn by two buffaloes (which has been accurately described by Dr. Clarke, and which he states to resemble the $\Delta\phi\phi\alpha\varsigma$ of the Ancients) for the accommodation of one of us. We passed through Koum Kalé, which is a paltry village; crossed the rivers, the Simois and Scamander, as they have been called, below their junction, where they

were then about fifty feet wide and knee deep, and rode over the plain (which is perfectly flat, rich in verdure, and in many parts tolerably cultivated) to Bounarbashi, where we were hospitably received by the Aga of that village, who came out with his household to meet us on horseback, and was very attentive to us. After alighting, receiving his compliments, and drinking coffee with him, we walked to the hill on which Mr. Gell, in his work (of which I cannot sufficiently praise the extraordinarily accurate descriptions and drawings), supposes Troy to have stood, whence we had a commanding view of the extensive plain below: on this hill stands what the same author calls Hector's tomb, which is a mere heap of loose stones, with a few weeds and blades of grass growing on its top. One of the party, who had visited this spot 18 years before, told us, that there was then a large hole in this barrow, which was now filled up. On the hill were several parcels of stones, which seemed to have been placed with some attention to regularity, probably by the Turcomans, who live here, in the summer, in the same manner as gipsies do in England. Near the barrow called Hector's tomb, west of it, was a small quarry, the stones of which bore marks of violence on them; and on the other side of the hill, a little way down, was another large one, entirely covered with an immense wild fig tree, which is very common in this neighbourhood. At the bottom of the hill flowed

the river called the Simeis, of which the stream was now not above four feet wide; but the space over which it flows in winter, now marked by dry sand, was, I should think, 12 or 14 feet in width: it looked most beautifully, being bordered by trees bearing the richest foliage, and winding through the plain to some distance. In the valley on the west side of the hill, the land was as rich and as well cultivated as any I had ever seen. We left this lovely prospect with regret, and returned to the Aga's house in Bounarbashi, where we dined off Turkish dishes, and passed the night,—would I could say—slept; but that was rendered totally impossible by the activity of the living enemies with which the traveller in the Levant is always compelled to share his bed. Next morning, we breakfasted with the Aga, under a thick arbour of vines, in his garden, which is fancifully said to occupy the site of that of Priam.

On leaving him, we passed the Keerk-ios, the sources of which have been supposed to be those of the Scamander. The two we tried by the thermometer were both of the ordinary temperature of cold water. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the spot in which they rise; the clear babbling stream gushing out of the rock, which was darkened by the shade of several poplars overhanging it, afforded a pleasing contrast to the light, cheerful, scenery of the plain around. Some women of the village, who were washing at one of the sources, forced on my mind Homer's

pleasing description of the assemblage of the Trojan women for the same purpose in time of peace*. Quitting the sources, we mounted and set off for the ruins of Alexandria Troas (called by the Turks, Eski Stamboul, or Old Constantinople), which are six hours' distance†. The road was a mere path, so entirely covered with heath and shrubs, that, but for the mountains, I could have fancied myself on an English common. There were many fragments of ancient columns and other remnants of antiquity lying along the road, on a few of which I saw mutilated inscriptions‡. The number of these increased as we drew nearer to the ruins, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of which is so covered with trees

* *Iliad* 22, 155,—

Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

† An hour is a league.

‡ Part of an inscription, which I copied from a small column lying on the road, ran thus :—

ΙΑΣ . . . ΜΑΙ ΩΝΟΣ
ΤΑΝΗΓ ΤΗΕΩ
ΝΑΗΝΗΤΗΟΥΙΑΔΑ
ΕΩΕΚΑΝΗΟΤΗΕΑΣΑΝ
ΝΙΕΙΓΤΗΕΦΙΟΣΙΗΝΟΕΑΝ

The following was on the lid of a sarcophagus lying among the ruins :—

ΑΥΡΗΑΙΟΣΣΩΤΗΡΕΘΗΚΑΤΗΝΣΩΠΟΝΕΑΥΤΟΚΑΙ

One of our party saw an immense stone on the plain, near the village of Yeni Cheyr (see Mr. Gell's accurate maps for the

(chiefly the oaks that produce the valonia), that the place is almost a wilderness. An hour before we reached the city, we saw great remains of the ancient aqueduct, all of which is easily traced. It was of gigantic dimensions; but one of the party missed great masses of its ruins, which he saw at his last visit to the place; and this is not to be wondered at, for Alexandria Troas has been for centuries, and still is, the magazine whence the Turks draw materials for the stone balls which they fire from their batteries round Constantinople, and for their buildings in the neighbourhood.

As our visit was very hasty, the only other ruins I had time to see were those of one of the gates, of a small theatre, and of the baths; the latter, though much ruined, were very distinguishable, and the dry channel of the spring that supplied them was clearly marked: these were on the west bank of the river, and close to them were the hot springs which have been so often described; their temperature is that of boiling water, and their taste salt and disagreeable; they are used by the Turks for baths, and are considered beneficial in scrophulous disorders. On the other side of the river was a copious cold spring, whose water was fresh and pleasant. The ruins were built with enor-

topography of the plain), inscribed as follows, in very large letters:—

C MARCIVS MAR·SVS
V F SIBI, ET SVIS

mous masses of stone, some of them entirely with composite shell-stone. We dined under the trees, and returned in the evening. On our way back, we lost the road, and, had not a bright moon risen, should have been in a very uncomfortable situation, as we were for more than an hour wandering in the dark over this wild country, stumbling every moment over bushes and stumps of trees, with no other amusement than the unintelligible bawling of our guides. We did not, in consequence, reach Koum Kalé till two in the morning, when we found a boat waiting for us, in which we went immediately on board the frigate. During our passage there, I was surprised at the number of meteors, called falling stars, which I observed in the clear sky; we were only half an hour rowing to the ship, and in that time I counted nineteen. Whilst we were waiting for our messenger from Constantinople, we occasionally rowed ashore to look at the barrow called Achilles' tomb, and the other objects of interest on the plain, which have been too amply and accurately described to justify my dwelling on them.

On the morning of the 22d, our messenger returned from Constantinople, with letters stating, that a Mehmedah was appointed to conduct the ambassador to the capital*. He was waiting for us at the Dardanelles, accompanied by one of the *Giovani di*

* The Porte has now, from fears, for the capital, forbidden any European ship of war to enter the Bosphorus or Darda-

Lingua, (students of languages, who attain in rotation the post of Dragomans) of the embassy. In the evening, we took leave of the officers of the *Argo*, with sincere thanks for their kind attentions to us, and entered our boats. These were long vessels manned by eight or ten Greeks, who rowed us with no interval of rest, against the rapid current (which runs at the rate of four miles an hour) to the Asiatic town of the Dardanelles, (to which Europeans give the name of Abydos) distant about sixteen miles from the ship. We arrived at ten o'clock, and immediately laid ourselves down, with hopeless attempts to sleep, on the divan, (sofa,) in the house of Signor Taragano, a Levantine Jew, and English Vice-consul at the Dardanelles, a post which his family have filled for successive generations. In the following morning we were introduced to our Mehnendah, an old respectable looking Turk, with a white beard, who was one of the Sultan's capoudgee bashis, (chamberlains,)

nelles. This interdiction is chiefly aimed at Russia, against whom it is ineffectual, for in 1816, the frigate which carried from Odessa to Constantinople, Baron Stroganoff, the present Russian Minister in Turkey, sailed strait through the entrance of the Bosphorus, and anchored opposite the Russian Palace at Bayukdereh; when the Turks finding their prohibition disregarded, and not caring to make a quarrel of it, sent to congratulate the Minister on his arrival. During the time of my residence in Constantinople, an English brig of war had passed the castles of the Dardanelles before it was detected; but boats were sent after it to give notice of the prohibition, and thereupon it immediately returned.

but who derived greater rank in the eyes of his countrymen, from having been Sourreh Emini—conductor of the Pilgrims to Mecca. I was surprised to find the town so inconsiderable, considering the advantages it might possess, as the immediate passage of commerce from the south to the capital. The town is by the Turks called Chanak Kalesi, from the manufactory of earthen ware, as the word Chanak denotes. It contains about two thousand houses, almost all of wood; its streets, (like those of all Turkish towns) are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. It is remarkable only for a manufacture of pottery, which, though coarse and clumsy, is in great repute through the Levant. Its fortifications are formidable, and if ably manned would be impassable. They consist of strong batteries on each coast, whose united fire, if accurately pointed, no vessel could pass. The Asiatic fort is commanded in person by the Bey of the town, whose authority extends also over the European, which never fires, till the example is set by the other. The gun which fired stone shots at our fleet in 1806, lies immoveable on the ground, close to the Asiatic battery, on the southerly side: the diameter of its bore is two feet, and I crept up it with the greatest ease. The weight of powder required to load it is sixty-three okes*, and its stone ball weighs one hundred and forty-two okes. I took the opportunity of this visit to the Dardanelles, to try the his-

* An oke is 2½ lbs,

torical probability of Leander's exploit. This had excited my curiosity more than ever, since the experiment of Lord Byron, who, when he expressed such confidence of having proved its practicability, seems to have forgotten, that Leander swam over both ways, with and *against* the tide, whereas he only, performed the easiest part of the task, by swimming, *with* it from Europe to Asia. For the tide does not here run strait down, parallel with the banks, but, having been dashed violently into the Bay of Maito, is by the reaction thrown to the opposite shore lower down; and thus in the narrowest part of the gulf, flows transversely from the European to the Asiatic coast, whence it is again thrown off with vehemence into the Archipelago. Whatever, therefore, is thrown into the stream, on this part of the European bank, *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore. Both the emulators of Leander quoted by Lord B. did only this*. I attempted to swim across from Asia to Europe, starting from the northerly side of the castle; but the current was so completely in my teeth, that with the most unremitted and violent exertion, I did not, in twenty-five minutes, advance more than one hundred yards, and was then obliged to give it up from utter exhaustion. Having been accustomed to swimming

* Dr. Clarke says, that the servant of the Imperial Consul, swam over both from Asia to Europe, and from Europe to Asia. As, however, his authorities were probably the Jews of the town, who, in relating it to me, only mentioned his having swam from Europe to Asia, it may be permitted to doubt their statement.

from my childhood, I have no hesitation in asserting, that no man could have strength to swim a mile and a half, (the breadth* of the strait in the narrowest spot, a little northerly of the castles) against such a current; and higher up or lower down, the strait widens so considerably, that he would save little labour by changing his place of starting. I therefore treat the tale of Leander's swimming across both ways, as one of those fables, to which the Greeks were so ready to give the name of history. *Quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiâ.*

In the afternoon of this day we dined under tents, with the Bey of the Asiatic castle, in a large verdant plain behind the town, shaded by numerous large plane trees. The beauty of the country round us, and the novelty of the scene, which was crowded by the inhabitants of the town, were the most agreeable parts of his entertainment; for though he very considerably complimented us with chairs and a table, I could not yet dine heartily off Turkish dishes, nor be reconciled to the substitution of my fingers for forks. At half past seven, we entered our boats, the heat being too oppressive to admit of rowing in the day: the boat of the Mehmendah led the way: at some little distance behind him was the interpreter, whose

* If Herodotus be correct in assigning seven stadia, (something less than three quarters of a mile, if ten stadia be a mile, and something more, if eight,) as the breadth of the Strait in the time of Xerxes, it must have widened considerably since. This may perhaps have been effected in time by the violence of the current.

boat was followed by that of the ambassador, of the gentlemen of the embassy, and of the servants. At ten next morning, we landed at Gallipoli, where, the Mehmendah having preceded us, we found horses waiting for us at the landing-place, and rode in procession to the house of the Greek bishop, where we were lodged. The streets were lined with spectators, whose curiosity though eager was silent, being repressed more by the presence of the Governor's officers who attended us, than by any respect for us. The town contained about twelve thousand houses, mostly of wood. The gardens, intermixed with the houses, as is common in Turkish towns, gave a lively appearance to the town, but the environs were uncultivated and cheerless. I walked with the ragged Jew, who had the name of British Vice-consul, to look at the old Genoese castle, on the landing-place of the city; among the ruins of which I found two misplaced stones that had borne inscriptions. The letters of one were so obliterated as to be totally illegible; on the other, I could only decipher the few following words, referring it to the time of Trajan:

ΑΙΑΘΕΟΥΤΡΑΙ
 ΝΘΕΟΥΝΕΡΟΥΑΥ
 ΙΑΝΟΝΣΕΒΑΣΤ
 ΜΑΡΧΙΚΗΣΕΙ
 ΟΥ

The Vice-Consul shewed me part of a broken column lying in his house, bearing an inscription, of

which what remained was clearly legible, and seemed to denote that it had been dedicated to Venus :

ΗΡΑΙΤΩΡ
ΝΟΣ
ΑΦΡΟΔΕΙΤ
ΕΥΧΗΝ
ΑΝΕΘΗΚΑ

We ate our dinner to-day by ourselves in the Bishop's house, in rooms with naked white-washed walls, and furnished on three sides with low sofas. It consisted of between forty and fifty dishes, (of which twenty-two were sweet) brought on one at a time, according to the custom of the Turks, who seldom do more than taste of each. We would willingly have dispensed with this profusion of dishes, but were told, that as the Sultan's firman ordered them, they must, whether eaten or not, be provided, and the remnants given to the poor. Indeed, in the firman is specified, in compliance with long established usage, a list of dishes which every governor is ordered to furnish, and this accounted for our having nearly the same dinner every day on the road. This provision is called a Tahhyn, and is usually supplied to ambassadors, and other strangers of distinction, when on the road, or on a visit to a Turk in command.

We left Gallipoli in our boats at seven, and saw large unconnected masses of ruins as we passed by the coast, north of the town, where high perpendicular rocks overhung the sea. The sea running too

high to admit of rowing conveniently, we put into a bay near Gallipoli, on the rock above which some Turkish soldiers, who were on a march, were encamped. The scene was strikingly beautiful and romantic. The moon shone brilliantly; our boats were drawn up on the beach, and the sailors were smoking or sleeping round them by a fire which they had made with dry weeds and sticks on the shore. Above us rose perpendicular crags of rock, on whose summit we could dimly discern a few tents of the troops encamped there; these men respectfully observed a most profound silence, which was only disturbed by the rippling of the waves, and by the occasional tinkling of the bells attached to the harness of their horses. After staying here three hours, the sea being much calmed, we pushed off and rowed the rest of the night. At eleven next morning, we landed at the small village of Shart Roy, in which was nothing remarkable except the beauty of its mosque, surrounded by fine-spreading trees, one of them an old plane-tree, whose trunk was five feet in diameter. The next morning we landed at Rhodostow, a large town, wearing a great appearance of business and activity, and crowded with shops, which were generally so arranged that the same trades joined each other; as four shops of bakers together, five of barbers, &c. The streets were mostly nine or ten feet wide, and the baths and coffee-houses numerous and neat. The town was built on a hill, and in its gradual ascent were several fissures down which water flowed from the

town; neat wooden bridges were built over them, and though in the immediate neighbourhood of the town they were choked with filth, the rich verdure nourished by their stream was very ornamental. We dined in the usual style at a Greek convent, where we were lodged, and entering our boats at sunset, were landed the next morning at seven at the village of Silivria, the ancient Selymbria, of which it still retains considerable ruins; among others, 35 arches of a Roman bridge, extending about a quarter of a mile over an arm of the sea, and some large remains of the old wall standing on a high cliff that overhangs the sea. We were lodged in the wretched house of the Aga (Governor) of the village, at whose door inside was a wooden cage for prisoners, and a poor Greek confined in it for a debt of 100 piastres, which the ambassador freed him by paying. After passing here the heat of the day, we rowed off again at sunset; breakfasted next morning at the village of Santo Stephano, six miles from Constantinople, with Signor Lorenzo, the Sultan's physician, the inhuman murder of whom I shall soon have to relate; and at half-past eleven on that day (the 28th June) entered the British palace at Pera. The Mehmendah, as we passed the Seraglio Point, lowered the awning of his boat, and sent a message to the Ambassador advising him to do the same, which he of course declined. We were delighted to arrive at a comfortable house, and to sleep on beds again, for we were feverish for want of sleep, which the boats had been too thronged

with vermin to admit of our enjoying, and our bones ached with lying on the decks in the vain attempt to obtain it.

The banks of the Hellespont, and the Western shore of the Sea of Marmora, are shamefully neglected, there being scarcely any marks of cultivation, except in the immediate neighbourhood of a town or village, where its richness gives ample proof that the general barrenness is not the fault of the soil. Numerous masses of ruin lay along the banks, and I was struck by the number of barrows I saw on them, similar to the supposed tombs of heroes on the Troad. Their purport must be left to conjecture; but their frequent occurrence must stagger the faith of the most credulous traveller in the appropriation of those on the plain of Troy. If the latter had stood alone in the neighbourhood, it would be less difficult to believe, that they had contained the ashes of the heroes from whom they are named. Our journey to Constantinople, though fatiguing, had been interesting. The greatest attention had been every where paid us; the Mehmendah always preceded us to announce our approach, and bespeak our accommodations. We were every where met on landing by the principal inhabitants, whose attendants carried incense before us to the house appointed for our lodging, and every comfort was provided for us that the place could supply.

AUDIENCES.

Ambassador's Audience of the Kaimakam.

THE Grand Vizir being at this time with the camp at Schumla, we had our first audience of the kaimakam (the officer who represents the vizir, with the same degree of power, during his absence from the capital,) on the 27th of July. At eleven, we left the palace in procession on horseback ; embarked in our boats at Mé-eet Iskellesi (the Scale of the Dead, so called from its being the landing-place to which bodies are brought for interment from Constantinople to Pera), and landed on the Constantinople side, at the Vizir Iskellesi, where we found waiting for us saddle-horses provided for the occasion by the Ministers of the Porte, each of whom supplies a certain number. Here we stopped to take coffee, pipes, sherbet and sweetmeats, with the Chiaous Bashee, who received us in a wretched little room over a stable, to which we mounted by a ladder. After being delayed by him about a quarter of an hour, we rode, preceded by him, in the same procession to the Porte, of which the gate is very handsomely decorated with gilding, and inscriptions from the Koran. We descended from our horses, which waited for us in the large square court, and

were shewn into a large hall, richly painted and gilt, through which we passed ; and having ascended a staircase, followed the Chiaous Bashee through a suite of handsome rooms to the spacious apartment intended for our reception. The kaimakam and the ambassador entered the room at the same moment by different doors*. On the appearance of the former, the Turkish attendants (of whom the room was so full that we entered with difficulty) set up a loud shouting. The kaimakam took no notice of any one till he had seated himself on a corner of the divan, when he saluted the ambassador, who sat on a chair purposely placed opposite to him on the same level as the divan. The gentlemen of the embassy stood round the ambassador, the secretary of embassy at his side holding the letter from the Prince Regent to the vizir. The ambassador recited his speech in French, which the dragoman of the Porte translated to the kaimakam, whose reply was rendered in French to the ambassador by the same interpreter, and the royal letter was delivered to the kaimakam. The pelisses were then distributed: to the ambassador a superb one of sable fur and cloth of gold ; to the gentlemen of the embassy, the dragomans, and the merchants of the factory, eight of marten fur, and twelve of ermine fur ; and to the upper servants and some Ionians who attended us, twenty of shalloon without fur. After remaining twenty mi-

* This simultaneous entrance is contrived in order to save the kaimakam from the indignity of rising to receive a Christian.

minutes in the presence of the kaimakam, we returned to the palace in the same order as we had left it ; but with less comfort, being obliged by etiquette to wear our pelisses, though the sun was oppressively hot.

For a few days after the audience, we were none of us quite at ease, as the plague was known to exist in the city at the time it took place ; and besides the number of people with whom we had necessarily come in contact, the pelisses we had put on were reasonable sources of apprehension, fur being the readiest vehicle of infection.

Ambassador's Audience of the Sultan.

*Tuesday**, the 11th of August, being fixed for the ambassador's audience of the Sultan, we left the palace in the morning, at a quarter before six, in the same order of procession as before, embarked at Topehana, landed at Vizir Iskellesi, where we found horses waiting for us, and again took coffee, &c., with the Chiaous Bashee ; in our presence, he changed his turban for a cap of ceremony, generally worn on public occasions by the officers of state, being a narrow bonnet, not less than two feet high, and covered with white muslin. He preceded us to the entrance of the Porte, where it is usual for ambas-

* An ambassador's audience of the Sultan, is always appointed to take place on a Tuesday, that being the day of divan in the seraglio.

sadors to wait under some large spreading trees, till the grand vizir passes, and precedes them to the seraglio. The kaimakam came immediately, with some other officers of state and a great crowd of attendants, and we followed him to the seraglio. Having entered the first gate, we passed through a large open unpaved quadrangular plain, enclosed by low buildings, (in this plain the janizaries were drawn up to the number of between two and three thousand,) before we came to the second gate, which having also passed, we stopped on the further side of it, immediately at the entrance, in a large square chamber between the second and third gates, called Capi Arase (*arase* between, *capi* the gates), within which is the cell where grand vizirs and other state prisoners under sentence of death are confined and beheaded. The ceiling of this chamber was handsomely printed, and round the walls were hung arms (shields, spears, and axes), which, I was informed, were very old, and had been taken by the Turks from their enemies. After waiting here about a quarter of an hour, permission was sent for our entrance; and we passed through the third gate into a large garden, in which stood the divan chamber and the front of the seraglio, both built after the Chinese fashion, with the roofs, which were very richly painted and gilt, projecting four or five feet beyond the walls. As soon as we entered this garden, the janizaries all uttered a loud shout, and began running as quick as they could; this was for

their *pilaw*, the distribution of which was a complete scramble, as I saw some returning with two or three plates, and some with none. This is a farce always played off on these occasions, to impress foreigners with a respect for this contemptible soldiery, who are now formidable only to their own government. We walked forward (for we had dismounted, and left our horses on the outside of the second gate) to the divan chamber, where the kaimakam was sitting in state, immediately opposite the entrance, on the centre of a sofa extending along one side of the chamber, covered with the richest silks, at the further ends of which, on each side of him, sat the Cadileskers of Roumelia and Anatolia*. The chamber was small, but richly decorated, the ceiling being splendidly painted and gilt. It was divided from chambers adjoining on each side, by partition walls, which did not reach to the ceiling. The roofs of two of these apartments were surmounted by lofty cupolas. We walked to one side of the room without making any salutation, as no notice was taken of us: when we had been there some minutes, a number of Turks entered, and ranging themselves in two rows from the kaimakam's seat to the door, represented the trying of one or two causes, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and was intended to impress us with a sense of their justice. In general, the Porte appoints the payment of the Janisaries to take place at the

* They were sitting on the divan in the European manner; the Turks never sit in this way except when they sit in state.

audience of an ambassador, in whose presence piled bags of money are delivered to the troops, in order to impress foreigners with an exalted idea of Turkish opulence—but from this tedious ceremony, which lasts three or four hours, we were luckily spared.

Previously to their appearance, the kaimakam had sent a letter to the Sultan, stating, in what I was informed was the usual style, that an infidel ambassador was come to throw himself at his highness's feet; and at the end of the mock trials, the royal answer was announced, which the kaimakam rose and advanced to receive. It was enclosed in an envelope; and when this was stripped off, there appeared a quantity of muslin, in which the letter was wrapped. The kaimakam, as he took off the seals, gave them to the bearers of the letter, who kissed them, applied them to their forehead, and pocketed them. He himself, taking the letter out of its muslin folds, kissed it, and applied it to his forehead before he read it. The accustomed tenour of this letter was, as I was told, a command to "feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and bring them to him." As soon as the kaimakam had finished reading (at half-past eight), two tables were laid (*i. e.*, two very large plates of tin, laid on a reversed stool, round which we sat, with embroidered towels spread on our knees), one for the kaimakam and the ambassador, the other for the gentlemen of the embassy. The factory were accommodated in the next room. We sat down to a

collation, consisting of about thirty Turkish dishes, brought in one at a time, and rapidly removed, for no one was likely to feel an appetite, at such an hour, for sweet and savoury dishes. On the removal of the dinner, water was poured over our hands, according to the Turkish custom.

All this time the Sultan had been looking at us through a gilt lattice, over the kaimakam's seat, so thick, that we could only see that some one was there, without being able to distinguish the person. After this collation, we left the divan chamber, and went into the garden, where pelisses were distributed, of the same number and quality as at the audience of the kaimakam, the first dragoman calling over the names of those to whom they were assigned. Here we waited for half an hour under a tree, with nothing for the ambassador to sit on but a dirty wooden bench, till the kaimakam, who is supposed to have been detained by business in the divan chamber, had passed us and entered the palace. The path he walked on was lined on each side with attendants, who bowed low to him, and he kissed his hand to them, but took no notice of us.

The ambassador with a certain number (twenty) of his suite followed him, those only being admitted who wore pelisses; and this distinction shews that the pelisse is intended not to confer honour on the wearer, but to equip him in a dress as similar to the Turkish as a foreign embassy can be induced to wear. At the door each of us was seized by two Capigi

bashees, who held us by the arm; a precaution established, it is said, ever since the attack made on Bajazet II., by a dervisch, in 1510*. But as every Turk of distinction visiting another is received in the same manner, this might be taken as a compliment, if our conductors had not carefully banished such an idea by pinching the arm they held so unmercifully, that I was once or twice provoked to call out to them, in the Sultan's presence, to their extreme terror; and by the same means I resisted successfully their repeated attempts to bow my head by force. We had had the precaution to go without swords, as we should not have been permitted to enter the presence-chamber with them; and, indeed, the ambassador was asked if he had one on. We kept our hats on in the presence chamber, as the Turks think it the height of indecorum to uncover the head in public.

Thus led, we passed through an outer hall and a room splendidly furnished, with a carpet richly worked in gold, in which were drawn up lines, three deep, of the white eunuchs, of whom there were not less than two hundred. When we entered the throne room, we advanced bowing. The room (of which, and of the throne, D'Ohsson has given an accurate drawing, in his *Tableaux de l'Empire Ottoman*) was very small; and, indeed, I did not see a large room in the place.

* *Mignet's Hist. of the Ottoman Empire.* Busbequius ascribes the precaution to the assassination of Amurath I., by a Croat. *Epistola I.*

The Sultan was sitting at one end of it, on a throne formed like a four-posted bed, and superbly decorated. The seat, of black velvet, was covered with strings of fine pearls, and from the top were suspended many ostrich eggs, gilt and scattered with diamonds. The dress of the Sultan was also magnificent. His turban was surmounted by a splendid diamond aigrette and feather; his pelisse was of the finest silk, lined with the most valuable sable fur, and his girdle was one mass of diamonds. I thought him the handsomest Turk I had seen: his features were regular, his eyes piercing, and his countenance bore the character of fierce determination, which has since marked his conduct; it's deadly paleness was strongly contrasted with the deep blackness of his ample beard, produced probably by artificial dye; his age was then twenty-eight. The ambassador, standing close before him, recited his speech in French, which the dragoman of the Porte translated, and the reply was spoken by the kaimakam, and rendered in French to the ambassador, by the same interpreter. All this time, the Sultan scarcely moved, and only turned his head twice, but his eyes were very busy. All his attendants, not excepting the kaimakam, stood immoveable, with their hands before them, and their eyes fixed on the ground.

At the termination of the ceremony, which lasted about ten minutes, we all retired, the Capigi Bashees pushing us with great vehemence, lest we should turn our backs to the Sultan. We walked out of the two

inner gates, and there mounted our horses, but waited, according to custom, outside for the kaimakam, who kept us near half an hour, for no other object than to dazzle us with the pomp of his equipage and retinue. We followed him as far as the Porte, where he left us without any ceremony of taking leave; and we rode on to the water-side, where we found our boats, landed at Tophana, and proceeded on horseback, groaning under our fur pelisses, to the palace, which we reached at noon, each of us heartily glad to have finished his part in a scene, of which the curiosity ill compensated the fatigue, and of which the meanest among us could not but feel the degradation*.

* It is the more extraordinary that the governments of Europe should permit their representatives to submit to this degrading ceremony, as the observance of it does not appear to be at all necessary to forward the conduct of their affairs. Eton relates, that Mons. de Ferioles, French Ambassador at Constantinople in 1700, after being refused an audience of the Sultan, because he would not take off his sword, "remained a dozen years longer at Constantinople, and transacted the business of his office with credit to himself and advantage to his country."—*Survey of the Turkish Empire*. And I myself witnessed, that M. d'Italinsky, the Russian Minister, who arrived at Constantinople in July, 1812, had not his audience of the Sultan till the end of March, 1814, shortly before his departure from Turkey, having, during the interval, conducted uninterruptedly the important affairs of his mission.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR arrival was attended with curious circumstances of political coincidence. The British embassy was sent to secure and hasten the signature of peace, between the Porte and Russia. Buonaparte had sent another embassy for the purpose of preventing its conclusion; and General Andreossi, the French ambassador, reached Constantinople, by an over-land journey through Dalmatia, two days after us. Both embassies were too late for the object of their mission; the peace had been signed a few days before our arrival, and it was ratified on the 13th July following. It secured the most important advantages to the good cause, by enabling Russia to devote to the struggle against France 50,000 effective men, who had been posted on the Danube. The success of the negotiation for this important object, reflects the greatest honour on the British minister, by whom it was conducted, Mr. Stratford Canning. No one who is acquainted with the system of diplomacy which prevails at Constantinople, and contemplates the efforts incessantly exerted by France to prevent this result, the partiality of the Porte for the French interests, stimulated by their dread of Buonaparte's power, the insulated situation of Mr. Canning, which

cut him off from all assistance, and above all, the miserable establishment of interpreters with which the mission is provided*, the only engines he had to

* On this subject I would willingly be silent if I could; but the evil is so crying, that it is even grown into a proverb among the Europeans at Constantinople, who say, that the three great evils of that capital, are plague, fires, and *dragomans*. It is indeed an absurdity to suppose, that the affairs of a great nation can be conducted with dignity or effect by a set of Levantines, who are equally ignorant of its politics, and strangers to its spirit; yet into the hands of these men every negotiation is necessarily and entirely thrown, for a minister has no other means of communicating with the members of the Turkish government, whose intolerant ideas of religion, forbids them to speak any other language than their own. I do not dwell on the general character of dishonesty, attributed to the *dragomans*; on this subject, I believe, unjust reproaches have been heaped on our interpreters, whose integrity** is in some measure attested by their poverty. But even if they were patterns of integrity, honesty is not the only requisite for the interpreter of an embassy. The effect of an ambassador's remonstrances must frequently depend on the tone in which they are pronounced, and it is impossible to deny, that the courage of the Christian natives of the Levant

** This honesty is, however, by no means general. In my tours I met with two merchants under foreign protection, one an Italian, the other a Levantine, who told me that they had applied to their missions at Constantinople, for assistance to recover some property illegally withheld from them by Turks, when the *dragomans* offered to do every thing to obtain for them restitution, on condition they should have half the property restored. They accepted the condition rather than lose the whole, and succeeded in their application. There is too much reason to believe that this system is general among the *dragomans*; however difficult proof may be rendered by the caution with which it is conducted, and the absence of written documents.

work with, can conceive by what means he succeeded in persuading Turkey to consent to a peace with

is not equal to speak to a Turk in a tone of firmness or of menace. Born in a country where the Turks exercise unlimited command, accustomed from their infancy to hear tales of their power and their cruelty, they cannot hear them speak in a tone of anger without trembling. Their very attitude in their presence is a posture of humiliation. Every dragoman, every christian inhabitant of the Levant who wears the long dress, sits before a powerful Turk in a kneeling posture, leaning backward and resting on his feet. It is thus that he is to utter perhaps a menace of national resentment; and instances have been seen of the chief dragoman of an embassy, kissing the robe of a Turkish minister, a mark of submission which is not exceeded by the most abject of his petitioners. Add to this their connexions among each other. It is common to see relations by blood or marriage, even brothers, acting as the dragomans of two hostile powers. Is it possible, under such circumstances, that they can enter into the feelings of the nation they represent, or maintain the secrecy and reserve indispensable in public business? France, Russia, and Austria, are so convinced of the evils entailed by this system, that without entirely ceasing to employ natives of the country, whose natural talents for intrigue may be sometimes useful, they have an establishment of national interpreters. If it be asked, why does not Great Britain adopt the same remedy, the answer is easy: The dragomans are paid by the Levant company, whose finances** are inadequate to give such

** Previous to 1812, the annual salary of the chief Dragoman was 3,000 piastres, about £150. It was then increased to 15,000 piastres. When firmans and barats of protection were sold to the subjects of the Porte by foreign embassies, the presents of these protégés to the dragomans was a considerable source of emolument; but this ceased with the abolition of this abuse by Mr. Liston in 1794.

her rival, at the moment when she had so good an opportunity to recover the posts and provinces wrested from her in former wars.

That the Porte regretted the conclusion of the peace, was evident from her subsequent conduct towards the Allies, from whom she so systematically withheld the privileges stipulated in her treaties with them*, that neither Russia nor England could have tolerated the insolence of her demeanour, had not such mighty objects depended on the preservation of peace ; and notwithstanding the exhausted state of the strength and finances of Turkey, all their forbearance hardly availed to preserve it.

The disposition of the Porte for the renewal of the war, was nearly ripened to hostilities by an unfortunate occurrence, which by the feelings it excited, served to mark the barbarity of her government. From three to four hundred Turkish prisoners, marching through the southern provinces of Russia on

salaries as would tempt Englishmen to enter into the service. The late judicious appointment of an oriental secretary to the British embassy, is joyfully contemplated by all interested in our connexion with Turkey, as a prelude to the further employment of Englishmen.

* Particularly the free passage of Russian and British merchant vessels from the Black Sea to the Archipelago. This was not granted to Russia till the middle of 1814, nor to Great Britain till the year after. The plea offered by the Porte for withholding it, was the scarcity of corn at Constantinople, which was certainly extreme in the winter of 1812, and spring of 1813.

their return to Constantinople, quarrelled at a village near the frontiers with the Russian peasants, on the subject of two Turkish women, whom, having become Christians, the latter insisted on detaining. The dispute ended in a fight, the result of which was, that all the Turks except five or six were killed. When the news of this misfortune reached the Porte, the Turkish ministers at first proposed to put to death an equal number of the Russian prisoners, who were in confinement at Constantinople. They were not diverted from this horrid revenge without difficulty, and the satisfaction which they ultimately asked was, that a number of Russians should be put to death, equal to that of the Turkish prisoners who had perished in the fray. This brutal demand was of course resisted.

The death of the two Morusis, the Greek Princes, who, in quality of Dragomans of the Porte, had been instrumental in the conclusion of the peace, was another bloody proof of the regret felt by the Porte, at having consented to it. Demetrius, the elder brother, was executed at Schumla, (where he had accompanied the Grand Vizir, and the Turkish army) with circumstances of aggravated cruelty, being literally cut to pieces for want of a regular executioner; and Panagio, the younger, had no other notice of his fate than a hasty summons to the Porte, where, on his arrival, he found the Turkish ministers assembled, who ordered him to be instantly beheaded: there yet remained another, the eldest brother, who suffered such misery from suspense, daily expecting to share

the same fate, that at length he voluntarily repaired to the Porte, and asked if the government had any cause of complaint against him, when he was assured he had nothing to fear.

It will not I trust be forgotten, that in discussing the politics of my country, with regard to Turkey, I am placed by the situation I held at Constantinople, in circumstances of peculiar delicacy. I hope I have sufficiently guarded against the charge of violating any confidence reposed in me, by scrupulously avoiding to relate or to comment on circumstances, which were not matters of public notoriety.

The government of Turkey has been often and amply described. The best idea that can be given of it, is conveyed by the description of a French writer, who calls it a despotism tempered by regicide. The power of the Sultan, whose commands are generally supreme, even when dictated by the most childish caprice, sinks into nothing when it attacks the religious prejudices of the people, the property of the Ulemas, or the privileges of the Janizaries. This turbulent soldiery, from the time that they have been debarred from the field of battle, by the inactivity of their Sultans, by whom alone they can be led to it*, are formidable only to their own government; nor can Turkey ever again assume her rank in the scale.

* Selim II. was the most fatal enemy that Turkey ever had, being the first Sultan who confined his residence exclusively to Constantinople, an example which custom has now rendered binding on his successors.

of nations, till their reduction opens the way to improvements, which they naturally oppose as fatal to their pre-eminence. Mahmoud is, like his predecessor, so well aware of this truth, that all the powers of his mind are devoted to their destruction; and the large strides he has taken to its promotion, would before this have drawn on him the fate of Selim, if, as he is the last adult male of his race, (for his son is of tender years) his death were not likely to lead to the succession of the Tatar family, whom the Ottomans hold in detestation. It must be owned, that the character of this Sultan, affords to his kingdom the best chance it has long seen, of witnessing the fall of the Janizaries, and the establishment of a disciplined soldiery. Neither his judgment nor his courage have been impaired by his confinement in the Seraglio, during the reign of his predecessor, to which is* imputed the general imbecility of the Turkish Sultans, and the consequent obstruction of civilization among their subjects. Possessed of powerful abilities, a vigorous and active mind, he pursues his object with unrelenting severity; and no scruples of conscience, as to the means employed, divert him from the destruction of such as oppose his projects. He has a strong feeling of his personal superiority, and of the sanctity of his elevated situation; and his conviction, that his good fortune, (his *star*, as the Turks call it) renders him invincible, is confirmed by the success he has had in the suppression

* D'Ohsson, Book III. Observations on Turkish Colleges.

of local insurrections, the reduction of rebellious Pashas, and, above all, by the success of his arms over the Wahabees, and the recovery of the holy cities Mecca and Medina; his policy for the restoration of his authority in the provinces of his empire is unvaried, and circumstances, though they may defer its exercise, never vary its character. He never, like many of his predecessors, has compounded with a rebel Pacha, for the cession of a part of his pretensions or his treasures, nor granted any other conditions than that of life. His wish to devote all his force to reduce the revolted Pasha of Widdin, was thought to have greatly contributed to his conclusion of the peace with Russia, signed at Bucharest; in 1812. His efforts for the establishment of his power, have been attended with such success, that the Pashas of Egypt and Albania are the only governors who aim at independence, and even these pay their tributes, and keep up the appearance of submission. The former, in fact, trembles at the idea of a rupture, and would fall at the first moment of attack; for though possessed of great treasures, and surrounded by troops and forts, he has no followers, whose attachment to him would be strong enough to brave the authority of the Porte, and the decrees of the Sultan, supported as these would be by the sanctity of religion. Against the latter, the Sultan will probably undertake no measures; for, besides that his payments are lavish, and his government politic, and for Turkey even liberal, he is an old man, and at his death, the province will

immediately fall under the direct control of the Porte, as his sons by no means inherit his talents.

But the great object on which the whole soul of Mahmoud is bent, and on the accomplishment of which he will stake his throne and his life, is the destruction of the Janizaries. It is impossible for a traveller accurately to ascertain the number of this lawless soldiery, nor indeed do the Turks themselves know it exactly, but it is supposed to amount to about 150,000 in Constantinople. Most of them have no other military employment, than to line the streets through which the Sultan passes on days of festival. They are composed of the tradesmen, boatmen, and workmen of the capital, who enter the name of their children on the books of their Odah (chamber) at an early age, in order to receive their pay; and some individuals in easy circumstances, who enrol themselves for the sake of the extensive privileges which the Janizaries enjoy. As they are the most numerous body of troops in the capital, and are tremblingly alive to the least invasion of their privileges, which they instantly and enthusiastically combine to prevent or to punish, it must require great talent and a happy combination of circumstances to crush their power:—their entire destruction is the only expedient, for they will never become themselves an effective soldiery, from their dread of being subjected to the rigour of European discipline and punishments, and of being sent away from Constantinople. This mighty task Mahmoud has undertaken to perform.

He began by winning over their chiefs, whom he reconciled to his project by liberal presents and promises. He increased the pay of the Janizaries, and proposed, that from their number a corps of fusiliers should be selected, who should increase their military skill by practising to fire at a mark; for this innovation, he pleaded a precedent of one of his predecessors who had formed a similar establishment, and this excuse, supported by the rewards held out, rendered the scheme so popular, that the number of volunteers in a short time amounted to 17,000. The partial opposition which it met with he crushed by open severity, and by frequent secret executions.— Thus far he had signally succeeded, but he proceeded too hastily to the next step, that of proposing to the new corps to adopt a particular uniform, by which the eyes of the whole body of Janizaries were immediately opened to his design of weakening them by division. They instantly, (in October, 1814), rose in a body, repaired to the house of the Janizary Aga, and forced him to send a letter to the Sultan, stating that they would suffer no changes in their corps; and if he persisted in attempting any, they would set fire to the four corners of Constantinople, and he (Mahmoud) might destroy it, and break his head with it, (a common expression of the Turks in throwing to a person any article supposed to be rendered useless by his conduct). The reply of the Sultan that he had no such intention did not tend to diminish their alarm, as it was con-

tradicted by the whole tenour of his conduct, and by the sudden disappearance of many of their chiefs, particularly of those who had conveyed their remonstrances to the Janizary Aga.

The Sultan made no more open attempts in furtherance of his design ; but great numbers of Janizaries were destroyed, being nightly seized in small parties, and hurried off in boats to the castles on the Bosphorus, where they were secretly strangled. In the mean time he sent private orders to the Pashas to subdue or destroy such of these troops as resided in their pashalicks, and in consequence many were put to death throughout the provinces. particularly at Aleppo and Salonica. During the time of this attack on the Janizaries at Constantinople, they frequently set fire to the city, but it was generally extinguished without doing extensive damage, owing to the vigilance and activity of the police, which the Sultan had instituted.

When I left the capital for Syria, in February 1815, all was in appearance quiet there ; but it was generally feared, that a secret conspiracy was forming by the Janizaries against the government, and even the life of the Sultan. This fear fortunately proved to be unfounded.

But it is not thus that Mahmoud can attain his object. By secret assassination he may indeed somewhat diminish the number of his opponents ; but even in Constantinople, loosely as its population is enumerated, numbers cannot disappear without notice ;

and the Janizaries are not likely, if driven to extremities, to sacrifice revenge to policy. There are but two means by which he can hope to succeed. If he could draw them out of Constantinople, he would deprive them of their greatest source of strength, the power of destroying the city : this he has attempted, having proposed to them to march to the Danube, while the Congress* was sitting at Vienna, in 1814 ; but they saw through his design, and answered, that as he was the commander appointed for them by the ordinances of their institution, they would go anywhere with him at their head, but would not leave the capital unless he was their leader. Had he consented to this, they would, doubtless, have taken care so effectually to guard him that he would not have been able to quit their camp. If he could so far inculcate the necessity of destroying the Janizaries, as to persuade the Mufti and the Ulemas to sacrifice

* The Turkish Government were much alarmed by the Meeting of the Congress at Vienna, supposing it would not end without projecting a combined attack on them. Their fright was increased by an absurd report which gained great credit in Constantinople. It was said that a play was acted at Vienna, in the presence of the allied sovereigns, representing the taking of Constantinople by the Turks ; and that, after the play, the actor, who represented Constantine Palæologus, came forward and addressed the sovereigns, calling on them to deliver Greece from slavery. It was added, that the representation of this play was repeated by the express desire of Lord Castlereagh ; and this was quoted by the Turks as a proof that England was a party to the project of the dismemberment of their empire.

the capital to this object, he might easily escape to the provinces, and return with forces amply sufficient to overpower them ; and in this case the inhabitants of Constantinople, not Janizaries, might, in hopes of saving their houses and property from the flames, join him in the combat against them. I cannot conceive that he has any other chance of success, than is afforded by this latter desperate measure.

If the prophecy of D'Ohsson, respecting the revival of Turkey from her present degradation, be ever fulfilled, it will be by Mahmoud. That author, in his admirable picture of the Ottoman empire, clearly proves, that the prejudices which debar the Turks from adopting European improvements, spring not from the spirit, but from the perversion, of their religion. They are forbidden to follow the practices of other nations in their exterior worship, and they have fanatically extended the prohibition to foreign customs in general. He observes, that it only requires a sovereign or a vizir of talent and firmness, assisted by the ministers of religion, whose support would ensure the submission of the lower classes, to unseal the eyes of this infatuated people, and elevate them to the rank of European nations. The character of Mahmoud promises fair for the accomplishment of the prediction ; his courage is equal to the trial, and though a bigot in Mahometanism, he has too much discernment not to distinguish between the practice and the abuse of its doctrines.

Soon after our arrival at Constantinople, the

plague, that periodical scourge of the Levant, made its appearance in the city, and, rapidly increasing, extended its ravages to a degree unexampled since the year 1778. We heard indistinct reports of it a few days after arriving, but they were treated at first as unfounded; and it was even thought, that they were only spread to make the late peace with Russia unpopular with the Turks, among whom it is a common idea, that the plague generally breaks out after the conclusion of peace. Successive accidents, however (it is thus that cases of plague are called in the Levant,) gave credit to these rumours; and by the 27th of July no doubt remained of its existence in the city, though the disease was then so mild, that many of the sick recovered: but it increased so rapidly in extent and virulence, that the Europeans soon after shut themselves up in their houses, and we did not move out of the palace till December, during which time all our provisions were purchased by a purveyor, and (with the exception of bread, which is not supposed to convey the infection, unless it be new) passed through water before we received them. By the end of August the ravages of the disease were general and dreadful; and in the month of September it swept off the population at the rate of 2,000 a day*, of whom we saw great numbers daily buried beneath our windows, which overlooked the little burying-ground of Pera. It was checked for a short interval by the

* Prayers for its cessation were offered up at the mosques, which is never done till the deaths amount to 1,000 a day.

frost of December ; but its return was so virulent, that it was feared it would continue with as much violence as in the autumn. Its virus was however destroyed by the continuation of cold, the only remedy which effectually restrains it in the north of Turkey: in Egypt and the southern provinces of the empire it is stopped by extreme heat, which is equally efficacious. Incessant precautions preserved the dragomans of the embassies, to the surprise of every one, as they frequently crossed the port to Constantinople on business, or mixed elsewhere with the Turks. The porter of the British palace lost, by the disease, his daughter and five grandchildren, who were lodging in Pera. The Porte, on the cessation of the plague, made attempts to ascertain the amount of the deaths it had occasioned, which, by the most authentick accounts, was said to be as follows:—

Turks	220,000
Armenians	40,800
Jews	32,000
Greeks	28,000
Aleppines	50
Islanders, chiefly Syriotes and Tiniotes,	80
Franks	25
<hr/>	
Total	320,955

This account includes all the villages on each side of the Bosphorus up to the Black Sea, and is certainly not exaggerated. Of the Europeans, two who were attacked were Englishmen, of whom one recovered and one died: the death of the latter was occasioned, it was said (for he was supposed to be in a fair way of recovery) by his eating fish, which

at certain stages of the disease is almost always fatal. The remedies used by the Turks were generally brandy and caviar*, whose strong incitement was calculated to throw out the disease, the eruption of it in tumours being the only chance of saving the patient.

It was dreadful to witness the depopulation occasioned by the disease in Constantinople, when its cessation permitted us to visit the city. We passed through many streets, in which every house was emptied of its inhabitants ; and the number of new graves in the burying-grounds denoted with awful certainty the extent of the mortality. The impunity of our walks through these burying-grounds afforded us the clearest proof—if any were now wanted—that the plague is not infectious, and can be communicated only by actual contact. As the Turks bury without coffins, and seldom lay the body deeper than three feet in the ground, (which, in the haste occasioned by the numerous funerals, had now been carelessly performed,) the smell from the graves was so intolerably offensive, that we were obliged, as we passed, to hold our handkerchiefs to our mouths and nostrils. It was a sickening sight to witness the numbers of rats and other vermin which were crawling into and out of the tombs. The plague revisited Constantinople the year after, though it did not rage to such an extent. Indeed it always exists more or less in the city, owing to the system of

* Caviar is very plentiful in Constantinople, and being sold cheap is a common article of food among the inhabitants, particularly among the Christians during their fasts. It is brought in great quantities from the ports of the Black Sea.

selling in the bazaars the clothes of the dead, which are often shut up in chests in the winter, and will thus retain the infection for a long time, till, on their being reproduced and worn, they again spread the disorder. To those who consider the customs of the Turks, it appears a miracle that the whole population is not swept off to a man. A person infected with plague is not avoided by his friends or acquaintance; and, as a remission of a certain number of sins is promised by their religion to those who assist in conveying a fellow-creature to the grave, many Turks, who meet in the streets the funeral of a Mussulman dead of plague, are seen zealously presenting themselves to carry the corpse a few paces at least. The upper ranks of Turks indeed, being more enlightened, are beginning to profit by experience, and adopt precautions. My journal records some examples of Pashas, who have instituted quarantine in the principal cities of their governments; and in the plague of 1812, of which these pages describe the extensive ravages, one of the Sultan's cooks having been seized with the infection, Mahmoud ordered the kitchen to be cleaned and fumigated, and all the utensils which had been used by the dead servant to be destroyed.

It is a common idea with the Turks, that at the end of a plague, the city will always be afflicted by the calamity of an extensive fire or an earthquake. Their expectation was, however, deceived in this instance (the plague of 1812), no such misfortune having occurred to complete their misery.

After the full and able description of the plague given by Dr. Russell, it may seem superfluous, if not presumptuous, to attempt the addition even of short notes. Yet as every hint is valuable on a subject of such dreadful import, I venture to annex in my Appendix some memoranda on the plague, written by the late Colonel Rourke, a gentleman whose extensive knowledge and long residence in the Levant, eminently entitle his opinions to attention and respect.

The winter of 1812-13 in Constantinople was more severe than the oldest inhabitant ever remembered to have seen. Frost and snow appeared so early as the 8th December. The latter fell very copiously at different intervals for four or five days together, and was not melted on the ground in the neighbourhood of the capital till the beginning of April. The port of Constantinople was almost entirely frozen over, a very narrow passage being left in the middle for the small boats (caiques), and we began to credit the possibility of the fact asserted by Gillius, that the Bosphorus was once frozen over*. Numbers of Turks perished with the cold; the slightly-built wooden houses of Constantinople, having no fire-places, and only warmed by the tandour†, are as

* In Scio, where the climate is in general remarkably mild, almost all the orange and lemon trees were killed by the cold.

† The tandour is a pan of charcoal placed under the table, which is covered with a quilt or counterpane, and the family sit round it. It is a very imperfect and unwholesome mode of warmth; for all the body above the table is unsheltered from

easily penetrated by the cold of winter as by the heat of summer. The greatest dearth and distress prevailed throughout the city, the prevalence of north and east winds having stopped the supply of provisions and of oil from the Archipelago. The Porte, with its usual short-sighted policy, thought to lighten the evil by fixing a maximum of prices, which it prohibited the dealers in provisions from exceeding, by the severest punishments; frequently by the infliction of death. In consequence of this, the limited supply accumulated in the city, instead of being brought to market, was carefully concealed. The starving populace resorted to tumultuous meetings and robbery. The streets after dusk were so unsafe, that the Porte ordered that no subject of the Sultan, under penalty of being arrested by the patrole, and recommended that no European, should walk in them without a lantern (a common precaution in Turkish cities in times of disturbance), and scarce a night passed in which numerous burglaries were not committed. These excesses could only be controlled by a sanguinary police, and the number of executions was frightfully great. In a circumscribed walk about Pera at this time, I counted one morning sixteen decapitated bodies lying in the streets*. The provision

the cold, which is severely felt, as the windows are very clumsily fixed, and admit the air freely.

* If the culprit have friends to purchase the indulgence, the decapitation is performed by a regular executioner, in which case the head is struck off so dexterously by a single blow of a scymitar, that "the sense of death is most in apprehension;"

of food for Constantinople is so mismanaged, that a continuance of bad weather is sure to entail a scarcity on the city, by preventing the arrival of supplies from the Archipelago ; and indeed any hostile power which should station a force at the mouth of the Dardanelles, to prevent the passage of vessels up the Hellespont, would in a few weeks reduce the Porte to accept any terms they thought fit to impose. The environs of the city consist of hills destitute of trees, and totally uncultivated; for who would risk the fruits of his labour in the neighbourhood of a turbulent soldiery, and a weak government subject to such frequent disturbances ?

The supply of corn for the capital is monopolized by the government, to whom all the farmers and proprietors of land throughout the empire are compelled, if required, to sell their corn at a low rate. Four piastres a kilo is the settled price, which, having been fixed long ago, is, under the daily increasing depreciation of Turkish money, extremely below its value. It is fetched away in vessels hired by the government, who, after having increased its quantity by adulteration, sell it to the people at a profit of at least 100 per cent. But the high prices paid for corn throughout the Mediterranean, and especially in Malta during the occupation of the Peninsula by our troops, proved

but the the poor are beheaded by a Janizary, with a common yategan (Janizary's sword), under whose hand the execution requires three blows at least. I have been assured by some who have witnessed executions, that they have seen nine blows given in the latter case before the head was off.

so irresistible an inducement to a contraband disposal of it, that the supply of Constantinople became precarious and scanty, and the city was in consequence disturbed by frequent tumults; the avoidance of which is generally such an object to the Porte, that their policy has always been rather to starve the provinces, than risk an increase of the price of this article in Constantinople.—The evil consequences of their short-sighted policy are every day becoming more apparent, and within a few years the prices of meat and of all the necessities of life have been more than doubled in most parts of Turkey.

There is no city in the world, of which more frequent and laboured descriptions have been given, both by ancient and modern authors, than Constantinople. For a topographical account of it, I need only refer the reader to Gyllius and Chevalier, whose accuracy is most astonishing, when we consider the difficulties of examination and measurement, presented by the prejudices of the people; and the government, and manners, and the religious institutions of the Turks, are so copiously and exactly painted, the former in the chapters of Tournefort and Olivier, and the latter in D'Ohsson's compendious *Picture of the Ottoman Empire*, that, as they have undergone no change since the time of those travellers, it would be useless and presumptuous to enlarge upon the subject.

Amid the novelties that strike the European on his arrival, nothing surprises him more than the silence that pervades so large a capital. He hears no noise of carts or

carriages rattling through the streets, for there are no wheeled vehicles in the city, except a very few painted carts—called *arabaks*—drawn by buffaloes, in which women occasionally take the air in the suburbs, and which go only a foot's pace. The only sounds he hears by day, are the cries of bread, fruits, sweetmeats, or sherbet, carried in a large wooden tray on the head of an itinerant vender, and at intervals the barking of dogs disturbed by the foot of the passenger.

Attracted by the beauty of the prospect, and the advantages promised by the situation of the city, he is bitterly disappointed on walking through it, to find himself in streets roughly paved, if paved at all, encumbered with filth, and crowded with lazy ugly curs, of a reddish brown colour, with muzzles like that of a fox, short ears and famished looks, who lie in the middle of them, and only rise when roused by blows*. He is amused by the endless variety of turbans worn by the Turks he meets, (whose different situations are marked by the form and co-

* These dogs are such intolerable nuisances, that even the Turks are sometimes roused from their apathy to adopt measures for diminishing their numbers.—In the reign of Achmet I. (in 1613) the physicians having recommended their removal, lest they should communicate yet more widely the infection of the plague, at that time raging in the city, the Sultan consulted the Mufti on the lawfulness of killing them; but on his replying, that each dog had a soul, and therefore it was not lawful to take their lives, these admirable casuists collected them, and transported them to a desert island near Scutari, where they starved to death.

Mignol's History of the Ottoman Empire.

W. KUTNER del.

LONDON, Published by J. CROCKET, 1830.

J. CROCKET sculp.



TURKISH ARABAH.

lour of their head-dress), and by the shapeless figures of the women, who are all covered with a large wrapper of crimson, blue, or green, cloth, and with folds of linen on their heads, which so completely hide the whole of their face, except the eyes and nose, that a Turk may pass his wife without recognising her.

The contrast between Constantinople and an European city, is still more strongly marked at night.—By ten o'clock every human voice is hushed, and not a creature is seen in the streets, except a few patrols and the innumerable dogs, which being regarded as unclean animals by the Turks, have no other shelter than they can find under gateways and benches in the streets, whence at intervals they send forth such repeated howlings, that it requires practice to be able to sleep in spite of their noise.—This silence is occasionally and frequently disturbed by a fire, which is announced by the patrol striking on the pavement with their iron-shod staves, and calling loudly *Yangen-var*, “There is a fire,” on which the firemen, (mostly Janizaries) assemble, and all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the conflagration are immediately on the alert.—If it be not quickly subdued, all the ministers of state are obliged to attend, and if it threaten extensive ravages, the Sultan himself must appear, to encourage the efforts of the firemen.—The Turkish women who are assembled in crowds, choose this opportunity to reproach him for the faults of his government, and frequently even launch out into violent personal abuse of him.

But in the month of Ramazan, the scene is entirely changed, and the night is turned into day. There is no fast in the religion of any people more rigorous in its ordinances, nor more strictly observed than this. Every Mahometan, with the exception of travellers, children, and invalids, is forbidden to taste food or drink from sunrise to sunset. He must not even smoke or take snuff. This injunction falls easy on the rich, who pass nearly all the day in bed or in idleness, and thus ward off the assaults of hunger and thirst. Yet even these look very wretched, sitting on their divan or at their doors without their favourite pipe in their mouths, and having no other occupation than turning with their fingers a chaplet of beads, which almost every inhabitant of the country, in easy circumstances, carries in his hand to amuse himself, by passing the beads backwards and forwards. But the privations of Ramazan are extremely severe to the labouring poor. As the Turkish month is lunar, the time for which the fast is appointed runs through every season in the course of thirty-three years. It is, therefore, easy to conceive how a labouring man must suffer, when the Ramazan occurs in summer, in these burning climates, who must continue his work in the heat of the sun, without permitting himself even a glass of water.—I have seen the boatmen of Constantinople lean on their oars almost fainting under the suffering; but I never saw,—never met with any one who professed to have seen,—an instance in which they yielded to the temp-

tation of violating the fast. The moment of sunset is of course most eagerly looked for; and it is announced to the anxious inhabitants by the firing of cannon. At this time, I have often observed a curious circumstance. It would be imagined, that the first act of the hungry and thirsty would be to eat or drink, but I have seen great numbers of Turks postpone these gratifications to that of smoking. The pipe was ready filled, and they sat with the fire to light it ready in their hands, expecting the signal; on hearing which they eagerly began to smoke, as if artificial tastes were stronger than natural wants. The night was then passed in prayer and revelry. All the mosques were open, and all the coffee-houses; the latter were crowded with Turks smoking, drinking coffee, and listening to singers and story-tellers; the minarets were illuminated, and the streets were crowded with true believers walking to and from their homes.—The Bairam follows the Ramazan, and presents three days (it consisted originally only of one) of unmixed festivity. Every Turk who can afford it* appears in a new dress; they make visits to each other, and are seen scattered in the burying-grounds and other wooded

* I have heard many Europeans, who have resided long in the Levant, observe, that the decline of Turkey is no where more remarkable than in the festivities of the Bairam. Formerly at that season, every Turk procured himself an entire new suit of clothes. But now, owing to the increasing poverty of the nation, produced by the decline of their power, and the depreciation of their money, all, except the richest, content themselves with a new benisch, (outer robe) or simply patching their old clothes,

spots in the environs of the city, leisurely walking, and conversing or smoking, and drinking coffee in the coffee-houses. Seventy days after is the Fête of the Courban Bairam, (*courban* signifies sacrifice) lasting four days, during which sheep and oxen are sacrificed to the Deity and the Prophet, and the same festivities are observed as in the Bairam. These seven days are the only time of universal holiday among the Turks, in which the shops are shut, and business is abandoned for pleasure.

The greatest privation endured by the European resident of the Levant, is the want of society; from that of the Turks and Rayahs*, he is almost entirely excluded, by the prejudices of their religion, and their retired way of life. The resources afforded by that of the different embassies and missions are precarious, and depend on the number and character of the individuals who compose them; and at the assemblies in their different palaces, the ordinances of etiquette are so strictly observed, that pleasure is almost entirely banished by constraint. The merchants of different factories being chiefly engaged in the petty traffic of commission, are in few cases married to European wives; and the women of the country, the wives and daughters of the dragomans and Italian physicians who crowd Pera, are a set of indolent, uneducated beings, who, though they all speak four languages from their birth, (Turkish, Greek,

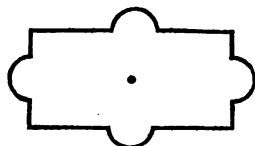
* Rayahs are subjects of the Porte, not Mahometans,

Italian, and French) have no powers or materials of conversation beyond the scandal of the day, of which they are active circulators. Evening was the time for visits, when we called on such families as were known to receive company, and sat smoking and conversing, in summer on the divan, which lined two or three sides of the room, and in winter round the tandour. The chief amusement* to the newly-arrived traveller, is

* The most beautiful spots round the capital are selected for the site of the summer palaces of the Sultan, of which there are not less than ten along the Bosphorus, and in the neighbourhood of the city.—I entered one of them at the Sweet Waters, (*Les Eaux Douces*, the proper translation is “Fresh Waters,”) as the English name the spot where the rivers Cydaris and Barbysses flow into the port of Constantinople. It is built in an extensive plain, bounded on all sides but one, (where it extends to the port) by high hills. The water of the two rivers is introduced to form a canal, in the centre of which rises an insignificant *jet-d’eau*, a clumsy imitation of the brazen pillar in the Hippodrome; the Sultan and his women being at this time resident in one of his other palaces, we were admitted without difficulty, on giving a few piastres to the Turkish servants left in charge of the building: On entering the gate, we found ourselves in a square court, open to the sky, on which galleries looked down from the four sides of the palace. These galleries were supported by wooden columns. From a large hall we ascended by a narrow staircase to the upper apartments. Those of the men were on one side of the court, and those of the women on the other. The chief difference I observed between them was, that the latter were plentifully adorned with Venetian looking-glasses. The divans were most elegant, being of red or dark silk or satin, richly embroidered with gold or silver. The walls were plastered in stucco, and coloured differently in different rooms,

making excursions to the lovely spots in the neighbourhood of the city, and up the canal, (as the Turks call the Bosphorus) of which the scenery defies description.

mostly light blue, pale lilac, and buff colour. Round or oval compartments were drawn on them, within which were painted landscapes, (some of them views round Constantinople) in a style that showed the hand of an European artist. In one of the rooms stood two large old-fashioned arm-chairs, of which the stuffed seats were richly embroidered in the same pattern as the Divan; in the middle of another which was paved with the coarse grey marble of the island of Marmora, was a fountain built of the same materials, in which *jets d'eau* were disposed in different directions. The rooms were generally about forty feet by twenty-five. Two or three of them (there were seven or eight on the floor, most of them opening into one another) were of this form,



and had a handsome chandelier suspended from a dome in the centre. The palace consisted but of one story, and there were no bed-rooms, which are indeed unknown in the Levant. The Levantines all sleep upon the sofas, in the sitting-rooms, on which they lay a mattress and a coverlid with a sheet sewn on to it, which are kept by day in a large closet. The palace was of wood painted of a light colour, as are all the palaces of the Sultan, and country-houses of the rich Turks along the Bosphorus. Near the palace, under trees in the plain, are generally assembled numbers of women, Turkish, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, who sit on carpets, drinking coffee and eating sweetmeats. These parties are occasionally enlivened by

Fourteen miles from Constantinople, near the entrance of the Black Sea, is the large village of Buyukdereh built along its banks, where most of the foreign ministers have their country-houses and reside in the summer, but their society there is encumbered by the same trammels of etiquette as in Pera; the village is also crowded by rich Armenian families, who enjoy there more liberty than they can in the capital. The higher classes of Greeks, from the same motive, resort to Terrapia, a village near Buyukdereh. Belgrade, (the village celebrated by Lady M. W. Montague, in whose time it was the summer residence of the foreign ministers, Buyukdereh not being then built) is five miles inland on the European shore. It is surrounded by immense groves of chesnut trees, and near it are the *bents*, (reservoirs) from which Constanti-

musicians playing on guitars, whom they bring with them or hire on the spot, and in those of the Greeks, the music is frequently accompanied by dancing. The Armenians are a sober people, in the tranquillity of their manners much resembling the Turks, with whom they are, therefore, more in favour than the Greeks.

Twice or three times in the year the Sultan's women are all brought to the plain in which this palace is built, to enjoy air and exercise with the greater freedom. On these occasions the eunuchs are posted on all the hills that overtop it, lest any one should obtain a distant view of these objects of jealousy. During one of these fêtes, a Greek galloping along the road, which on a sudden turn skirted the hill where it overlooked the plain, obtained involuntarily a momentary glimpse of the women; he would instantly have retired, but before he could effect his retreat, was cut in pieces by the eunuchs.

nople is supplied with water : in the spring and autumn it is also filled with Armenian families. The exhalations of stagnant water render it unwholesome in the middle of summer. The European coast of the Black Sea near Constantinople, affords some of the finest woodland scenery I ever saw, being covered with immense forests, which no one would suppose to be visited by a human being, if he did not at intervals meet with a tree felled and charred, which the peasants in the neighbouring villages had prepared for charcoal.

It may be said that there are two climates in Constantinople, that of the north, and that of the south; wind; the former, bringing with it the cold which it has gathered in blowing over the Black Sea, gives coolness to the days of summer, and frost and snow to those of winter; the latter coming from the southern provinces across the Archipelago, often renders a December day uncomfortably hot, and is most oppressively heating in summer. The north wind is the prevailing one, blowing with little intermission from May to September, and being frequent in the other months. It is not uncommon to see a north wind blowing in the Bosphorus, and a south one in the Sea of Marmora. Both of them blow at times with extreme fury. It must be owned, however, that the climate of Constantinople is in general mild and moderate, though it is not sufficiently hot for the growth of olive trees, and orange and lemon trees will not thrive there in the open air, but require a slight shelter. The greatest heat I ever remember

was ninety-four of Fahrenheit, in a day of August, with a Siroc wind. It is very seldom that the sun is obscured by clouds, and rain is not frequent or lasting. I subjoin, (in the Appendix) a list of the degrees at which my thermometer stood in the shade during part of the summer of 1816. The prevalence of the north wind is very injurious to the commerce of Constantinople, by preventing the passage of vessels up the Hellespont.

It is impossible to compute with accuracy the population of Constantinople, or indeed of any Turkish city, for the Turks keep no registers, and avoid exact computation, which, they think, entails ill fortune. Among the calculations I collected during my residence, that which appeared to me most probable, gave a million of souls to the capital, and the villages on the Bosphorus up to the entrance of the Black Sea; of these between six and seven hundred thousand inhabit the city, including its suburbs of Pera, Galata, and Scutari. The prosperity of a country is frequently calculated by the opulence and populousness of its capital, but in Turkey this reasoning would be very fallacious. It is from the desolation of the provinces, and the securer shelter from oppression enjoyed by a large community, that the cities of this declining empire are well peopled. When I passed Gallipoli, on my way to Constantinople, in 1812, that city contained 12,000 houses; when I again landed there in 1815, it consisted of 16,000, the additional 4,000 houses being inhabited by the

natives of the north of Greece, who during that interval had fled from their homes, to avoid the ravages of the robbers and pirates who infested it, and the equally dreaded violence of the soldiery, armed, some to protect the property of the peasants, and some to support the frequent quarrels of the governors of the provinces. An unthinking observer would form a high opinion of the prosperity of Turkey, from the rapidity with which the numbers who perished in the plague of 1812, were supplied in Constantinople and its neighbourhood, but the traveller would find villages and whole tracts of country emptied to furnish them. The capital is peopled at the expense of the exhausted country, and it is the same ruinous want of system in the government, which depopulates the provinces of the empire, and gathers multitudes on the banks of the Bosphorus.

JOURNAL
OF
A VOYAGE TO GREECE,

&c.

Monday, August 2nd, 1813.

AT 11 P. M. I arrived at Buyukdereh from Pera, and went on board the Nottingham (a merchant brig), Captain Tongue, which was to carry to Zante the Russian minister to Sicily, Count Mocenigo, and his lady, who had had the kindness to invite me to accompany them. My other fellow-passengers were the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Struve, and his wife (both German), M. Guillianow and M. Betzer, Greeks, secretaries of the Count. This latter gentleman was the only example I ever saw of the frightful consequences of a *coup de soleil*. He was about fifty years old, and was struck some years ago in Greece. The effect was the same as that of a paralytic stroke. It had reduced him almost to a state of idiotcy, the appearance of which it had given to his countenance, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and all his features being fallen and spiritless.

At five A. M. next day, we got under weigh: the wind was contrary, but a strong current carried us down the Bosphorus. We passed the Seraglio point about noon, and as soon as we got into the Sea of Marmora, a north breeze sprung up and carried us along at a good rate. At night-fall we were off Silivria, and on the next evening off the entrance to the Dardanelles from the Sea of Marmora.

Thursday, August 5th, and Friday, August, 6th.—We proceeded down the Dardanelles with a strong wind and current, and about three P. M. came in sight of the castles, where, as it was too deep for anchorage, we only hove to, and Mr. Struve and I went ashore to take the fermans to the governor. While we were ashore waiting for the English consul, the captain finding there was too much wind to stay where he was, (in the middle between the two shores) stood over to the European side, that he might get to windward of the castle; and when he tacked back to Asia they fired on him from that side, which he considered as a refusal to let him enter the port. Thus driven away¹ as he thought, (though the consul afterwards told me*, that the first shot was intended as a signal for him to anchor) he was forced by the current past the castles, who fired on him, each three times.

* It was at this time ordered by the Porte, that all ships should anchor above the Asiatic Castle in order to be searched, that they might not carry away corn; our captain knew this, but never having passed before, did not prepare to anchor till it was too late, and was carried away by the violence of the current.

after he was past, besides one shot from each before : but no one hit.—Mr. Struve and I being then in the English Consul's house, were astonished to hear firing ; and as I insisted on going to the governor to know the cause, the Russian Vice-consul and Signor Pellegrino the English cancelier*, conducted us there. We found the governor on the ramparts of his battery, and in such a fury, that the poor trembling Jew who was Russian Vice-consul, was too much frightened to speak to him articulately, and he gave orders to fire two more guns lying there ready loaded, before he would look at the fermans which were held out to him. With great difficulty he was prevailed on to stop, on condition that I would with a speaking trumpet hail the ship, (which was now nearly out of gunshot, and at all events out of danger, as I saw their guns were pointed in a different direction) which I consented to do, and though, (as the captain afterwards told me) he could not distinguish what I said, the anchor luckily was immediately dropped. I say luckily, for though the Nottingham was now out of danger from the ill-directed fire of the Dardanelles castles, she would infallibly have been sunk by the guns of the castles at the entrance of the Straits, for whose attack the fire of the others would have been a signal. The

* The chanceries of embassies and consulates are the offices whence patents of protection, certificates of citizenship, and ships' papers, are usually issued. The cancelier is the officer who presides in them.

governor then insisted on two of his men searching the vessel, and Mr. S. and I said we would go with them, which we accordingly did.—At eight P. M., at the request of the count, I went in a boat with Pellegrino to give notice to the captain of the Theodosius, (the schooner appointed to convoy him), of his arrival. Count Mocenigo being a Zantiote, and having entered the Russian service, when his native island was subject to France, had requested British protection in his voyage to Zante, the French having, with their usual mockery of justice, hanged some Septinsular subjects, who were in the same circumstances. As the Theodosius was off Tenedos, (twenty-four miles from the castles) I did not arrive on board her till one in the morning. I found in Lieutenant Younger, her commander, an old friend who had been well acquainted with my family : I talked with him for two hours over old stories, and after a short nap left his ship at six in the morning, and arrived again at the Dardanelles at seven P. M.—I did not find the ship there ; she had taken advantage of a strong north wind and dropped down to Koum Kalé, where I found her at half past eleven at night, with the schooner alongside of her.

Copy of the Nottingham's Log relating to the Fire from the Castles.

“ *Thursday, August 5th, 1813.*—At three P. M.,
“ strong breezes of wind from the eastward and clear
“ weather. The town of Abydos bore by compass
“ S. E., distant about three miles : hove our ship to,

“ with her head to the southward, and sent our boat
“ on shore with Mr. Turner and Mr. Struve with the
“ fermans, in order to have the ship cleared before
“ we reached the castle. At half-past three a gun was
“ fired from the battery of Abydos, of which we did not
“ know the meaning. A few minutes afterwards a
“ boat came from the shore, and told us, that
“ we were not to pass the castle. We then immediately made sail to get into anchorage, but were
“ hindered by the shot coming so hot from the battery of Abydos. We then immediately tacked
“ ship to the northward and eastward, in order to
“ keep to the eastward of the castles. Then we
“ were immediately attacked by the other castle on
“ the opposite shore, which made the shot fly about
“ us in all directions, but luckily we received no injury.
“ We were then obliged to tack again. Then the
“ battery of Abydos opened upon us the second time.
“ Then we were obliged to clew up our sails, and let
“ go both our anchors in 50 fathoms water, in order
“ to bring our ship up; but the current running so very
“ strong that the anchors would not hold, the ship
“ still continued driving, and the Turks firing all the
“ time. At four P. M., our ship brought up with both
“ anchors a-head, about a quarter of a mile to the
“ westward of the castles; then the Turks ceased
“ firing, and sent their boat on board, and told us
“ that we might proceed.”

Saturday, August 7th.—At four A. M., got under

* With Pellegrino on board.

weigh, and made sail, following always our commodore, Mr. Younger. At seven, we were abreast of Tenedos, and at midnight had passed Ipsara about eight miles. The next day we had clear calm weather; and in the evening, being becalmed, we went ashore at Tino (off which we had been hovering all day) about five o'clock, but found the inhabitants much afraid of us, and indeed they refused to admit us into the interior of the town, unless we underwent fifteen days' quarantine. This is one of the best cultivated islands in the Archipelago, and there is a flourishing manufactory of coarse silk-stockings and gloves. The island contains about 66 villages, all built of white stone. The town is built of white stone, and at a distance has a showy appearance, which causes great disappointment upon a nearer approach. There are seven Greek and two Catholic churches: the chief of the former we were admitted into, (for we were allowed to walk for a short time on the outskirts of the town, accompanied by a *guardiano*,) and found it to be like all Greek churches, very showy, and filled with gilded paintings of the Deity and of saints. The wine of Tino (of which there are two sorts, a red and a sweet white) is very good, but we were too soon for the vintage. The fields are divided, as at Malta, by stone: the exterior presents but a rocky aspect, but the interior is a very rich soil. We staid on shore for about an hour, looking and looked at, and then hastened on board, as the current, which runs about half a mile

an hour, had carried the ship to some distance. The women of Tino are renowned for beauty throughout the Archipelago; but our short stay and limited observation did not enable us to ascertain the truth of the report.

About nine, on the morning of the 12th, we saw Zante, and at three P. M. cast anchor in the bay. Hitherto all the islands of the Archipelago had borne the same appearance at a distance, that of high rocky land, with little verdure, and perhaps it was the comparison that heightened in my eyes the beauty of Zante; high mountains covered with heath, and adorned with rich gardens (though few trees), as they shelve down to the sea, with now and then a neat country house of white stone, are the prominent objects that strike the eye as it approaches the island. The town (of white stone) stands in a semi-circular bay, whose banks it covers: behind it rise two high sister mountains, on one of which (that to the north) is a neat castle, and on the other hung a man gibbeted. The banditti in the Morea had lately sent a gang over to Zante, who, after committing some depredations and cruelties in the villages, were overtaken by the soldiers sent after them: two of them were shot dead, and their heads hung up in the town: a third was taken hardly alive, and immediately gibbeted. To the left of the town, and in some spots behind it, are most luxuriant gardens; and to the right, heath-hills, varied here and there by a country-house and garden.

I went ashore about half-past four, and gave in at the Health-office, to be fumigated and delivered, the letters of recommendation and despatches, with which Mr. Liston had kindly furnished me for General Campbell and Mr. Foresti. Learning that there was a rigid quarantine for 42 days, I of course determined not to stay here.

I received the next morning a very polite letter from General Campbell, lamenting that the quarantine would prevent his receiving me. At eleven I went ashore, where I was met by Mr. Foresti, who hospitably provided me with every comfort which the rigour of quarantine permitted me to receive. In the evening the Count and his suite went to the Lazaretto, which afforded but wretched accommodations,

Sunday, August 15th.—At five A. M. we got under weigh. I still remained in the Nottingham, which fortunately was bound to the place I wished to go to, as the strictness of the quarantine made it impossible to find any other vessel; we lay becalmed off Zante till an hour after noon, when a favourable breeze sprung up that carried us seven knots an hour. We were soon opposite Little Cephalonia (the ancient Ithaca), for which I had been looking with great earnestness; but I was wretchedly disappointed. I had need of all my faith in the modern arrangements of classical countries, to believe that the bare pittance of land before me was the island so celebrated by Homer as the birth-place and residence of Ulysses. Its appearance was that of

a rock covered with a shallow coat of rusty moss. Nothing but my bigotry for Homer could make me believe that Ulysses would choose Ithaca for his residence, when Zante and Cephalonia were included in his dominions.—We were carried on by the breeze, and at nightfall found ourselves at the distance of five leagues from Patrass. Seldom has the rising of the moon been looked for with greater impatience than it was by us this evening. We were sailing not far from a dangerous shoal, as there is very little water near the coast, with an ignorant Greek pilot who had not made this voyage for thirteen years, and who confessed, that he did not know in what direction the town lay. At nine o'clock, however, a bright moonlight delivered us from great part of our anxiety.

Next morning at five, we dropped anchor before Patrass. The town is pretty. It stands in a plain very green and well cultivated for about a mile and a half to the southward; and the view on the northward is diversified by heathy hills stretching to the sea, beyond which is seen the town and castle of Lepanto at the entrance of the Straits. Immediately behind Patrass rises a small hill which is topped by a romantic castle, with an insignificant battery of five guns; the more contemptible from being in ruins. Behind it, and indeed in the back ground of the whole coast, rise very lofty mountains.

At half-past ten we went on shore. On the beach we were met by the Russian and English Consuls; to

the former of whom Mr. Struve, (who was going to Athens) gave his letters from the Count, and I presented the latter with a letter which Mr. Foresti had given me at Zante. Mr. Strani, our consul, treated me with great civility, and promised to do his best to forward me immediately; a kindness by which I was the more pleased, as we had at first been threatened with forty days' quarantine. He begged me to come ashore again in the evening, when I should learn the result of his endeavours. At four in the afternoon, by means of the Russian Consul, Mr. S. got on board of a country ship, which sailed instantly for Corinth. I hope for the same success, though I was a little disappointed in the evening to hear, that Mr. Strani had not yet seen the Bey, and could tell me nothing till eight o'clock to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, August 17th.—I went ashore in the morning at ten o'clock, but was unable to see the Consul, who was busy, as he told me afterwards, in settling mine and the Captain's business. At four in the afternoon, I returned to the shore by appointment, when he informed me that I might go, as soon as I chose, by land or water, but recommended the latter as far as Prevesa, because the first part of the road was infested by banditti. He advised me to wait three or four days to give time to Mr. George Foresti, our resident at Yoannina, to receive a letter announcing my arrival here. I walked with the captain, accompanied by a guardiano, along the coast

to the northward of the town. The ground is well cultivated, and the vineyards are very fruitful. To an Englishman it was a pleasing sight to find them growing on the hedges at ten, and in some places five, feet from the shore. I saw here the manner of preparing the currants, which are as fine as those of Zante. They are spread in bunches along the ground, and in eight days are sufficiently dried: the stalks are then picked off, and they are laid in heaps on the field ready for purchase.

Wednesday, August 18th.—I went ashore at ten in the morning, and walked about four miles to the southward of the town; about a mile and a half of which is planted with vines, and the rest is marshy ground, with many and fine trees. These marshes secure to Patrass a never-failing succession of aguish fevers during the hot months. There are a few cypresses in the fields, and but a few, as they are reserved for the burying-grounds. On the shore, close to the sea, runs a fine hedge of alders, interspersed with some oleanders, which had a pretty effect. We saw there a dead seal, as large as a horse. The captain took his gun, and shot a few larks and small snipes, which made us an excellent supper.

Thursday, August 19th.—I went ashore at ten o'clock to the northward of the town, and walked with the captain to the Castle of Lepanto, which is about five miles distant. It is quite in ruins, and mounts, I should think, from 25 to 30 guns. There is a small village near, in which live the garrison and

a few other Turkish families. The fields round are tolerably well cultivated, and sown with Indian corn, grapes, and water-melons. We found the soldiers of the garrison smoking under a tree: fortunately for me they spoke Greek, as do all the Turks in the Morea, and very few know Turkish: (*vice versâ*, of the numerous Greeks in Anatolia, very few can speak any thing but Turkish). One of them, who seemed to be the chief of the party, took us to his house, after going in first himself, and sending his wife out of the way, and regaled us with grapes, bread, and cheese. He pointed out to us, with great delight, an old English clock, that hung up in one corner of his miserable apartment, of which he was extremely proud.

We regained our boat at four in the afternoon, and, the wind being extremely high on our first setting sail, very narrowly escaped being upset, which would have been a dangerous occurrence for me, who was loaded with a great coat. All the next day it blew a gale of wind, by which we were detained on board; but it calmed in the evening; and at eight the expected boat called for me alongside the ship, and I packed up and went on board. I felt rather cheerless, on being the first time in my life among strangers and foreigners; but a little reflection, and the attentions paid to me, soon restored me to my equilibrium. The boat was commanded by a Greek, named Vasil, who gave me some letters and dollars from Mr. Strani. I lay down in what he

called the cabin, a hole in which it was impossible to stand or even sit upright: this, however, I soon left, as I found that I was not the only inhabitant, and that I was in danger of being devoured alive. We went along all night at a good rate, with a strong and favourable breeze.

Saturday, August 21st.—In the morning I had a view of my fellow-passengers, who consisted of a Turk, a Jew, three Italians, and about a dozen Greeks, the latter of whom were very merry. One of them (the Greeks) put for a time all classical ideas out of my head, for he was so wonderfully like a friend in England, that it was long before I could think of any thing else; so much does the remembrance of home supersede the interest of antiquity. I was recalled from my reverie, by a Greek's exclaiming "Viva" when I sneezed, and the sight of Ithaca, off which we lay all day (being becalmed under a burning sun, from six in the morning till five in the evening,) combined with his exclamation to remind me of Penelope congratulating Telemachus on the happy omen of his sneezing.

At five P. M., a fresh but contrary breeze sprung up, which obliged us to tack frequently. As we approached Ithaca, I saw some ruins overhanging the sea, but not near enough to distinguish what they might have been. At eight in the evening, as we could do nothing with the wind, we put into the Bay of Ithaca, and were hailed from the shore. Hearing that it was the English Vice-Consul who spoke us, I

went in the small boat, and explained to him our situation. My enthusiasm was by this time so exalted, that, had he addressed me in Greek, instead of Italian, I could almost have fancied him Ulysses waiting on the shore for Eumæus. His reception was not so hospitable, for he forbade our landing, owing to the regulations of quarantine. We staid in the bay till midnight, when, thinking the wind more favourable, we put out, but at three in the morning were again obliged to go in shore at another part of the island, where, as we could not, like the suitors of Penelope, enforce hospitality, they refused to let us stay, fearing perhaps that our intention was to land and violate the quarantine: accordingly, out of the two alternatives they offered us, of going or being fired on, we preferred the former.

On the 22nd, we were beating about all day with a contrary wind, between Ithaca and Santa Maura, and got to windward of the latter at six in the evening, when there came on a perfect calm. Santa Maura appeared, like the other islands, a heathy mountainous spot.

Monday, August 23rd.—It remained calm till eleven A. M., when a fresh fair breeze sprung up, which carried us into the Bay of Prevesa at two. We did not see the town till we were quite close to it, as it stands within the bay, and is hidden by the Pasha's palace, a fine gay building not quite finished, standing to the left on the entrance to the bay: to the right is a small battery. The bay is divided by

a narrow neck of land which reaches half-way across, beginning at the entrance. On the other side of this land is the famous bay of Actium, beyond which are seen very high mountains.

As soon as I landed, I sent to the English Vice-Consul, Signor Valentino, a letter with which I was provided by Mr. Strani. He came immediately; and, as there was no quarantine, took me to his house, where I found myself in very good quarters. Here I was happy to find four English officers, who had come to sell a prize taken by their ship (the *Apollo* frigate), engaged in the blockade of Corfu. I walked about to see the town, which contained but miserable houses. The city was taken by Ali Pasha, in 1798. The first thing he (Ali) did, was to send for between two and three hundred Greeks to Salagorda, and behead them; and the second, to turn the inhabitants out of those houses which were not destroyed, and give them to his soldiers. The town used to be notorious for the villany of its inhabitants, but that was not to be wondered at, as it was formerly a receptacle of all the *mauvais sujets* from Venice and the Greek Islands.

Tuesday, August 24th.—I took a walk in the morning with my countrymen to an extensive olive-grove (stretching three miles) behind the town. Here we found many poor Greeks lying about, who have no other habitation than the shelter of the trees. New fortifications are rapidly building, (at which the Greeks are forced to work, being rigorously watched

to prevent them from emigrating,) consisting of a ditch, from 25 to 30 feet wide, and a wall supported by bastions, which latter is yet unfinished, all round the town. We were admitted during our walks to the Greek bishop's garden, which was well stocked with fruit-trees. Figs, grapes, peaches, quinces, pomegranates, &c., were the objects which regaled our eyes and taste, in a space of little more than half an acre. In the evening, to my great regret, the officers set out on their return to their ship with the purchase-money of their prize.

Wednesday, August 25th.—In the morning the officers returned, the wind being too high for their boat to proceed. At noon I set off on horseback with two of them, to see the ruins of Nicopolis, which are about five miles distant from Prevesa. About a mile and a half of our road lay along the olive-grove, and we then came to a flat open country interspersed with a few trees. The first of the ruins which we saw was the Temple of Apollo, of which only two arches remain, Ali Pasha having picked out every where the finest pieces of marble for the ornaments of his new palace at Prevesa. The walls are in good preservation, and inclose, I should think, five miles. One bath remains, but, like most part of the ruins, has been unmercifully injured by the Turks. There are two theatres, a larger and a smaller; the former was a considerable ruin, and had some beautiful remains of arched windows (as they appeared) at the top; but the latter was the most inte-

resting. There were still seen the gradual ascents on which the benches were placed, and the external staircase supported on arches. There were three arched passages, without, even with the ground, and one within the other; the two internal ones were under the theatre; the external one projected from it. This was the most interesting remnant of antiquity I had yet seen, and gave me the best idea of a Roman theatre: but I could not help being astonished at the smallness of the stage, which could not have been above fifteen feet wide, nor more than eight deep. I found a few copper medals, but was disappointed in my hope of getting one with the head of Augustus, in a city built by him, in commemoration of a victory on which so many must have been struck. In the neighbourhood of the ruins, there are still great remains of a Roman road, four feet wide, and raised about one. The bay, in which the city stood, must have formed a most excellent port, though it is now choked up and divided from the sea by a narrow neck of land, that runs entirely across it. The road from Prevesa to Nicopolis (which is still very good) was formerly covered with the Venetian country-houses, all which the Turks have destroyed.

I met at Nicopolis with an interesting incident. Seeing a man on the road with some excellent horses, I asked him to whom they belonged. He thought (as I discovered by our subsequent explanation) that I asked him the name of the one he rode; and an-

swered me, " Nicomas," the very reply which the cunning or the fortune of Octavian obtained from the peasant whom he met with the ass.

At about half past four, we got back to Prevesa to dinner, and at six I went with the Consul to the Bey to get my order for horses from Salagorda onwards. He received me very politely, gave me pipes and coffee, talked affably to me in Greek, and promised me horses and two Albanian soldiers for guards, as there had lately been robbers between Salagorda and Arta. I saw on the outside of his house, as ornaments, many capitals that had been stolen from poor Nicopolis, and there was one stone in the wall with a long mutilated Greek inscription.

Thursday, August 26th.—I walked in the morning with the Consul to see the Vizir's new palace. It is very large, and the only three rooms finished were spacious, very superbly gilded, and the pannels adorned with daubs which were called landscapes. But had it been the most splendid in the world, all pleasure and admiration would have been prevented by a contemplation of the tyranny displayed in the building of it. Every day a certain number of Greeks, and on one day in the week all in the town, were compelled to work at it gratis, having only their wretched meals afforded them*. Numbers of the poor

* This was the Consul's account: others told me that they were so well paid, that they could afford to be idle themselves, and with half their wages hire substitutes from Santa Maura: the medium is probably the truth. If the nourishment which they were thus prevented from earning were not allowed them,

Greek boys who were working came begging to me, and, contrary to their usual habit of discontented importunity, were quite happy with a few paras. At half past twelve the boat being ready, I left Prevesa, and at two arrived at Salagorda. The scenery round me consisted of barren mountains, but one of them was the Promontory, and the sea was the Bay, of Actium: Salagorda being merely a place of passage, contained only three buildings, a magazine, a custom-house, and the Vizir's palace*. I was forced to wait here two hours for horses, and at last could have but two, so I dispensed with my Albanian guard, and set off at four. My companion was a Greek, who was in the English service, and carried despatches from Sta. Maura to Yoannina. I met with him at Prevesa, where, hearing that I was going the same road also with despatches, he put himself under my orders. I was at first astonished at the zeal with which he offered to accompany me: but afterwards I found out a very adequate motive for it. The bearers of letters from Santa Maura to Yoannina are allowed twenty piastres for their journey, (about sixty miles;) and this scanty provision can only afford them profit on foot; by attending me he had horses all the way at my expense.

they would soon cease to work, as they are all miserably poor: indeed I was told by other authority, that Ali gives all his workmen an oke of bread a day. An oke is about 2½lbs.

* The two former were built by M. Roque, a French merchant, now residing in Athens.

As I hoped to reach Arta before dark I did not much fear the robbers, of whom, a few nights before, a band had carried off from Salagorda twenty thousand piastres, and two of the inhabitants for slaves. The first two miles of our road lay along an old paved and rugged road, about ten feet wide, and the next four through an open country, interspersed with heath and trees. Before us lay at a distance very lofty mountains. Six miles from Salagorda, we passed the small Christian village of *Ἀνίσα* (Anaisa), containing about twenty houses, and we then saw marks of cultivation in large fields of Indian corn, which wanted about six weeks of being ripe. About two miles further, we fell in with an excellent paved road from thirty-five to forty feet wide, which the Vizir is building from Arta to Salagorda. After riding two miles on this, we came to another village named *Κουτάκιον* (Kuetakyuse), which was the cleanest, the prettiest, and may I not say the most English looking, that I had seen since I left my country. The houses, (about forty in number) were of a good size and neatly whitewashed, each with a small fenced garden, where grapes, tomatas, peaches, &c., grew in great abundance. The women were sitting at work, and the children playing before the door. The church was pretty, and as the bells were ringing, (a rare sound in Turkey where they are forbidden,) when I passed through, every thing seemed to conspire to give me ideas of cheerfulness; I could hardly fancy myself in a land of slavery, till—on turning a



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BRIDGE of ARTA.

corner, I saw thirty or forty men tied together, and fastened to a well: their story was this; The robbers had been in the village this morning, and committed great depredations. The Turks, who were searching for them in vain in every direction, thought that they must somewhere have accomplices who supplied them with provisions and information, and had confined these villagers on suspicion.

As I went on, the road became more delightful, till I began to imagine myself on a turnpike road in England. It was strait for I should think three miles; at the end was seen the high white house of the *Waywode** of Arta; and on each side the most luxuriant crops of grapes, figs, peaches, &c., just ripe, and enclosed from the road and all round by a very neat open fence and a ditch. On proceeding, I passed, at about a mile from the town, a river, (which is now but narrow, but in winter is greatly swelled by the waters from the mountains for twenty leagues round) over which was a bridge very pretty, but of a very extraordinary shape, as instead of being uniform in its ascent and descent, it began by rising very high, and about half way sunk into a hollow, from which it rose again into a very insignificant ascent. The history of this bridge, as told in Arta, is quite a romance; two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Greeks thought no more of engaging in foreign commerce than the Chinese do now, an Algerine vessel brought a cargo of oil to sell at Salagorda. The inhabitants of

* Petty governor of a small town or village.

the neighbouring towns flocked to buy it, and a Greek from Arta who had made large purchases, found a treasure concealed in one of the casks. Considering it as a bounty from heaven, he determined to employ it for the good of his countrymen, and accordingly engaged in the construction of this bridge, which he found his fund insufficient to finish, and borrowed a thousand piastres from a Turk his neighbour, which enabled him to conclude his undertaking. When he had raised the money, he went to offer it in payment of his debt, but the Turk was ambitious to have a share in the work, and refused to take it: the Greek, who was determined to have all the merit himself, appealed to justice, which forced the Turk to accept payment. I fear more than 250 years will pass before such disinterested liberality will be again witnessed in a Greek. At half past seven, when it was nearly dark, we reached the house of Signor Παπαδόπουλο (Papathopolo*), the English Vice-Consul, who gave me very good accommodations. We had been three hours and a half from Salagorda, which was very fair travelling, considering that our horses, having made the journey once before to-day, were very tired, and could accomplish no other pace than an abortive trot or rather a quickish walk.

Friday, August 27th.—I walked about the town in the morning. It has an inconsiderable fort overhanging the river, and a Greek church of the low empire.

* Whenever the letters *th* are printed in Italics, they represent the Greek delta, and are to be pronounced as in *then*.

The church is a quadrangular building, with four irregular turrets on the top, and has been much injured by the Turks. The streets are narrow like those of Constantinople, but better paved. As my order from the Bey of Prevesa extended to Arta, I was provided with post horses, for which, as they belonged to the Vizir, I was to pay nothing, but this privilege is merely nominal, as it is usual to make a present to the purveyor of them equal to their hire. At half past three, (half past eight Turkish time) I left Arta for Mouiliana, a small village at four hours' distance, where there was a palace of the Vizir, in which I was to have a room to sleep. I set off with the courier, a surigee (man who was to take care of the horses), and an Albanian, (in the service of the commandant at Arta) for a guard, as the road was considered dangerous. He was armed with a long gun, pistols, and a sabre, and I had two brace of pistols, and a yategan (Janizary's sword) so that we mustered tolerably strong. We crossed four narrow and shallow channels of the river, which did not reach above our horses' knees, the principal bed being dry all the summer. After passing several narrow lanes bordered by walled gardens, we reached the high road; and in three quarters of an hour, the mountains which had so long formed my prospect.— We rode by the side of them for an hour, having to our left an extensive plain, covered with rich pasturage and fields of Indian corn, and then rode between them, after doing which half an hour, we came to a small village, through which the man who kept the

horses wanted to pass ; but as the courier strongly asserted that it was not the right way, and the other did not appear quite sober, I did not hesitate to follow the direction of the former, and took a road to the left. We soon left the high way, and turned into a stony footpath, which was in some places very difficult to pass, immense masses of rock, (for the mountains were nothing else, covered at short intervals with heath and some trees) having fallen across it from above. There were innumerable flocks of goats, the jingling of whose bells was very pleasing and picturesque. After travelling thus about an hour and a half, we came to a valley very stony and barren, along which we went half an hour before we came to the village of Mouiliana, which was pretty, the houses being of grey stone and embosomed in trees : the inhabitants were dancing in the plain, and their wild singing, with which they kept time, had a most romantic effect. Each peasant had his female partner, and they formed nearly a ring, which moved sometimes forward and sometimes in a circle : they were celebrating the festival of the Panagia, for whose death they had on that day finished a fast of fifteen.—My Albanian guard went in search of the priest of the village, who, he said, had the keys of the palace, but when the priest came, he told us, that there were four Turkish soldiers who kept guard in it, and that we should find it open : we accordingly mounted to the palace, which was an inconsiderable but neat building on the top of a low mountain : they opened

it instantly on our call, received me with respect, and showed me to a plain good-sized room furnished *à la Turque*, with sofas round three sides of it, in which I, and the courier at my desire, slept. It was too late to get any thing for supper, so I smoked two chibouques (pipes), and lay down with my clothes on. The wind was whistling loudly all night, and the rain (of which I had had some showers in coming) beat violently against the windows. The Turks had computed with great accuracy the length of the journey. They called it four hours, and we set off at half-past three, and arrived just at half-past seven, as it was getting dark.

Saturday, August 28th.—I woke at six, and prepared to set off. As I looked out, I saw that it was a thick misty morning, and the view across the mountains was cold and dreary. At half-past six we got away, being the same party, except the guard, who was no longer thought necessary. We ascended and descended the mountains alternately for about an hour, when we came to a small village *Κλισούρα* (Clissura,) and immediately after to a large khan, (called *Πεντεπηγάδια*, *Pentepegathia*, from five wells which are dug in the mountains near it) at which we stopped to take refreshment. The mountains, or rather rocks, which we had come over on our way to it, were very high and craggy. Our road lay sometimes over very deep precipices, where a false step in the horse would have cost us dear. It had rained nearly all the time. Numberless goats were browsing on the heights, and as I looked up, I saw them making leaps which it

made me giddy to see. During our first mile, the palace which we had left had a very picturesque appearance, as we turned back to look at it: it was on the top of a mountain, and was surrounded by foliage, whose sombre darkness was an admirable contrast to its light appearance. I was delighted on looking forwards to see our path sometimes turning round the top of a height, and sometimes winding in the valley below us, nor indeed was I ever more gratified by any scenery than by that which I saw round me this morning. The thick trees on the heights formed a delightful contrast with the white rock, lighted up at intervals by a gleam of sun, and the dark mountains at a distance, with the smiling lightness of the cultivated valley. After leaving the khan, we soon came to a plain of two hours' extent, in which were numerous fields of Indian corn, and in which stood a small village (just at the end of it) called Πέντελεμόνας (Five Lemons). In this plain I remarked some ancient ruins and a small Roman arch. There were also great remains of the Roman road. We had then another half hour of mountains; after which we again descended into a plain of pasturage, which extended all the rest of the way to Yoannina. On our entrance on this plain, we saw a village Ἀιθέμηρης (Aythemetrees), in which was another khan. Two hours and a half further, we saw two others close to one another, Βιλίονα (Vilionna), very small, and Ραψέστα (Rapseeesta). Half an hour further on we came to another very large khan, and soon after to a paltry palace of the Vizir, from which we saw Yoannina at the distance

of about four miles. It presented, like all Turkish towns, a confused appearance of low houses and cypress trees; it contained but few minarets; to the right and left were seen high buildings, which were Ali Pasha's palaces, and a fort. The lake (which goes by the name of the city) was very extensive to its right, and behind it were very lofty mountains. It has been said, that this was the ancient Lake of Acherusia, and that into it flowed the rivers Acheron and Cocytus, to which the ancient poets have attributed such supernatural horrors; but this appropriation appears to be unsupported by the authority of ancient geographers.

We entered the city at half-after two, by a street from 35 to 40 feet wide (but very dirty and with miserably low houses), in which were some handsome arched Turkish tombs, about twelve feet high. We proceeded through a small burying-ground, so high that it overlooked the town on each side, to the house of Mr. G. Foresti, the British resident. He was not there, being with the Pasha at Argiro-castro, twenty hours further on; but I was received by his Secretary (Signor Demetrio Crali), a young Sta. Mauriote, who offered me lodging in his (Mr. F.'s) house. He walked with me about the town, which, I am told, consists of 3,000 houses, 1,700 Greeks, 1,000 Turks, and 300 Jews. It contains seven Greek churches, of which five are within the city. The streets are rather wider than those of Constantinople in general. The Vizir has two very

high and elegantly furnished palaces, and the city is defended by a large fort, which is very ill-placed, being in the low plain. The lake is six miles long and two broad. In the evening, Signor Demetrio (I follow the Greek custom in calling him only by his Christian name) went to the officer whom the Vizir had left in command, and procured me an order for horses to Argirocastro. At eight o'clock there was a heavy storm of rain, with thunder and lightning.

Sunday, August 29th.—I set off at half-past two in the afternoon with fresh horses, intending to sleep at Zitza, (the village on which Lord Byron has written so enthusiastically,) which was four hours' distance. Signor Crali accompanied me as far as the first village. To our right, as we left the town, lay the lake with the high mountains beyond it, which were the chain of Mount Pindus, and other mountains to our left. Our road lay along an extensive plain, not so well cultivated as would be expected in the vicinity of the capital. We passed a number of poor Greeks, who had been summoned from their homes near Mount Parnassus (two days' distance), to work at a new road, which the Vizir was making, from Yoannina to Argirocastro. We were two hours crossing this plain, in which time we saw five villages. The first was Γελόνα (Gelova), three-quarters of an hour from Yoannina; a little way beyond it stood a small Greek church, enclosed by a quadrangle of walls: cloisters were attached to the wall opposite to the church within the quadrangle. The second was

Γαρθικαίη (Garthikayki), which my surigee told me was built by Veli Pasha, the second son of the Vizir. We then passed two bridges made over a hollow in the road, which would otherwise be impassable in winter, owing to the large flow of water from the mountains. At the end of the plain stood three other villages, two of which were situated on the first rise of the mountains, Πετσιαλί (Petxiali), Γαυρίσω (Gavriso), and Νεοχώρι (Neochori). We now ascended the mountains, which, however, were not so high as those I had passed, and in about half an hour got again into the plain (of which I was very glad, as the road had been very hilly and stony on the mountains, and saw Zitza before us, at the distance of an hour and a half. At our first entrance to it, we saw some arched Turkish tombs, like those at Yoanina. The land round it was very rich and well cultivated. When we reached the middle of it, we had the village of Προτοπάνα (Protopapa), to our left. We reached Zitza at seven, and mounted a high hill to go to the convent*, where I was welcomed, and promised a room by an old priest, whose curled white beard looked extremely reverend. The village contains 120 houses, all Greek, besides the convent (in which are not more than three or four monks, if one may call them so), and a small neat palace of the Vizir. The view from the hill on which the convent

* I saw an old woman at this convent, who was, they told me, 130 years old; but the authority is very doubtful, as no registers are kept: nothing is more common than to meet Greeks, who do not profess to know their age.

stood, commanded a view to which, as Lord B. has justly observed, no pen or pencil can do justice. To the north is the rich plain we had passed, bounded by mountains : (indeed the whole scene is a circle of which mountains form the extremity). To the west lies the village, of neat grey stone, diversified by the richest foliage, and headed to the north by the palace of the Vizir, which is beautifully placed on a hill. To the east, mountains rising in wild succession one above another ; and to the south the same, but the prospect is improved here by a small river (named *Μαζαράινι*,) (Mazarayki), which shines through the turnings of the valleys. Mr. Hobhouse calls this river the Calamas, and mentions having seen it to the north-west. We probably remarked different windings of it that go by different names. The convent itself is an indifferent quadrangular building, embosomed in fine trees. They have shown me into a small room, where they have given me a very good supper, consisting of boiled eggs, excellent hot crisp bread, (the latter quality is very rare in Turkey), and tolerable white wine made in the village. They were very merry, and asked a great many questions about England. They could not persuade me to like their sour milk, (called *yaourt*), which they said was better for the stomach than fresh, nor I them to eat some double Gloucester cheese, of which Mr. Strani had given me a small piece at Patrass, which they would not believe to be cheese, because it was coloured.

Monday, August 30th.—I left Zitza at six, when I

had again reason to admire the romantic beauty of its scenery. The sun, which was just risen, had not yet force enough to disperse the clouds that concealed the tops of its mountains; the villagers were scattered in the plain before me going to their labour, and my comrades of last night's supper, were waiting at the convent door to take leave of me: They did it as if they and not myself had been obliged by my visit, which they entreated me to repeat on my return. I left a few piastres in their church for them, to recompense their hospitality.

We crossed again part of the plain by which we had come to the convent, and soon mounted an inconsiderable ascent, enriched with the most beautiful gardens, which rising gradually, forced us at the end of half an hour to descend a steep so precipitous, as to put us under the necessity of alighting and leading our horses. We crossed a small stony flat, and immediately ascended again. Here to our left was the village of Γλισιάς (Glisiani), and an inconsiderable but picturesque waterfall, very pretty from the trees that surrounded it. To our right, close by, was another village, Παογούλο (Paogulo), near which stood a khan, and soon after we came to a third, Μαζαράκις (Mazarayki, whence the river is named). This last half hour had irresistibly engaged my attention, by the beautiful spots which at intervals it presented to me. Clumps of trees confusedly interwoven with each other, and overhanging small pools of water, were every where on the side of the road, and the moun-

tains all around added a majestic splendour to the cultivated scenery. We now descended again into the richest possible plain, sown as usual with Indian corn, which extended for three hours, during which I was surrounded by scenery so delightful, that I can find no terms to describe it. There were fosses dug in it for the reception of the mountain water, which even in this season were nearly all full. Bridges were every where built over the hollows, some of which, however, were in ruins. In our way through it we passed the villages Πουπούλια (Pupulia), Ποδώριον (Pothorion, and Μωσιόρι, (Mosiori), in which latter was another small palace of the Vizir, to our left, and to our right Καλλιούια (Calliuiia), Μαυρονόρο (Mavronoro), Δουλιάνια (Thoulia), and Γεραβίνα (Geravina). In this latter was a khan where we stopped to bait our horses, and to get some bread and cheese for breakfast. After a quarter of an hour's stay, we again got on horseback, and turned round the village to continue our road, in doing which, we saw another palace on the top of a hill, and a small deep lake in the plain. Here we came again to mountains, by the side of which we had rode for the last hour. The prospect on every side continued equally rich. Our road lay along these mountains for four hours, (with the exception of a short plain, containing Μωσιόρι (Mosiori), another palace of the Vizir, and some powder-mills) and we saw on them the villages Βλόμπω (Vlobo), Γιουέρι (Gioveri), Ποινηχάις (Pontechates), Ξεροβάλτο (Xerovalto), Μπιζινέκω (Bezeneko), Γαυροχώρι (Ga-

vorochori), Ζαρούνα (Zarovina), Θελισνάκι, (Thelisnaki), and Κοροβάλτο (Korovalto). The view from the end of these mountains was surprisingly fine. Between the extremities of the high chain we were in the middle of, lay a wide plain, beautifully gay, as it was covered with rich pasture land, and Indian corn more or less ripe; so that it presented every different shade of green, and formed an admirable contrast to the dark tints of the mountains. On turning round the corner, we came to the village of Επίσκοπι (Episcopi), which was admirably situated on the heights, and commanded all the plain below. In it were two old Greek churches of a very curious form, and two good water-mills. We here descended into the plain, which continued all the way to Argirocastro, for three hours and a half. It was like all the others, very rich, owing to the moisture it derives from the mountains, which here had a more barren appearance than I had yet seen, their rock being hidden by little or no green. The plain was chiefly sown with corn, maize, and tobacco. The mountains were tremendously high, and their tops were of nearly equal height all the way. On this plain, we saw the villages Κάστω (Castro) Κροπίτσα (Cnopitza), and Λιμποκάβο (Libokavo), which latter is very large, (indeed they were all the largest I had seen,) and is the residence of the Vizir's sister. The latter part of the plain was a perfect bowling-green, and covered with sheep. As we approached Argirocastro, we crossed a large stream from the mountains, (probably the ancient Celydnus,) bearing

the name of the town, through which we waded up to our horses' knees. The town stands on the lower part of the mountain to the left, so that the streets are like stairs, and their rugged pavement is an advantage, as it gives a hold to the feet. Its situation may be imagined to be picturesque, being placed on so high a mountain, and commanding so rich a plain. At half past six in the evening, I arrived at the house of Mr. G. Foresti, who received me very kindly, and provided me two apartments in the house of a Greek bishop close by, where I find myself very comfortable. Argirocastro contains about 2,000 houses mostly Turkish. When Mr. Hobhouse was in Albania, Ali Pasha had not yet taken it. It had yielded a short time before my arrival. He was now repairing and strengthening the fortifications.

Tuesday, August 31st.—The view from Mr. F's windows this morning delighted me. To the east was the prospect of a few of the houses of the town, of which the entrance to some looked upon the roofs of others, and at the bottom of them the green pasture of the smooth plain, bounded by the high mountains on the other side, and divided by the channel of the river, now dry. To the south lay the other part of the town, equally uneven, and adorned with gardens very beautiful though neglected.

Having waited all day for the Vizir's summons, at four in the afternoon I mounted Mr. F's horse and went to the palace. I ascended the hilly streets, which, however, were plains compared to the road to

the palace. I met a confused crowd of labourers and loaded horses, working at the fortifications, which are not yet finished. They stand enormously high, and that part of the castle where the Vizir resides, is placed on a rock soaring about forty feet above the mountain. I passed through narrow rooms and lines of servants, and ascending a staircase came to the room where he sat, which was divided by a curtain. He received me very politely, and motioned me to be seated by his side. The room was well proportioned, and richly painted without gilding. The Pasha was an old man, (between sixty and seventy) with large features and a white beard. He looked very fat, but this appearance was increased by the bulk of his dress, especially as he was wrapped in English flannels. By his side were lying some spying-glasses, and at his feet were three boxes, containing his jewels, &c., one of which was inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl. He had on no turban, but wore a small cap of purple velvet. He was not surrounded with servants, as the Turks generally are; there were none present except himself, Mr. F., the interpreter, (who was also his secretary) and myself. I saluted him with a few words of Greek, which, however, in reply to his inquiries, I assured him I could not speak sufficiently to converse with him directly. I then begged the interpreter, in Italian, to say how delighted I was to see his Highness in such good health; that one great object of my journey had been to see so distinguished a prince, who had such an affection for my country, and for whom England entertained such sentiments

of friendship : I entreated him to thank the Pasha for the attentions I had every where met with in his dominions, and to express the pleasure I had felt in passing through so beautiful a country, and in finding such good horses and excellent roads. The Vizir answered through the same medium, that he was only sorry he had not known my intentions to come, that he might have given particular orders for my accommodation. He told me that he did not consider himself at home in this place, having only taken it fifteen months ago, but that Tepelen, (six hours further) was his birth-place, which he hoped I would go and see, and that it was at Argirocastro that Albania began. (Upper Albania begins at Tepelen.) That he wished all Englishmen to consider Albania as their home, and that he hoped the friendship between our countries would long continue. He then asked particularly after the health of Mr. Liston, to whom he expressed himself greatly obliged, and dwelt with pleasure on the hopes he had of one time seeing that gentleman, founded on his promise of visiting Yoannina. He told me that his first alliance with England had begun, when Mr. Canning was Secretary of State, and that he had received a very handsome letter from that minister, whom he asked me if I knew. He asked me if I had brought any news, and I told him some particulars of Lord Wellington's late victory at Vittoria. I could not help being amused by his reproaches of Buonaparte's ambition and *cruelty*, and his dwelling on the necessity of curbing it. Coffee was now brought me, which, as it was ramazan, was

a favour, and the salver which contained it was covered with a linen cloth, for the sake of concealment, or rather of decorum. I took leave after half an hour's conversation, and he politely said, he hoped we should see each other again. I shortly thanked him in Greek for his civilities, and returned on foot.

Wednesday, September 1st.—I walked over the unfinished fortifications this morning; they must, I should think, be impregnable. The height* of their situation which no cannon can bear on, and the amazing strength of the works, must defy any attack but that of stratagem. As this town is nearly the centre of his dominions, he is strengthening it to keep his subjects in awe. Nearly every house might be made a strong outwork, as they are almost all situated on different rises of the mountain, owing to the frequent contests between the different Albanian families. At nine in the evening, the Vizir sent for me. I went immediately, and found him in the same room as before, lighted by lamps and two large silver candlesticks containing candles of brown wax. It was hung round with arms which I had not observed before. There were with him, besides the party of yesterday, another secretary, and a dervise at the other end of the room on his knees. He was attended by two Albanian boys, dressed in the red cloak of the country with the small cap, and their hair

* Its height is equalled, not commanded, by a neighbouring mountain which he has begun to level. Labour costs him almost nothing, for cruelty is nothing to him.

flowing behind*. He was sitting at the window looking at some of Congreve's rockets, which were firing from the fort. The effect of the rockets over the mountains, which for a moment they lighted up brilliantly, was most superb. The new moon shone bright, and some of his music was playing under the window, which had a wild and pleasing effect. One of the rockets fell into the town, at which he was much alarmed, sending out to hear if it had done any harm, and seemed much pleased that it had not. His pipe and narguillay (hooker) were brought in: he talked with me cheerfully, and invited me to visit him at Tepelen, where he was going next morning early; (he was to have gone on Tuesday, but the wind was so high that he put it off), and on my compliance, ordered a good horse to be prepared for me, and his interpreter to stay behind him and accompany me. After staying with him about twenty minutes, I took my leave. There were crowds of servants outside whom I had not seen on Tuesday, as during Ramazan they sleep in the day. The Pasha was dressed as before; his room was so extremely hot, that it made me quite ill. A number of emeralds were set in his narguillay,

* One of these boys was the son of the late commander of the Suliotes. Among the Romaick books I brought home with me is a history of the Suliote wars with Ali Pasha. The instances of individual, and particularly female, courage, which it relates, are truly wonderful. I offered, and indeed began to translate it, but the booksellers doubted whether it would excite such general interest in England as to make it worth printing.

and his pipe was very splendid, especially in the size of its amber mouth-piece.

Thursday, September 2nd.—At half past one, we set off for Tepelen, Mr. Colovo, (the interpreter) Mr. Mantha, (the Vizir's Greek secretary, whom I had seen at Constantinople, when he was deputed to Mr. Liston,) and myself. We crossed the dry bed of the river, and proceeded along the plain for the distance of four hours. It bore the same rich appearance, and was bounded by the same eternal mountains, as had been my prospect before I reached Argirocastro. The villages which I saw on passing it were, *Μασκλόρι* (Mascloori), *Πλασσάτι* (Plassati), *Γαρθίχι* (Garthichi, the scene of the brutal tragedy detailed by Dr. Holland), *Κολόνικ* (Colonik), *Πιζάρι* (Pizari), *Σταπέζι* (Stapezi), to the left, and *Υιάτι* (Yiati), *Εσίνθι* (Esinthi), *Κακόσι* (Kakossi), *Καριάινη* (Cariaini), *Κονθόκωτι* (Conthokuti), *Μπαμπόυθα* (Baboutha), *Κορμόνα* (Cormona), and *Υιόφρι* (Yiophri,) to the right. There were several fortified castles built on the heights, and I was much amused by seeing on the mountains some small wicker huts raised on poles, in which were placed men to watch the corn and fruit. At the end of the plain, a neat bridge over the river, (by the side of which lay the whole of our road), led us to a new khan, where we stopped a few minutes. The scenery round this spot was most lovely. The picturesque effect of the bridge, adorned by a profusion of trees and shrubs, which gave a character of cultivation, was admirably set off by the barren wildness of the mountains around.

We here began to ascend the mountains, and proceeded along them on a road more or less steep for the rest of our way. The view was delightful; the road lay along the mountains at half their height. To our left was the rest of their ascent, steep, rugged, and green; to our right was the valley, with what little water the river now holds, gushing loudly on all sides from the heights, and beyond it rose other enormous mountains, whose tops were of bare rock, but whose base was richly cultivated, and covered with small villages*, embosomed in trees. Beneath our road, which was frequently less than three feet wide, lay the descent to the valley, presenting at intervals a formidable precipice of 120 or 130 feet deep. We saw our road winding before us, and on it were numbers of peasants and women returning from work, whose peculiar dress was an inexpressible improvement to the scene. As we drew nearer to Tepelen the mountains became more fertile, their stone being changed for earth. We came to a running well built to receive the mountain waters, which even now were very plentiful, and near it was a small but loud cascade. We soon after passed the dry bed of a torrent fifty feet wide. We saw Tepelen at an hour's distance, just as we arrived on the borders of Upper Albania; it is situated half way

* The names of the villages from the khan onward to Tepelen were, to the left, Δουζάτο (*Thoozato*), and Τάικι (*Taiki*), and to the right Λέκλι (*Lekli*), Κόσρα (*Kosrah*), Δεαγέλι (*Thragoti*), and Μπεζίκτι (*Betzikti*).

up the mountain on a height about 150 feet high. The palace, which is very extensive, is not all seen at this distance ; the village is very inconsiderable ; though there are one or two large houses belonging to the Vizir's Turkish attendants. The fort, from its situation, is of course extremely strong : opposite to it, below, the Vizir is trying to erect a bridge over the river, but can find no foundation ; it, therefore, still remain shalf built. We reached the palace of the Pasha about half an hour after sun-set ; on the entrance to it, we entered a large quadrangle, the half of which, to the right, presented a covered wooden gallery, that was the inner entrance to the palace. We passed through crowds of servants and guards, of whom there are now about 200, including fifty of his favourite Suliote corps. We entered the room of his secretary, till our own was ready. His attendants and even his sons* are wretchedly lodged in one small dark room for each. We soon got into the apartment destined for us, which was, we were told, the same formerly given to Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse. It was a neat room, about thirty-five feet by eighteen, and hung with blue furniture. The sofas were covered with red silk magnificently embroidered with gold. Dinner, consisting of eighteen dishes, was soon brought in on a large tin tray, about three feet diameter, which was laid on a reversed stool, and placed by us as we sat on the

* His three sons are Mouchtar, and Vely, Pashas, and Sali Bey, a boy of fourteen. The latter is his favourite. Mouchtar is the most remarkable for courage, and Vely for talent.

sofa, while a page of the Vizir laid on our shoulders fine napkins splendidly embroidered. This page's story was very romantic, and the beauty of his person added to its interest : his father was the chief of the Suliotes, who fought against Ali Pasha for eighteen years with a handful of men, (not above 5,000) and caused him a loss of 20,000 troops. On being taken he was ostensibly pardoned, but he died suddenly a year ago, it is strongly suspected, by poison : his son, though apparently a great favourite of the Vizir, is daily apprehensive of the same fate ; and, but for his fear of exciting jealousy, would wish to enter into Mr. F.'s service. To return to our dinner, the dishes were, *à la Turque*, served one after another, with a most barbarous jumble of meat and sweetmeats ; sweet pastry was immediately succeeded by a stew of poultry, and in one dish there was a mixture of rice, fowl, currants, sugar, onions, *burnia**, and eggs. The meal was concluded by sherbet with almonds in it, and after eating, (as before dinner) water was poured on our hands. We then had recourse to our pipes, and at nine o'clock went to pay a visit to the Pasha, but were told that he was closeted with a courier, whom he was going to send to the Grand Vizir at Sophia. We therefore returned to our room to sleep ; I shall probably never again lie down on so splendid a bed as that of to-night, which has just been brought from the Vizir's harem by two of the

* A vegetable, with a peculiar taste, of the size of a small girkin. It grows in the West Indies, where it is called Oker.

black eunuchs ; the cover of the mattress and the counterpane are of Indian stuff, (of which the fine shawls are made) richly embroidered with gold ; the sheets are of worked silk, and the pillow of the same, with a splendid embroidered border.

Friday, September 3d.—The bustle by which I was surrounded this morning, was to me new and at first extremely amusing. The different dresses of the Sulliot guards and the Albanian servants, the crowds of attendants, Nubians, Turks, and Greeks, gave great animation to the scene. I walked about the environs of the palace in the morning, but the excessive heat soon obliged me to return. The country near bore the same features as the road I passed yesterday. There are two small villages, Βαλκίον (Velkiote), and Τουράν (Turan), beyond Tepelen, in the centre of the mountains, in the first of which the Vizir has a small country house and garden. In spite, however, of the novelty by which I was surrounded, this was without exception the dullest and most tedious day I ever remember to have passed ; obliged to sit in doors alone, without a book or any resource but my pipe, and the eternal view of the mountains, and not able to look out in the galleries, without being immediately pestered by fifteen or sixteen servants, asking if I wanted any thing, I was devoured by ennui, and was delighted when at one o'clock, (as we intended to leave the palace in the evening) Mr. F. joined me in a small dinner of thirteen dishes, served up in the same manner, and with the same uncomfortable number of attend-

dants as that of last night. This relieved me, not from hunger, but from weariness, for a short time; but I was thrown into despair after it by the information, that the Vizir having so much business that he could not see me till the evening, our departure must be postponed till the next morning. From two till half past seven, (with the exception of half an hour's hot walk with Mr. F. round the palace) I was again left in tiresome solitude. The sun being then set, the Turks began eating, and we had another dinner of twenty-two dishes. The evening was lovely, the moon shining brightly on the prospect, and the noise of the Turks enlivened by the end of their fast, with the wild music playing before the Pasha's outer hall, were a pleasing addition. At nine o'clock notice was brought us that he was ready to see me. I went through the gallery crowded with guards and servants, of whom thirty or forty were standing at his door, to the hall, where I saw him giving orders to the courier: on my entrance, every one was dismissed except Mr. F., Mr. Colovo, and myself. I thanked him for my invitation to his palace, of which I complimented the interior splendour and beautiful situation, and for the attentions that had been paid me in it, and assured him, that I should never forget the kind reception he had given me: He replied by expressions of the pleasure my visit had afforded him, his hope of the continuance of my friendship, and other general compliments: he trusted, he said, that on my return to England I should never forget him,

and begged, that if I should ever be in want of any thing which Albania could furnish, I would write to him, and it should instantly be sent to me; that he considered all Englishmen as his children, (I smiled inwardly at hearing Queen Elizabeth's applauded sentiment in the mouth of a Turkish Pasha!), and was never so happy as in opportunities of doing them service; he concluded by begging particularly that I would deliver to the ambassador the sentiments of gratitude and friendship, which he entertained towards him. I replied by repeating my thanks, and saying, that I should always in my country speak of my obligations to him for his favours. After these unmeaning compliments had passed, I sat for ten minutes, when I rose and took my leave, the Pasha repeating to me at my departure his injunctions to remember his message to Mr. Liston. I returned to the room where I have been sitting all day, and am preparing to lie down again on my splendid bed, whose magnificence will, I hope, not prevent my enjoying as undisturbed rest as it afforded me last night.

Saturday, September 4th.—I rose at five, and at six set off with Mr. F. for Argirocastro, mounted on the same horse, with a splendid saddle of red cloth richly embroidered with gold. The air on the mountains was bitterly cold, but when we reached the plain, it was warmer: the sun fortunately for us was shaded by clouds. We met several peasants going to their work; the old women spinning as they went, and the young ones (some of whom were very

pretty, with the rare quality of not seeming to know it,) talking and laughing, with much more cheerfulness than I marked in them the evening of my ride to Tepelen, when they were burdened with Indian corn to carry home. We did not stop long at the khan near the bridge, as it could afford us nothing for breakfast. The plain looked, if possible, more beautiful than before. At a little before eleven we reached Argirocastro, the first part of which that we saw had exactly the appearance of an amphitheatre.

Sunday, September 5th.—I passed the day in doing business this morning with Mr. F. I was extremely amused in the morning by an Albanian soldier (of artillery), who was describing and showing in Mr. F.'s room the movements of the Frank manual exercise, which his regiment was learning. The beauty of his animated countenance, his picturesque dress, and the activity of his movements, added to the effect of his naïf questions concerning the use of the latter; and I never saw the gracefulness of his salutations exceeded.

I passed the next day also in business. The wind (which generally rises here about two hours after noon) was extremely troublesome, it being too hot to exclude it.

Tuesday, September 7th.—I rose at five; and at half-past six set off with Mr. F., who was kind enough to accompany me, for Yoannina, mounted on the same horse as I had rode on to and from Tepe-

len. Our cavalcade consisted of two servants of Mr. F., the surigee, a man to look to my horse, which being the Pasha's was not trusted to the postmasters, an Albanian soldier, whom the Pasha had charged to attend me to Prevesa, and a spare horse for the baggage. At the bottom of the hill, we saw an instance of the Vizir's severe administration of justice in the body of a negro, whom he had ordered to be drowned, for plundering some baggage from a mule's back. I again admired the beauty of the plain bounded by high mountains, at whose base were the small villages adorned with trees: the clouds, which covered the tops of the mountains, promised us (falsely, as we found afterwards) a cool day. In three hours we began to ascend the mountains, the prospect from which was lovely: below us was the plain, with the windings of the river, which at a distance branched off across a mountain in the shape of the letter Y. At the beginning of the mountains which formed our road, stands the village of ~~Episcopi~~ (Episcopi), at which we stopped an hour and a quarter, and breakfasted on a cold fowl which we had brought with us, and some excellent eggs, milk, cheese, and grapes, which the khan afforded us. We met with an old Greek at the khan, who deplored to us the degeneracy of his countrymen. "In my time," said he, "if we merely gave our word to a stranger, whom we met on the road, we kept it; but now the most solemn oaths do not bind us." His complaint of the present generation was probably truer than his eulogium

of the past one. The beauty of this village defies description; standing on the verge of the mountains, adorned with the most luxuriant foliage, and watered by the plentiful streams from the heights which run through it to the plain, it presents a variety of landscape seldom equalled*. In it is a small manufactory of very good snuff, which they proudly told us the Vizir once visited. This is thought the best snuff in Albania; indeed through all Turkey; exceeded only by that of Larissa. It certainly was delicious. We now for five hours had a mountain road, my description of whose beauty I dare not repeat, though my pleasure in admiring it was more than repeated. We descended once more into a rich plain, through which ran a narrow river whose banks were beautiful, being adorned with wild flowers of different colours. The water running into it from above, regaled us all the way with the agreeable sound of a gentle waterfall. After riding along this plain for three hours, we ascended again: here I was in raptures: daylight was superseded by a bright moon; and at the first rise of the mountains, we saw the waterfall of Glisiani, which I mentioned on the 30th August, whose torrent, since I last remarked it, seemed to have increased considerably; it was at a small distance from us, and its water, glittering by the moon-light, fell with a noise resembling distant thunder; its effect, united with

* There was a small church picturesquely situated at the top of the mountain. A papa was stationed on the road, begging from the passengers something for its maintenance.

that of the mountain-scenery, was inconceivably grand. After going on a short way, our stupid surgee, intending to avoid the steep descent where I had in coming been obliged to alight, led us up a winding road, which toward the end was worse than the other, as our horses were absolutely forced to climb, and it was so steep, that we could not have done so ourselves to lead them without greater difficulty. When we got to the top, he found he had brought us a wrong way: the convent of Zitza was seen above the mountains at a small distance, but we wandered about over steep and stony roads, an hour and a half before we reached it, which we accomplished at eight o'clock; the entrance to it through the trees, which only partially hid the light of the moon, was delightful. The Papas who had received me before were not there, having gone to Yoannina in the morning, to superintend the gathering a crop from an estate of the convent, near that city. Their convent is considerably endowed, having other lands in Moldavia and Wallachia, and every year pays a large tribute to the Pasha. They returned soon after: we threw ourselves down to sleep, and were waked an hour after to eat our supper, which consisted of two dishes of meat, which we had brought with us, cooked *à-la-Turque*, by Mr. F.'s servant, and seasoned by some good wine and grapes from the village.

Wednesday, September 8th.—We rose at half-past four, though we found it impossible to get the horses till six. I walked out to look at the extensive pros-

pect from the hill on which the convent stands, but found it contracted by thick clouds, covering not only the mountain-tops, but a great part of the plain, which had an extraordinary and pleasing effect. The son of the primate of Yoannina came to call on Mr. F., and told him, that he and his sister were staying at the palace for their health, (which, by-the-bye, was likely to be much benefited, by getting up in the morning to breathe clouds): I pricked up my ears at hearing of his sister, in hopes of seeing a beauty, which is a rare sight here, as all the young girls are cautiously shut up, from a fear of the troops. We accordingly went with him to the palace, preceded by the primate of the village; a fine rosy old gentleman, with a long white beard, clothed all in black, and accompanied by one of the monks dressed in his white under-garment, and a coarse outer-robe of brown cloth. We went into a good-sized, unpainted, wooden room, and I was by no means agreeably surprised to find that my expected beauty was a humpty little girl of ten years old, with a good-humoured countenance. I never saw the Greek dress on a female to greater disadvantage; the waist carried behind up to the shoulder, the thick gown (being furred inside), and the long hair flowing down the back, increased her deformity. England, I find, is not the only country where women sacrifice taste to fashion. We staid here a quarter of an hour, and at six o'clock mounted our horses. On going through the plain we found ourselves

in the middle of the fog, which was so thick as to prevent our seeing each other at a very short distance, and the vapours of which were very visible, and looked like what we call a Scotch mist. If these fogs be as frequent in Africa, till dispersed by the blazing sun, there is nothing preposterous in Virgil's fiction of Æneas being hidden from Dido's court by a cloud. We rode [along the mountains for a short time, and then got into the long plain, which extends to Yoannina, where at eight o'clock the sun dispersed our misty covering. At half-past nine, we saw the city a short way before us looking very beautiful: the lake to its left so smooth as to reflect the high mountains beyond it, and the rich gardens and foliage which surrounded it, gave almost a fairy appearance to the town. At a little before ten we reached Mr. F.'s house: soon after arriving, he was visited by the professor of the city, a very well-informed scholar to whom he introduced me; he understands well German, Hellenick and Romaick (the latter is his mother-tongue), and Latin, with something of Italian and French; he said, Mr. North was a great friend of his, and that he had received lately a Latin letter from him at Malta. One delightful privilege of the traveller is the intimacy imputed to him with all his countrymen. I never saw Mr. N. (as of course I confessed), but the universal praise I had every where heard of him enabled me to converse of him, as freely as if I had long been honoured by his acquaintance. As I felt

myself fagged, and not very well, I was glad to stay within doors the rest of to-day, and amuse myself with Douce's Notes on Shakspeare, and the Pursuits of Literature, which I found in Mr. F.'s library. The same indisposition confined me to the house the following day.

Friday, September 10th.—At noon I walked with M. Crali to a fair, which is held here at this season for ten or twelve days, in a large plain close to the city on the south. I was unfortunate, for the universality of the plague (in Constantinople and Malta) prevented the usual introduction of goods from those places, Russia, Venice, &c. A sort of bazaar was covered in, and neat huts were made with reeds. It was crowded with Turks and Greeks, and on the outside horses, mules, sheep, and goats, were exposed to sale in great quantities. The scene was pleasing to me from its novelty, from the beauty of the plain (which extends for two miles), and from the splendid view around of the mountains and the lake. The Professor dined with us, and I attempted talking Latin with him; but the necessity of pronouncing it like Italian prevented me from speaking *couramment*.

Saturday, September 11th.—I intended to set off to-day to visit Mount Pindus; but it being Ramazan, the worst possible time for business with the Turks, Muchtar Pasha, the eldest son of Ali, and, in his absence, Governor of Yoannina, was asleep all day; and I have in vain expected every hour his order for the horses.

Sunday, September 12th.—At seven I set off with M. Crali for Mescovo. The morning was cloudy and unpromising, and for the first hour we were incommoded by rain. Our cortège consisted only of my Albanian guard and the surigee. As we went out of the city (by the same road as I had entered it from Arta), we had to our left the lake with its mountains, and to our right the stony heights (covered with clouds) of the mountains, on which the Suliotes had defended themselves against the Vizir for eighteen years, with such formidable success, that it was a customary oath among the Albanian troops,—“ If _____ may I be encountered by the sword “ of Forto Giavelli *,” who was chief of the Suliotes, and afterwards in the French service at Corfu; nor, after their first repulse, could Ali Pasha persuade his soldiers to renew the attack, but by the most enormous promises and bribes. We rode for an hour along the plain, on which to our right was the small village of Μπινέλλα (Benolla), and then turned to the left, and enjoyed the shade of a low rocky hill, at whose base, close to each other, stood the villages Κατζέκα (Catzeka), and Μπαρκίω (Barkio). In half an hour we were round the point of this hill, and had a view of the formidable mountains we had to ascend. Another half-hour along the plain brought us to a small khan, before which stood a large chesnut

* Giavelli has been dead two years. There was another chief of the same party in the same war, whose son attended us at Tepelen.

tree, whose branches afforded a spacious shade of about fifty feet diameter. From the khan we had an extensive view of the plain, which was richly cultivated around us, and on the hills nearest us were the villages *Μωραμιάδι* (Barkmathi), *Γανίστα* (Ganista) and *Αρθομίστα* (Arthomista). We now came to the mountains, the first two miles of whose ascent (during which we had a delightful view of Yoannina and its lake) was facilitated by an excellent paved road about 80 feet wide: the descent from them, which we came to in an hour and a half, and which occupied us half an hour, was so steep and rugged, that we were glad to alight and walk down it, especially as the abrupt precipices of 200 feet depth often intruded on the road. At the bottom we found the village of *Μολθούμι* (Bolethoomi) where there was another khan, at which we stopped a few minutes. There was here a handsome bridge over the river, along whose dry stony bed we rode for another hour and a half, crossing fifteen or sixteen times the small stream from the mountains which winded on our path, and, from the number of large stones at the bottom of it, bubbled with a loud noise. Our next hour and a half we passed in traversing mountains, beautiful from their picturesque mixture of stone and shrubs, and whose road was very narrow and precipitous, and then came again to the river's bed; after passing which for half an hour, again often crossing the noisy streams, we reached a palace of the Vizir's, where we stopped an hour and a half to rest and feed the horses in a khan over the

way, and to dine. Opposite the palace stood the village of Κορσοβίτσα (Corsovitza) remarkable for a picture of the Panagia in its church, to which numbers of Greek pilgrims come at her festival from all the towns and villages round. After leaving the palace, we continued our way for two hours and a half along the same stony road, with high mountains on each side of us, and the same frequent inconvenience of crossing the water. We then ascended mountains, whose crags were beautifully diversified by foliage and heath. We continued mounting them for an hour, during which we saw the villages of Ἀνεέλιος (Aneelios), (so called from the sun's being said not to shine on it in winter) and Δερβενθέστα (Derventheesta), till a sudden rise in the mountain gave us a full view of Mescovo, whose natural charms received additional advantage from the unexpected manner in which they burst on our sight. It is a large village of 1,000 houses, in which live many respectable Greek merchants, and has twelve or fourteen churches: it is situated in a rich valley, surrounded on every side by tremendous mountains, the tops of some of which are covered with shrubs, and the middle with thick heath: our road lay along the ridge of one of these, and the precipice, at the bottom of which lay the houses, was, I should think, 300 feet deep. On the other side of the valley the mountains were higher than on that where we rode. The scene was strikingly lovely. The village, surrounded by fruitful gardens, and topped by the mountains, whose sum-

mits were some of naked rock, some of green shrubs, and some of brown-looking larch, and pine-trees; the inhabitants, as it was Sunday, all crowded together on a small green hill below, and the water loudly gushing from the heights into the lowest depth of the valley, had all together an effect indescribably striking. We descended among them by a winding path, and the governor of the village whom we met, directed our surigee to a house which he destined for our lodging. As Ali Pacha remits part of the Charatsch to this village, on condition of their entertaining travellers, they are not sorry to see them arrive, being of course generally paid by them. We found a small but clean room, where we deposited our bags, and the horses were lodged in the entrance. I walked out to look about me. Houses of the village, I observed, stand on both sides of the valley at the bottom of the mountains. The Lombardy poplar, the oak, the plane, and the chesnut, were very common, and in great perfection. The curiosity of the villagers was rather troublesome, and they asked my guard numerous questions, of where I came from, and why I came: to which he answered, that I was come to free them from the Charatsch; and they, half-believing him, exclaimed with delight, "Ἀληθινά?" indeed? I entered into conversation with the prime of the villagers, who was sitting on the grass, and who asked many questions about the wars in Europe, and, above all, whether there was a probability of peace. After talking with him half an hour (we ar-

rived at half-past six), I returned to my lodging, as the mountains were covered with clouds, and the approaching darkness was getting dismal. My host, an old Greek, gave us a couple of dishes, cooked, he said, by his wife and daughter, who was very pretty ; and after doing full honour to their cookery, I spread my bed on the floor, and slept as one usually does after a long fag.

Monday, September 13th.—At half-past eight, we left Mescovo, after being again submitted to the curious scrutinies of its inhabitants. It was useless to go before, as the sun would not have opened our prospect by dispelling the clouds. We ascended the beautiful mountains, and when we reached the heights seen from Mescovo to the north, we had a delightful view of the village and its scenery. We then turned into a high valley (without descending), which was charming from its wildness. It was passed by an uneven, winding, stony path. Round the tops of the heights that surrounded it, the wind was rearing very loudly, and its atmosphere was bitterly cold, though in the village we had complained of the heat. The confused numbers of fine trees, chiefly pines and larch, some in full perfection, some in naked decay, some burnt up to the top, and others fallen across the cavities between hills, and forming a picturesque bridge for the foot traveller, formed in their combination a wild and pleasing scene. Great quantities of wood are brought from these forests, and we met several horses loaded with it. In many places along

the ridges of the mountains we saw fires, at which the peasants were preparing charcoal. At eleven o'clock, by a precipitous and sudden rise, we reached the top of Mount Pindus. In my life I was never so enchanted, as by the vast extent of prospect that I enjoyed from this justly celebrated mountain. The sublimity of the tremendous mountains around; the softer beauties of the valleys, the former covered with blooming and fallen trees, the latter smiling in the richest vegetation, which formed a striking contrast with the rocky heights above; the boundless extent of the view, till the eye was lost in rocks, whose shrubs were confused in the distance; the winding path turning in every direction, on which was occasionally seen a passing villager, or a flock of frolicksome goats, formed a magnificent whole that none can conceive who have not seen. Before us at the extreme distance lay Olympus to the north-east; beneath it was Thermopylæ, and to the right Parnassus. On the plain before me wound two insignificant streams, once the Achelous and the Peneus. I dare not enter on the feelings with which I was inspired by these famous spots: I was gazing on a mountain to which many an ancient Greek had turned an eye of devotion, on the scene of one of the most splendid actions of human valour, and on the hill that had been so often invoked by the poets of antiquity. If at that moment I was capable of distinguishing, I think I regarded Parnassus with the greatest veneration. To a Christian, the monument of Paganism

was eddious; and an Englishman need not look abroad to find the valour of Leonidas; but no modern times have produced a poet equal to the invocers of Parnassus. I stopped an hour to contemplate their present beauties, and reflect on their past fame, and shall ever look back with delight on this 13th of September, as one of my richest days. Below us, on the mountains to the right, were nine Greek convents, perched on inaccessible heights of the mountains: they contain several ancient and valuable manuscripts, and may be visited by those who consent to be drawn up by a basket and rope. I was sorry not to have known this while I was on the spot. We descended the mountain on foot, by a rugged path on the deep precipice that hangs over the valley: and after riding a quarter of an hour, came to a high valley, beautiful from the numberless trees, and isolated pieces of rock rising with wild irregularity. At one of these rocks, about 80 feet high, whose cavities afforded water, we stopt at half-past twelve to dine: after resting there three-quarters of an hour, we proceeded by a path varied by mountains and forests, till we came to a wide regular road, thickly planted on each side as if by art, which made me inquire into the cause of its civilized appearance. I was told that it was made by the Turks 70 years ago*, when they went to besiege Corfu, which was so well defended by the Venetians with only 6,000 men against 200,000, that the Turks were obliged to retreat with the loss

* I can find no record of a siege of Corfu at that time.

of 50,000 men, and their leader, the Grand Vizir, who had been promised the hand of the Sultan's daughter, if he succeeded. After riding along this road, for about two miles, we passed for an hour and a half more, sometimes through rich valleys, sometimes through copses so thick as to confine our prospect to themselves, and at others over precipices commanding so delightful a view, as to divert our attention involuntarily from the tremendous depth of their fall. For three hours, we then rode along a rich plain, (at the beginning of which we dismissed our foot-guide, an old Greek of 80 years of age, whose right arm hung dangling from the elbow, having been broke five years ago by a shot he received from robbers, and who walked with astonishing alacrity. We had made such a circuit, that he said, he had only an hour and a half over the mountains to return to Mes-covo,) and in the middle of it I remarked a large wooden cross stuck in the ground for temporary devotion. The end of the plain led us to a khan, in which was a room appropriated for the Vizir, on looking from the other side of which I was astonished to see, instead of a continuation of the plain, as I expected, a steep descent of at least 600 feet in length. I found that we were now to pay for all our risings. The khan commanded a superb view of lower mountains and of valleys for twenty miles round. We began our descent by a paved winding road, whose precipice was so formidable that we chose to walk down it, and even with that precaution my guard's

horse was within a quarter of an inch of the edge, being accidentally pushed by another horse. I shut my eyes that I might not see the poor animal dashed to pieces; but on opening them again, was surprised to find that he had recovered himself, and was safely walking with the others. We continued descending very steeply, though the road winded considerably, for an hour and a half. I was glad to arrive again on the plain, along which we proceeded by a good road cheered by a delightful prospect, for an hour, when we came to the same bed of the river which we passed yesterday, and in an hour or something less reached the same palace and khan, where we then dined. Immediately on alighting I was attracted by the blaze of a fire, and went into the house or rather small room, where it was, to warm myself. I found there a very handsome young Greek, who invited me to sit down with him. I afterwards found I had made a valuable acquaintance, for the Turks in the palace, having just begun to eat, refused to admit us, and we therefore made a slight supper, cooked *à la Turque* in the khan, in his room. His employment was selling to passengers the snuff of Argirocastro, (which, though ill-flavoured, is the snuff most generally used in the Levant,) and to exemplify the saying, "*Suavis odor lucri*," he took it himself in great quantities. I asked him if he always slept in his clothes, as I observed he was then going to do, (and as indeed all the Albanian peasants do,) and he told me that he always did, because frequently during the night his snuff was called for,

and he was obliged to get up. When I left him it was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded him to accept of a few piastres as payment for the lodging he had given us. He and another Albanian whom I met, (and wished to reward for his readiness in giving me a draught of water) were the only Greeks I ever knew to refuse money.

At ten o'clock, (we arrived at seven) it being bright moon-light, we again set off; the scene was lovely by moon-light, but the air was bitterly cold. In three hours we reached the khan at Bolethoomi, but there being nobody visible, did not stop. We rode up the mountain, as it was less formidable to mount than to descend, and in an hour and a half, came to the other side of it, whence we had a view of the Lake of Yoannina. My feet were here so intolerably benumbed with cold, that I was glad to take advantage of the good road and walk down the mountain, which I did for two miles: near the bottom I saw a heap of stones piled up, which my companion told me, covered the image of some saint. At the bottom we found again the khan, before which was the large chestnut tree, and stopped under it till the horses came down, which they did in a quarter of an hour. We went on again cheerily, being only two hours from Yoannina. We met many Albanian peasants going to their work, and I was astonished to see them sleeping on the grass in the open air, covered only with their capote, while I, even with the exercise of riding, was quite chilled with cold. At four

o'clock the day began to dawn, and we gladly calculated its gradual progress by the weakening of our shades in the moon-light. The people on the plain were very busy in arranging their commodities for the fair. At five we reached Mr. F.'s house, where I was glad to crawl into bed immediately, having been on horseback eighteen hours, with the short interval of the three that I passed at Corsovitza.

On the 14th I staid in doors the whole of the day. An old Greek priest dined with us who had travelled over Greece with Lord Byron, and asked how "the dear boy, (a common phrase) did?" I was sorry to find that the professor had gone to Argirocastro the day before.

Wednesday, September 15th.—I walked at noon with Mr. F. to see a garden of the Vizir's in the town; it was pretty but much neglected. There were, however, some parterres of very beautiful flowers, and grapes in abundance. The Kiosk was the most beautiful Turkish building I have yet seen. It was round, with four wings, each wall of which in the interior was divided off into a separate compartment, furnished with rich sofas, and not badly painted with landscapes by Greeks. In the middle, was a large fountain fancifully adorned with lions, eagles, cannons, &c., which all spouted water. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of the scenes in Spanish novels, where the Christian captives work in the gardens at Tunis, &c., and the gardener, (a cunning Greek) looked admirably calculated for a goer

between them and some sultana in the palace. In going out I saw a beautiful leopard, extraordinarily tame, which is confined in the day, but in the morning and evening is led about the garden. At six o'clock I went with Mr. F. to pay a visit to Muchtar Pasha, but he was dining at the Tekkay, (convent) with the Turkish Imaum (priest), of Yoannina, and was not expected to return before an hour. At half past seven we went again, and after waiting an hour in a handsome anti-chamber, filled with Ali Pasha's ministers who sat in Turkish silence, were summoned to the Pasha. We entered a very handsome room, (of about fifty feet by thirty-five) of which the walls were adorned with gilding, and the sofa cushions embroidered with gold, lighted by three large candles of brown wax placed in the middle. At the upper end sat the Pasha dressed very handsomely in a Benisch of gold stuff, and wearing instead of a turban a small cap made of the materials of the Indian shawl. His features were very like his father's, but he seemed an indolent vulgar man. I saluted him, but said nothing. Soon after there came in his sister's son, a fine boy of about twelve or thirteen, and admirably set off by the picturesque beauty of the Albanian dress; the dark outer vest, thickly embroidered with red and contrasted with the white camise, and the fine curly hair flowing down the shoulders, look very pretty on a child. At the bottom of the room stood twelve servants, six on a side, half of whom wore the Albanian dress. His nephew at first stood at the feet of the

sopha where he sat, but he soon told him to sit down, and embraced him affectionately. His next visitor was an old woman, meanly dressed, (probably from the harem) who kissed the end of his ermine pelisse, whispered something in his ear to which she received an affirmative answer, and left the room. Soon after came in the governor of the northern frontier of Albania, whom the Pasha rose to receive, and who kissed also the end of his robe. Pipes were ordered for him, and he sat smoking in silence. Shortly after I took my leave, having said nothing but my short salutations on entering and going, and assented to his observation, that the roads of Albania were better in summer than in winter. I had observed near him on a box containing his jewels, ten different watches, with which, (like most of the rich Turks in Constantinople), he probably amuses himself, with a less philosophical motive but not a less earnest attention than Charles V., in attempting to make them agree. The outer apartment, where were many guards and servants in attendance, was a long handsome gallery, not unskilfully painted with landscapes, and the front of the palace, of which the wooden opening to this gallery formed part, was very neat.

Thursday, September 16th.—At eight A. M., I took leave of Mr. G. Foresti, with many thanks for his kind attentions to me, and left Yoannina for Arta. My party consisted of an engineer of the Vizir's, a Cephalonian, who was charged to accompany me to Prevesa, his servant, my Albanian guard, and the

surigee. We proceeded on the same road as I described on the 26th and 27th of August; the precipices on the mountains, as I was now more accustomed to them, seemed less terrific. At half an hour after noon, we were glad to reach Pentepegathia, the road being very rugged and stony, the horses execrably bad, (for the Vizir not being at Yoannina, the post there was but indifferently provided) and the sun burning hot. We stopped here an hour, and on leaving the khan, my companion advised me to avail myself of an order with which Ali Pasha had provided me, to take as many soldiers for a guard as I should think necessary. He made a most alarming description of the frequency and audacity of the robbers between Arta and Yoannina; but as I suspected that his statement was exaggerated, and was unwilling to burden myself with so useless an incumbrance, I rejected his proposal. There were three Greek merchants at the khan who were going the same road, and proposed that we should join company; but as they were asleep when I came away, I would not wait till their nap was finished. My companion, however, received great consolation from two old Greeks, well mounted and armed, who accompanied us, having by chance arrived just as we were setting off. We now jogged on cheerily together, till we came to the village of Σκαλοπούλα (Scalepoula) where, it being the chief rendezvous of the robbers, the terror of the engineer rose to a pitch of frenzy, especially as he found that our two new comrades were far behind.

He begged me for God's sake to quicken my pace, vehemently exclaiming, "*Li temo più da Dio e Giesu Christo.*" In vain did I represent to him, that robbers attacked people who had a great deal of baggage, and no arms, whereas we were well armed, and had little or no baggage. He told me that the robbers here did not content themselves with immediate plunder, but forced travellers to the top of the mountains, where they kept them on a bare subsistence, till they extorted, and sent one of their gang to gain the money for, a bill of five hundred or a thousand purses*. We stopped at the village for water, my mouth being so parched that my tongue almost stuck to the roof of it; and here, to my companion's inexpressible delight, the two Greeks came up with us. We soon came to the plain of Arta, which looked beautiful, being very extensive and well cultivated, with a small river running through it, and bounded by the thick trees round Arta, at the distance of two hours and a half. The sun just setting behind the mountains, gave a pleasing softness to the scene. At seven o'clock we stopped at the Vice-consul's house, where I was most hospitably received, and had a good supper and tolerable bed, in which, however, I could not close my eyes all night, because, (as is the case in almost every house in Turkey, owing to the quantity of sofas in the rooms) I was by no means the exclusive possessor of it. The journey of to-day had not been so agreeable as my former

* A purse is five hundred piastres.

ones. My companion to Mount Pindus had been a merry young fellow, who abounded in jokes, and always betrayed his suffering from cold or hunger, or both, by shouting a Greek song; but my comrade of to-day was as stupid a gentleman as nature is often in the habit of composing. In the plain before Arta, as the river is navigable for boats in summer, the Vizir is going to build a custom-house, a bridge, and a palace. I was much amused this evening at supper, by the opinion my host Papathopolo involuntarily betrayed of English porter, of which I had a bottle with me. He drank off the glass I gave him, as I thought, with gratification, and in returning me the glass, asked me quite seriously, "*What complaint it was good for?*" taking it for medicine.

Friday, September 17th.—In the morning, I had a visit from an Italian doctor, who said that Mr. F. was one of his greatest friends, and he therefore hoped I would allow him the honour of bearing me company while I remained in Arta, which request, as my stay was to be but short, I complied with, making a virtue of necessity, and doing my best to return his exalted compliments. I accordingly walked with him to the archbishop's palace, which was a neat building, with a delightful prospect, where we were entertained with sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, and to the church, which they say was an ancient Greek temple, but has been barbarously defaced by the Turks, who have taken all the finest columns with which it was adorned inside to decorate their mosques. The roof is very

high, and the naked walls painted with the figures of all the saints that ever were. At dinner with Signor Papathopolo, I observed that his eldest son waited as a servant, and was told afterwards that this was common among the Greek gentry.—At three o'clock, we set off for Salagorda, the doctor accompanying me half way. At an hour's distance from that place, the engineer pointed out to me a mountain on the side of the road, where the robbers, after plundering the custom-house (as I mentioned on the 26th of August) seized a Jew and his servant, whom they have not yet liberated. At six we stopped at Salagorda; but the wind (which here generally blows from the south, from two in the afternoon till ten or eleven at night, did not yet allow of our passage to Prevesa. We accordingly repaired to the Vizi's palace, where we found a mixed crowd of Turks and Greeks, who were stopping there till the morning. The Turks, after their prayers, which lasted ten or twelve minutes, with the various attitudes of standing, bowing, sitting, kneeling, and prostrating, lay down to sleep.—At eleven, finding the wind had changed, I roused the boat's crew, and we sailed off. I dare hardly write that I slept while sailing by moonlight over the Bay of Actium, but extreme fatigue, and my sleeplessness of last night, must plead my excuse. At half an hour after midnight, we stopped at Prevesa, and knocked at our consul's door, which, being opened, I threw myself instantly on the bed. On setting out from Arta to day, I missed the engineer's servant. When I in-

quired after him, I was told that the heat of yesterday had given him a severe fever, which prevented his going on: I laughed at his delicacy;—but, when I reached Zante, I soon left off laughing. The Plain of Arta, being one continued marsh, is a nest of fevers and agues with which its inhabitants are perpetually afflicted. Ali Pasha never sleeps on it, nor passes it in the evening; its unwholesome air is breathed at Prevesa, whose inhabitants always close all their windows after sun-set, during summer. Here the Pasha generally passes the winter, when it is less unwholesome.

Saturday, September 18th.—I rose late, and staid in-doors, having before seen the town. At one o'clock, Christo, my Albanian guard, came to shake hands with me, and take his leave, being on his return to Tepelen. A boat having just arrived from Corfu, where it has taken the father and mother of Madame Mocenigo, and, going for Zante to-night, or by day-light in the morning, I shall take advantage of it, as the consul tells me that it is much superior to the boats I shall find here.

Sunday, September 19th.—At half-past two in the morning, the captain of the boat came to call me, and, being already prepared, I followed him immediately, receiving a most affectionate kiss at parting from the good old consul, and my companion, the engineer. The moon, which was in her last quarter, shone very brightly. At six o'clock, we were opposite the pretty town and castle of Santa Maura. This island is still very fertile, but its plains are overflowed all the winter.

whence its inhabitants are constantly afflicted with agues. I regret not having sailed along its eastern coast, to see where the Isthmus, joining it to the continent, was cut after the Peloponnesian war*.—At three in the afternoon (it having been nearly calm all day) we reached the south-west extremity of the island, where I went on shore to mount the rock famed for the desperate leap of Sappho. It is a tremendous stony perpendicular precipice †, of, I should think, 250 feet height, and the pointed rocks projecting from the sea below, must have afforded an unfailing resource to the despondent. At the top of this celebrated height, there were formerly ruins of a temple, which, I was told, the Venetians destroyed. After leaving this island, we sailed on, the wind having now freshened, to Cephalonia, and proceeded between that island and Ithaca. The hills on each side of us were beautiful. Along the coast of the former island were tents at about a hundred yards' interval, where the inhabitants watch the boats, and enforce the quarantine. The sun set, and night overtook us in this passage, during which I entered into conversation with a very handsome young Albanian soldier, whose superstition amused me extremely. He had a small silver box among his accoutrements, which I opened, thinking it contained ammunition. I was astonished to find in it a small wooden image of St. Spi-

* Strabo, Book I.

† The spot exactly agreed with Ovid's description. The *saxis præcipitanda dari* would still be her fate, for the sea below is full of rocks, some hardly, some just, above the water.

ridion. On my asking him if it contained nothing else; he answered, "No;" that he always carried it with him (it was fastened like his other implements, with a chain to his coat), and that it preserved him from plague, shipwreck, and accidents. He then asked me whether the English took such protectors about with them. I answered that the English confided implicitly in the protection of God himself, and had therefore no need of such. Another of the passengers then observed that as every great man had his servants, so God too had his, who were the saints, and that their intercession with the Almighty was of great advantage to men. Nor could I persuade them that the omniscience and omnipotence of God precluded the necessity of such intercession. There was also at the mast a small box of wood, with the picture of the Panagia and six saints, and they told me there was the same in all Greek vessels.—By the way—if there be any truth at all in the story of Ulysses' pretending insanity, and ploughing *by the sea-shore*, his majesty must have done it, I think, at the northern extremity, as there is there a small plain, and the only place *on the coast*, that could admit of ploughing. At eight o'clock, I wrapped myself up in the useless awning, and slept soundly till daylight.

Having thus finished my short excursion in Albania, nothing remains for me but to express my admiration of the general features of the country, and to relate a few particulars that I have omitted in my daily revistas. I certainly have never yet seen a country that afforded

such profusion and such variety of beautiful prospects ; and its appearance of cultivation was a delightful relief to an eye that had so long been disgusted by the barbarous sterility of the land near Constantinople. Of its superior civilization, pleasing proofs were constantly afforded by the marked cheerfulness of the inhabitants, by the number of neat stone villages, whose beauty was improved by the contrast that the verdure round them afforded, with the rocky heights of the tremendous mountains, at whose base they stood,—by the rich fertility of the fields,—by the superior appearance of the houses, each of which, without a single exception, had a fire-place*, (an improvement unknown among the Turks of Constantinople, whose houses are of wood), and, above all, by the superior education of its inhabitants, nearly all of whom can read and write the Romaic, the priests daily teaching the boys of the towns or villages in the churches. The women in the villages have nearly all a different dress, by which they (the villagers) distinguish each other. One of these I remarked was a gown of yellow stuff; another was only a chemise, with a stomacher all round, from the waist downwards, &c.—Of their chief, though he is so firm an ally of my country, I cannot speak in terms of praise. He is an old man, marked with the two most disgusting vices an old man can be disgraced by, debauchery and cruelty. Of the former, the most excusable, as it is sanctioned by his religion, he is a severe censurer in others. To the latter, he is addicted by disposition

* The houses in the Morea too have nearly all fire-places.

as well as induced by policy. His soldiers, whose regiments are dressed alike (another important mark of civilization, unknown in the other parts of Turkey, and, indeed, they are learning the European exercise) are uncommonly fine men, and formed for activity and strength, but in the event of his being attacked by the Sultan, of which, when I was with him, he was in daily dread, he could not, I was told, rely on the fidelity of more than forty thousand of them. Being aware of this, he is employing European engineers to build impregnable fortresses on some of his highest mountains. His sons are by no means possessed either of his vigour of mind or his turn for business. His troops are for the most part dressed thus: their hair is close shaved before, and flowing behind. On the top of the head they wear a small red cap, with a purple tuft at top, and the Albanian vest of a dark colour, thickly and lavishly embroidered with red silk, fringed at the borders. So far is common to almost all the Albanian Greeks: they have under that a close waistcoat, generally of the same description: at their waist is a leathern girdle, loaded with a brace of pistols, a ramrod, and dagger: across their back is slung from the shoulder their long gun, and a scimitar by their side: loose trowsers to the knee, stockings the same as the coat, and shoes of leather and twined cord, complete their establishment. Their arms are more or less splendid, according to the purse of the wearer; and, as handsome arms are the passion of the inhabitants of Turkey, they are generally very su-

perbly ornamented with silver. Nothing can give a more correct idea of their costume, than Mr. Hobhouse's drawing of an Albanian soldier. But the Pasha's best disciplined and most orderly troops are those who are armed only with a gun, and allowed their food with ten piastres a month pay.

The people of Albania eminently deserve the character given by Thucydides to the inhabitants of the north of Greece, of being ungovernable, for each family built their houses on separate heights of the mountains, from whose positions they were constantly fighting in pursuance of their hereditary feuds. The roads were formerly most dangerous from the number and audacity of the robbers, who first murdered the traveller, and afterwards plundered*; but the severity of the present Pasha has rendered them tolerably safe. Great praise is due to him for the watchfulness with which he protects the property of the labourer, in consequence of which, the land is generally in a high state of cultivation (which, near Artà particularly, could not be surpassed in England); and, at the time of my visit, he had in his granary the produce in corn of ten years. It must, however, be confessed, that the industry of the people is immoderately taxed. The meanest khan in Albania pays

* In this also their ancient and modern character agree. Thucydides dwells repeatedly on the piratical character of the inhabitants of Epirus, saying, that in his time they always wore arms (as they do now) and were the most warlike people of Greece.

to the Vizir 2,000 piastres a year, and some of them 10,000. In consequence of these imposts, (which are proportionably high in every department of labour) the necessaries of life are comparatively of a very high price, meat selling at forty-two paras the oke, and fish at sixty. This too may partly be caused by the superior value of money, which the Pasha raises in order to prevent its going out of the country. The Spanish dollar which in Zante passes for $5\frac{1}{2}$ piastres, and at Constantinople, for $5\frac{3}{4}$, in Albania fetches 6; and the Turkish rubieh, which in Constantinople goes for $2\frac{3}{4}$ piastres, and in Zante for $2\frac{1}{4}$ piastres, passes in Albania for 2 piastres 35 paras. In spite, however, of these extortions, the Greeks appear happier in Albania than in the other parts of Turkey, which I have yet seen, (from this appearance, indeed, those of Prevesa must be excepted) and all the Vizir's secretaries, except his Turkish one, are Greeks. Their religion is here less insulted than elsewhere, and there lately occurred in Yoannina a curious instance of the *nicety* of his justice towards them. The Turks in that city pulled down a Greek church, and built a mosque on its site. The Greek bishop immediately went to Ali Pasha, and quoted to him a passage of the Koran, which stated that where there was any church built, it was unlawful to pull it down. He then ordered the bishop to destroy the mosque, and rebuild the church at their own, (the Greeks') expense. This was accordingly done, but the Turks then remonstrated, that the church was

higher now than it had been before, which was also forbidden by the Koran, but this objection the bishop counteracted by money. It is at Tepelen, his favourite residence, that the Pasha keeps his treasures, which are very considerable, and he has also considerable magazines of arms, particularly English pistols, of which he is very fond. By his treasures he hopes to avert the threatened hostilities of the Turkish Government, for as he has numerous emissaries in Constantinople, he is intimately acquainted with every thing that passes in the Divan, and is no stranger to the corruptibility of the ministers. Tepelen is generally the extreme boundary of the traveller's route, but the beauty of the country through which I passed to it, was a strong inducement to penetrate further.

September 20th.—At nine A. M. our boat anchored opposite to the Health-office at Zante. In going into the harbour we passed a small mountainous island, on the top of whose hill was a Greek convent. This is a common practice with the papas, who from the solitude of their abode acquire the reputation of hermits. At the Sanità I was surprised and distressed at being told that I must undergo a fortnight's quarantine! This gave me a fresh cause to abuse the palpable inconsistency of the quarantine laws of this island. From Patrass there was no restriction to the passage boats; but from Prevesa, between which place and Patrass boats were passing hourly, a fortnight's quarantine was imposed; as, however, an English

officer, Doctor Tully, physician to the hospital, had lately been appointed president of the quarantine, it is to be hoped, that in future this indispensable guard of commerce will be better administered*. I passed two of the days in my boat, as Count Mocenigo had not yet left the rooms in the lazaretto, after which I passed into it, and occupied two miserable rooms overrun with vermin. The view from the lazaretto was pretty, for one side overlooked the sea, and the other commanded a garden and a rich meadow bordered by mountains, on which were three or four neat country houses. My confinement was much alleviated by the kind attentions of Mr. Foresti, and of some officers of the 35th Regiment then at Zante, whom I had known at Constantinople. I passed my time in reading newspapers which they lent me, and books relating to the countries through which I was to pass, which were sent to me by Prince Commiutti, son-in-law of Mr. Foresti, who was an adept in reading English though he could not speak it. An old Zantiote named *Baba Nicolas*, (a common appellation for old men among the Greeks) was sent to me as a servant by Mr. F. and provided for my cookery and bedding with tolerable comfort. On a subsequent examination of my baggage, I found he had plundered it unconscionably. He carried on this system of robbery till he was detected and flogged round the island, by order of General Campbell, who would have been justified by law in hanging him, for

* In my future visit to the island, I found this hope realized.

the offence that entailed his punishment, viz., delivering stolen articles to an accomplice out of the lazaretto*, by which he might have introduced the plague into the island.

At length on the 2d of October, Mr. Foresti crossed the bay in the health-office boat, and came to give pratique to myself; and Mr. Young, an English gentleman, who for the last four days had shared my confinement. I dined this day at the invitation of my two military friends with the mess of the 35th, nor was I conscious of having committed any excess. The next morning, Sunday, I felt severe head-ach and giddiness, and in a week my indisposition increased into a fever, which in four days after arrived at its crisis. For three days I was perfectly delirious, and as I was afterwards informed, in the most imminent danger, so much so, that my dissolution was hourly expected. I was very happy all the while, for I imagined myself Lord Wellington, and when the bandage was put over the blister on my back, I fancied that they were investing me with the Order of the Bath, as a reward for my valour. On one day when I was fighting most heroically the battle of Salamanca, (for after recovery I clearly retained the remembrance of my thoughts during my delirium,) I rose from bed, (as I was subsequently told) and drew my sword on the soldier, (from the hospital) who attended me, who

* It was, however, for this act of justice, that General C. was arraigned in the House of Commons as a lawless tyrant, and this on the authority of *Count Cledan*.

wrested it from my hand, and removed it from the room, together with my pistols and razors. I owe my life to the incessant attentions and skill of Dr. Tully and Mr. and Mrs. Foresti, whose affectionate interest in my recovery nothing could exceed. These are names which I must never forget. For weeks I remained so weak as to be unable to move from the house, if from my bed, during which time I experienced all the kindness that could have been shown me in my own dear home. I thought that I had caught this fever at the lazaretto, which is noted for being adjacent to an undrained marsh, that produces a very unwholesome air, (malaria,) in which while confined, Mocenigo and his wife both took the fever in a slight degree; but Mr. Foresti insisted that I had taken it in passing the marshes between Airta and Salagorda, which produce poisonous, and often fatal, exhalations. When I went on board the Apollo, I had reason to think Mr. F's opinion the right one, as I then found that one of the officers whom I had met at Prevesa, had been dangerously ill of the same fever. When I became strong enough to walk and ride about, I rode out almost every day round the beautiful environs of Zante, and went to see the pitch wells, which are mentioned by Herodotus*. These are in shape and size like common wells, and contain at top common water, which though disagreeable to my taste, is drank by the neighbouring inha-

* Book IV. Chap. 195.—They are chemically described by Dr. Holland.

bitants. The liquid which they produce is in every respect like pitch, and overflows the fields round them.

During my stay in Zante, it was visited by General Davies, adjutant general of the British forces in the Mediterranean, who had left his residence in Sicily in search of health. As he had projected a tour in Greece, on which I was also bent, we had agreed to travel together, and he consented to follow the route which I had chalked out. But my strength not being sufficiently re-established to admit of my setting out when he was ready, he crossed alone to the Morea in the middle of November*. I made a short excursion with him and two other friends, from Zante to Olympia, of which my cursory account is subjoined.

At nine in the morning of the 6th of November, we left Zante in a gun-boat for the opposite coast of the Morea. As the wind was fair, we reached a small bay opposite to Pyrgo, at half-past one. The shore was wild and rocky, but covered with verdure nearly to the brink of the sea. Just as we had anchored in the bay, a small vessel appeared sailing in after us; and as French privateers are very common here, Patrass being a perfect nest of them, we fired two guns at her, and would not permit her to enter. We discharged also all the musquetry in the boat, and were lucky in not being attacked, as, out of fourteen firelocks, we found only five available. Never,

* On my return to Zante in February, I was shocked to hear that he had fallen a victim to the fatigues and privations of the journey, and died in Santa Maura.

indeed, was an armed vessel in a worse state of defence: the guns were all dirty, the powder wet, and the swords rusty. Our suspicions fortunately were not realized, as our supposed antagonist proved to be a Turkish vessel, which, in the afternoon, we saw anchored on the other side of the mountain forming the bay in which we were. On the coast was a small miserable custom-house, in which were a few Turks, with whom we did not seek much intercourse. We waited there till half-past five, when the horses were brought to carry us to Pyrgo. I had neglected to bring my saddle with me: I was therefore forced, during the whole journey, to put up with Turkish and Greek saddles, which are most uncomfortable. The evening was delightful, and the country through which we passed was a beautiful plain, richly cultivated and thickly sown with corn. The villages were picturesque, but their houses miserable, the walls and roof being covered all round with reeds, which gives them the appearance of a large birdcage. We reached Pyrgo* at half-past seven in the evening, and went to the house of a rich Greek (Signore Papathopolo†) to whom one of General Campbell's secretaries had given us a letter; and we had another from Mr. Foresti to the Aga, which we also sent immediately. The town is pretty, and, for a Greek

* Pyrgo bears the name, and perhaps occupies the site, of a city (Pyrgus) of remote antiquity, founded, says Herodotus, by the descendants of the Argonauts.—Book iv. chap. 148.

† Papathopolo is a very common name among the Greeks, and means the son of a papas (priest). *Opolo* has the same signification as *Fitz* in English.

one, tolerably neat. Our host's window commanded a fine view of a rich extensive valley, and the sea beyond. He had prepared dinner for us, during which he informed me that the town contained 1,200 houses; that Pyrgo, and nine other neighbouring towns, paid annually to the Sultan 100,000 piastres for his private treasury, which bought them the privilege of choosing their own Aga, whom by bribes and intrigues they were able to remove, if he acted contrary to their interests, and that they thus secured a great degree of liberty. The General and myself made two comfortable beds on the sofas, on which we slept soundly till morning.

November 7th.—At half-past eleven (not being able to get horses before) we set off, riding north, for Olympia. The weather was delightful, and the road most beautiful. Part of it lay along the banks of the Alpheus, (which was to our right) the largest river* I had yet seen in the country, being about forty feet wide, with a considerable stream. This beautiful river, with the richness of the fields and the verdure of the mountains that surround it, form together an enchanting *coup d'œil*. At two P. M. we reached the plain of Olympia, in which I was bitterly disappointed. I had expected to see some remains, however small, of its ancient splendour, but there was no building visible, except two miserable arched ruins,

* The Ladon, a river of Arcadia, described by Pausanias (Book viii. chap. 25.) as the largest in Peloponnesus, is now an inconsiderable stream.

which were apparently of Roman brick. The plain near these ruins was so overgrown with weeds and thorns, that it was difficult to walk along it: nevertheless the scene was so exquisitely beautiful, that it entirely chased away the melancholy ideas which the desolation around me was calculated to inspire. The length of the plain was now occupied by corn-fields and pasturage; but it was easier to ascertain its breadth, which, between the mountains to the left, and the precipice to the right overhanging the Alpheus, was to my eye, about three quarters of a mile. The river here divided into two beds, the most considerable turning to the left; a pigmy of a boat, used as a ferry, was crossing it, rowed by a solitary individual, as if it were there only to prove that the Alpheus was still navigable. On the opposite side of the river was a mountain (I supposed Mount Saturn; on which Pisa* was built) covered with the most beautiful pines, whose predecessors formed, perhaps, a part of the sacred grove. We dined under a clump of trees on the plain, and at a quarter before four left it for Pyrgo, where we arrived a quarter before six. Our attentive host had dinner ready for us, which the Aga had sent us by his cook. It was a wretched meal, but acceptable, as it afforded to my companions the novelty of Turkish dishes. Before we sat down to it, our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, on the eve of marrying, came to visit us in her bridal dress, which was very rich, and she was co-

* Not a vestige of Pisa remained in the time of Pausanias.

vered from head to foot with the gold-money of Turkey sewed on her gown. This dress is always presented by the *fiancé*, who never sees his bride till he is married, the two fathers among the higher Greeks always arranging the marriage. I was astonished to find at Pyrgo, one of Mr. Liston's Janizaries, who had been sent there from Patrass, and was then returning to Constantinople. I was this evening so feverish and ill, that I was afraid of being left at Pyrgo with a relapse; but a very warm bed, and a large dose of bark, gave me great relief before morning.

November 8th.—This morning the lady of our party went with our host's wife to visit the Aga's seraglio: she returned at half-past nine, delighted with the novelties she had seen. She said, that all the women (four only in number, for she saw only the wives) spoke of the Aga as of a superior being, and seemed very well contented with their confinement; that one was very pretty, and all very fat. This lady's naïveté and enthusiasm furnished me with constant amusement during the journey. Every thing she saw was new to her, and she was every moment astonished and delighted. She was exceedingly offended on the 8th, with a speech of Papatopolo's: she was congratulating him on having so good a wife. He replied, "*Bisogna che sia buona; altramente si taglia la testa.*" At ten we left Pyrgo, after thanking Signor Papatopolo for his kind attentions, and reached the coast at half-past

one, where we found the boat ready, but the wind was contrary. We dined on the sea-shore, where, though the sun was very warm, my fever continuing with ague, rendered me very chilly. At eight in the evening, the wind changing, we embarked, slept on board with tolerable comfort that night, and landed in Zante at a quarter before ten on the morning of the 9th.

With respect to the ancient history of Zante, we are informed that they behaved very well as a nation, under Dion, in his conspiracy against the tyrant Dionysius, (though a few individuals of this island joined in the assassination of the virtuous rebel,) and led a colony to Spain. In the island at present there is little to describe, from its insignificance, and the little variety of its productions. Currants are its staple commodity, as they give less trouble and more profit than corn. In these, though very fine, it is rivalled by Corinth and Patrass. The want of corn and pasture-land render it dependent for the necessaries of life on the Morea; but the avarice of the Turks ensures to the island a constant supply, even in war, of corn and cattle. The bay, which is large and capacious, is open to every wind except the west; and in a Levanter its anchorage is unsafe. Two moles are constructing; one by the government, and the other by Mr. Foresti: admission into the former is purchased by a small toll, but neither of them are in a great state of forwardness. The castle, which has been much strengthened

by the English, is very formidable towards the town, and is on no side commanded by the surrounding mountains. The island still deserves the epithet of "Nemorosa," from the quantity of olive-trees, whose produce form no inconsiderable part of its commerce. The town contains about 4,000 houses, and the principal street is wide, and sheltered at the side by piazzas. It is pretty and clean, and at its eastern extremity contains a flat paved Piazza, about the size of Queen Square.—The population of the island is about 37,000. The government under the Venetians was most corrupt, nor was it better when a republic, as the nobles were constantly intriguing against each other, and agreed only in tyrannizing over the people. Hereditary quarrels are carried among them to a dreadful pitch; and while there, I saw a man hung for assisting a father to murder his son. I suppose one might defy the whole world to produce such instances of villany as are acted in the Seven Islands. The most revolting and unnatural crimes are common, and were almost entirely overlooked by the Venetian and Septinsular Governments, to whom indeed the selling of impunity or of pardon was a common source of emolument. A Zantiote nobleman, not long ago, on his death-bed, pistoled his own brother: another, *administered a slow poison* to the only son of a rival, as the most bitter vengeance he could take on the father*. The poor

* Clientium ejus obedientissimo lue venerẽ se inficere imperavit, quã juvenis stuprati venas contaminaret.

boy survived, but is to this day a wretched object from its effect. In short, it would be equally impossible and needless to enumerate their crimes. There are only two classes, the very rich, and the very poor: the former are constantly intriguing to remove from office, or to murder, each other; and the latter are such submissive retainers to them, from fear or bribery, as to be always the ready instruments of their vengeance. Where, indeed, can the poor look for examples of that honesty and principle in which they are so miserably deficient? In their undignified nobility they see nothing but villany and intrigue; in their clergy, nothing but voluptuousness and rapacity; and in their legislative bodies nothing but chicanery, deceit, and delay. Under the former governments of Zante, it was a common thing for the nobility to employ privateers, by means of which they intercepted the commerce, and plundered the property of their own countrymen.

As General Campbell was one day riding out, he saw four men creeping behind a wall on the side of the road, and called them to him; they said they would come round the wall, but made off as quickly as they could, and he soon saw them escaping in a boat to the Morea. Unfortunately he was attended only by a servant, so that, far from being able to take them, he may be considered to have had a fortunate escape. Next morning, word was brought to him that these men had shot three boys who were gathering olives. Little doubt was entertained but that they

had been employed by some Zantiote nobleman to destroy the objects of his displeasure; and large rewards were offered for their apprehension, but hitherto without success. The present laws are Venetian; great delay takes place in the execution of justice, trials frequently lasting three or four years. Two years had been occupied in the trial of the man whom I saw executed, and, at the gallows, though long urged to confess, he insisted that he was only an accessary, and that the two principals (the father and brother) who had actually committed the murder, had been acquitted. They fled the island immediately after the trial was finished. It is to be hoped that English laws will soon be introduced here as at Malta; but, in the interval, (before the national character and the government of the Ionian islands is settled) the governor is in a great difficulty, having no standard by which to guide himself, as he cannot consistently employ English authority to administer the unjust and partial laws of Venice, and no others are yet established. Every mode of conciliation is adopted; and the national and religious prejudices of the islanders are as much consulted as is consistent with good government. It was amusing enough to see the seriousness with which our soldiers joined and carried candles in the church processions.

This island, in the richness of its scenery, and the fertility of its soil, is superior to all the Ionian islands. Its mountains are not high enough for snow to lie on them, and that luxury is accordingly brought from Cephalonia. The forces (exclusive of the English

garrison, which is alternately increased and diminished, consist of between 5 and 6,000 native militia, armed with musquets, whose officers only are distinguished by a military dress.

The Apollo frigate (stationed in the Adriatic to blockade Corfu) having arrived at Zante after having run ashore on the coast of Cephalonia, and its commander, Captain Taylor, having kindly invited me to make a cruise with him for the benefit of my health, I accepted his offer by the advice of my physician, and embarked with him on the 5th of December.—On entering the Apollo, the first person I saw was Mr. U., the purser, whom I had left ill at Prevesa. He had had the fever with the same symptoms, the same delirium, and the same danger, as myself. This coincidence makes me date our fevers from the marshes of Arta, where U. had been as well as myself. The son of a Zantiote nobleman, a promising youth of nineteen, died of this complaint during my stay in the island. We sailed that night, and the next day lay off the high rocky mountains of Ithaca, taking in the red wine of that island, which was the usual provision of our ships on that station.—On the 9th, we lay off Santa Maura which has towards the sea the same uncultivated appearance as the other islands, but its mountains are not so high. Its castle is strong and well-built, and its mole extensive. It blew hard from the south, and in the evening, we were off Paxau. This island was afterwards occupied by an English garrison, before we gained possession of Corfu, which its situation enabled us to watch closer. Next day, the gale continuing, we

anchored under the high mountains of Cimarra, inhabited only by a few Albanian shepherds, who dwell in the natural caves of the rocks.—On the 11th, we again sailed northward, and, in the evening, lay off Sasseno, a small barren island, uninhabited, but visited occasionally by the Albanian shepherds. Here we had a narrow escape. We dined on board the Cerberus (the other frigate engaged in the blockade of Corfu) and on our return to the Apollo at night, were informed of our good fortune. One of the seamen, who had always been marked as a discontented *mauvais sujet*, had gone to the gunner's cabin at seven in the evening, and asked for the key of the fore magazine. On finding the cabin locked, he went down to the hold, and blew out his brains. In his pockets were found flints, touchwood, tinder, and other implements of an incendiary. We therefore considered it a great mercy that the gunner's cabin door had been locked, as he would otherwise have gained access to the magazine, and probably blown up the ship, which must have done great damage to both frigates, as they were lying to, close to each other. It rained for the greater part of this day.

On the night of the 11th, we parted company with the Cerberus, and, sailing southward all night, had a glimpse in the morning of the coast of Corfu. But the rain was so incessant, and the atmosphere so thick, that our view was very confined. The mountains, but moderately high, were detached and rugged, which gave an agreeable wildness to the scene. In the evening, we were off Cape Nianco, which, from

its extreme whiteness, had the appearance of a sail at a distance.—On the 12th, we entered the southern channel of Corfu. The northern one is nearly inaccessible to large ships. The wind blew very high, and the atmosphere was so thick with rain, that we could scarcely see the high mountains on the Albanian coast, though we were sailing close to them.

Next day we approached so near to Corfu, as to be able to see the castle, which appeared excessively large and strong, but the atmosphere was so thick, that we could not distinguish a single house of the town. As Captain Taylor had letters for General Donzelot, the French commandant, he sent a boat on shore with one of the lieutenants and the purser. I should have wished to accompany them, had not the rain been so incessant. In the evening, we were off the island of Morto. At three next morning, the officers returned, not having been permitted to penetrate further than the Lazaretto, where they had a dinner given them, and were attended by the *aids de camp* of the general.

On the evening of the 15th, we reached Paxau, when we again sailed northwards, and next day were off Fano, an insignificant island, which derives its only importance from being an outport of Corfu, for the idle story of its having been in Homer's eye, when he described the island of Calypso, is sufficiently disproved by the fact (which inhabitants of Ithaca have assured to me) of its being visible from the mountains of Ithaca.—On the 17th, we anchored again off Sasseno, having been driven northward by a gale of wind,

which kept us there all the next day.—On the 19th, midway between Sasseno and Otranto, we met the Cerberus, into which I was transferred, the Apollo having received orders to sail for Trieste*.—On the 20th and 21st, it blew a strong gale of wind, with incessant rain, which had now continued almost without an interval from the 10th.—The sailors had had no opportunity of drying their clothes, and all this time had kept their day and night watches without a dry change of clothing to put on when relieved. The greater part of the poor fellows were accordingly on the sick list, being oppressed with violent colds.

On the 22d, while we were lying at anchor between Sasseno and Cape Linguetta, as the ship was in want of wood, the carpenter and some men were sent on shore to cut it; and the captain, one or two of the officers, and myself, availed ourselves of the opportunity to get a walk. The first approach to the shore was excessively picturesque, being varied by craggy rocks and heathy mountains, overtopped by olive-trees, still in verdure, and accessible only by winding paths. As my companion had a gun, I left him to look for game, and ascended the mountain by myself. I was amply repaid for my fatigue by the view from the top. Round me were the neighbouring mountains covered with heath and fo-

* When I thanked Captain Taylor for his hospitable kindness, I little thought I was bidding him adieu for ever. He left us in high spirits at the prospect of enjoying European comforts again, after cruising so long in these solitary seas, and the next account I heard of him was that he was drowned off the coast of Italy, while returning to his ship in a high sea.

liagé, while the more distant and lofty ones were entirely enveloped in snow, and below me lay a rich, though uncultivated, valley. This union of the two seasons added to the beauty of the scene. The bells of a few wandering goats were tinkling at a distance, and the stone huts of the barbarous inhabitants were scattered round the hills. Before me lay the sea, with the islands of Sasseno, Fano, &c., and at the extreme distance of the horizon, I could discern the coast of Italy, which immediately set all my ideas afloat. I saw before me the boundaries of the countries which had successively governed the ancient world. I was gazing on the coast from which Pompey sailed to prepare his ruin at Pharsalia, and from which Cæsar followed him to dispute the world; was not this sufficient to justify enthusiasm? Mine rose so high, that though perfectly assured that Fano never bore the part in ancient history which has been attributed to it, my fancy converted a solitary sailor whom I saw cutting wood below, into Ulysses building his bark to leave the island of Calypso. I was roused from this pleasing reverie by the echo of a shot round the hills, which told me that the sportsmen were returning. I accordingly descended, and was soon after joined by the rest of the party on the beach, where a crowd of degos, (as our sailors called the inhabitants) gathered round us. One of the officers made two or three of these barbarians fire at a mark, but though I had heard their skill much commended, I did not see one of them hit it. Several of them crowded into the boats, and we at first thought they

wished to enter into the Greek regiments we were then raising in the Ionian Islands, but on offering them wine, we found that they were mussulmans, and had only come to see the ship. Accordingly, after making a great noise, which they called singing, all night, they were sent ashore next morning. We could have no communication with them, as the inhabitants of this coast speak nothing but Albanian, which is not a written language, and can therefore only be learned by practice.

On the 23rd, we moved up higher into the bay, off which we were lying, to bring the ship nearer to an excellent watering-place. The bay is very large, and the height of the mountains round the shore, give it the appearance of a perfect basin. The view round it from the ship was beautiful. The next day we remained on board getting in water for the frigate.

December 25th.—I walked in the morning with one of the officers on the shore where the boats were fetching water, which gushed abundantly from a spring in the rock close to the sea. The character of the country was the same as I had seen on the 22nd. We were much amused by the terror of an Albanian, who was tending some goats and sheep on a very high precipice that overhung the sea. I was telling my companions the manner in which many of the unarmed Tyrolese peasants had seized the French officers and dragged them, with themselves, over the precipices of their country, thus sacrificing both; and was accompanying my story with appropriate action,

when one of the party running suddenly forward, the shepherd instantly ran away out of sight in the greatest alarm. Soon after we saw him returning with two comrades, and were doubtful whether it would not be advisable to betake ourselves to a neighbouring plain; but our suspicions were soon removed, for we found that his companions were two peaceable fellows; one of them spoke Italian, and explained to us the cause of the other's alarm. Having seen me seize hold of one of my companions as if to throw him over, he supposed that we designed that compliment for him, and that it was for that purpose the other had endeavoured to lay hold on him. We laughed at his fright, and soon saw him restored to good humour. These latter two men had set out at day-break from Cimarra, and had since, (it was now three P. M.) walked over the mountains, sometimes up to the knees in snow, for a distance of thirty miles, on their way to Valona. It being Christmas-day, the sailors were very jovial on board in the evening, and had bought an amazing stock of sheep, (at about two dollars each) from the degos. I dined in the gun-room, where we were entertained by Mr. Vacili, (an officer of the 2nd Greek regiment) who sung us several good Italian songs, and accompanied them with his guitar.

December 26th.—Walked ashore with the officers to Valona. The town is insignificant and filthy, but the country by which it is approached is beautiful. On the left of the road lies a rich and well cultivated

plain, and to the right are high mountains, on which are seen a few cottages. The town lies at a mile's distance from the shore. It was once very populous, but thirteen years ago it was depopulated by a plague, from whose effects it has never yet recovered, added to which it is very unhealthy, owing to the marshes which surround it. On the beach is a custom-house, and near it a castle, now in ruins, of which we wished to see the interior, but were forbidden by the garrison, who threw down large stones on us as we approached, fortunately without hitting us.

December 27th.—We had hoped before this for a change of wind; but as it still continued south, (which, to the astonishment of every one, as such a thing had scarce ever been known before, it had now done for five months, with the exception of a few days at very distant intervals) we grew tired of expecting it, and the frigate left the bay, beating up southward. At night there came on a most violent gale of wind, which continued all the next day.—On the 29th and 30th the storm moderated, and we lay off the northern entrance of the Strait of Corfu.—On the 31st we lay between Fano and Strada Bianca, a white rock among the Cimarra mountains. At night, while we were watching out the old year in the gun-room, four vessels were reported by the officer on watch to be in sight. Immediately the hope of prize-money animated every one on board, and the utmost eagerness was shown to get out the boats, of which, in the course of half an hour, four were lowered down and

sent against the strangers, manned by their respective crews, and by almost every efficient officer on board : one of them, in which was the First Lieutenant, returned in two hours, bringing in a large trabacolo, (as they call large boats manned by about fifteen men) bound for Corfu with corn. In the morning the three other boats returned to their ship with their prizes, viz., two trabacolos laden with corn, and a small boat, containing aqua dent, (a strong spirit made by the Albanians) for Corfu. As the latter was a miserable vessel, manned by Greeks, and full of spirits, to which the ship's company would probably have found their way, the captain let her go. The other ships having carried away their masts in attempting to escape, and the wind being fortunately north, I was delighted to hear that the frigate was to tow them into Cephalonia, as I had now a prospect of returning. The ship was full of prisoners, (all from Barletta) from whose papers we got information of the universal discontent prevailing in France, and of a change of ministry at Paris. In the afternoon a ship hove in sight, for which we lay to, and found her to be the Crocus brig of war, coming from Trieste, with orders for the Apollo to proceed to that port. These orders having been anticipated, the Captain dined with us, and sailed again in the evening for Trieste. We had Fano in sight the whole of this day, and next morning were off Paxau, sailing southwards with a fresh fair breeze, and having in sight Santa Maura, Corfu, and Cephalonia.

January 3d.—This day was so oppressively hot, that I could hardly bear to remain on deck; in the course of it we ran from Paxau to Cephalonia, which, on our approaching it, (on the western coast) had the same appearance as the other islands, that of a stony mountainous soil, interspersed with olive-trees. The view on our entrance into the harbour was delightful. The great extent of the outer bay, the verdure of the mountains near us, while the lofty ones at a distance were covered with snow, and the neatness of a small town (Lixuri) on our left, formed in their combination a lovely prospect. Just at the entrance is a small island, whose only habitation is a convent of Greek papas. At four P. M., we anchored in the outer harbour, opposite to the inner one, which the Captain did not wish to enter, as with a north wind it is impossible to escape out of it. I went ashore immediately with the Purser to the health-office, where they said they would consider if they could give us pratique next morning. The difficulty arose from the prizes, which, they feared, might have communicated with some other vessel before they were taken. This disappointed us, for we had hoped, (having been constantly at sea) to get pratique that night, as we afterwards succeeded in doing by the kind interference of Major de Boaset, the commandant. The inner harbour is quite like a river, and sentries were stationed on each side to speak the boats that passed.

My stay in Cephalonia was protracted very far beyond my wishes, by the unusual duration of a south

wind, which renders the passage to Zante impossible from Argostoli. Though the largest of the Ionian Islands, it by no means maintains the proportion between its resources and its size, being for the most part a stony barren soil, and producing only oil and wine, of which the cultivation is more lucrative, and therefore more general, than that of corn. Its population is roundly rated at 75,000, and besides the capital, it contains 175 villages. The advantages of its situation and the excellence of its port, might have ensured to it nearly all the trade of Malta, when the plague raged there in 1814, but owing to the want of warehouses, and the fatality which usually renders commerce incompatible with a military government, though the port was made free, and the transit duty was only one and a half per cent., very few English settled there, and of those few, some told me that they intended to trade under Greek or Russian colours, in which disguise they would be liable to fewer inconveniences than in the character of Englishmen. Cephalonia is the island which will probably receive the most benefit of all the Ionian Republic, by being settled in a system of government, which shall control the rapacity of its nobility, and restore a degree of liberty to its population; for the former are the most depraved, and consequently the latter the most dishonest characters that are to be found in the Seven Islands.

Excellent roads, (forty feet in width) were making in the island, which before was almost impervious

except on foot. These will ultimately be so beneficial as to excite the gratitude of the inhabitants, but violent compulsion was necessary to make the peasants work at them, and when I left the island but little of them was completed. Argostoli, the capital, is a wretched town, containing about 2,500 houses. By the influence of English regulation it was tolerably clean, but it has only one good street. As there are no sluices in the streets to carry off water, they are almost impassable after heavy rain, which remains in them in pools of considerable depth. On a high hill west of the town a telegraph is stationed, which commands an extensive and delightful view of the surrounding country, the inner and outer ports, and the open sea. The shops of the town are paltry and scantily provided. It stands on the bank of a gulf which penetrates far into the land, and forms an admirable port, where, however, large vessels seldom anchor, as it is impossible to get out when the wind blows from the north, which its entrance faces. On the opposite side of the harbour rises a giant mountain, which overhangs the town, and by confining its prospect spreads over it a perpetual gloom. About a mile from the extremity of the harbour, where it is not more than three furlongs wide, a plain bridge was constructing, at which, as at the roads, the peasants worked by compulsion. It was quite flat, and only small boats could pass under it, but this was of little consequence, as few vessels penetrated to the end of the gulf where it is built. A more serious evil which the inhabitants fear

it will it entail is, that the obstruction of tide produced by it, will cause a stagnation of the water in the gulf above it, the exhalations of which may afflict the inhabitants with fevers in the hot season. Had it been built nearer the mouth of the harbour, and elevated or made to draw up so as to allow the passage of vessels under or through it, it would have been equally useful, without any fear of this evil. It was unfinished when I left the island, and it was then computed that it would require three years to complete it. In the country immediately round the capital the roads are finished, and are most excellent. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Argostoli consists chiefly of meadow land, (bounded by high mountains) thickly planted with vines, and overrun with weeds and herbs, which I saw many women gathering to eat with oil, a common diet of the Greeks during their fasts. On a hill at a short distance from the town to the south-east, is a castle, which, though in ruins, is still fortified and garrisoned by a small detachment. The road near it was very rugged, and the fields around stony and uncultivated. The ascent to the castle was so steep and rocky, as to be almost inaccessible on horseback, and so surrounded by ruined houses that I thought it could not be inhabited, and was on the point of returning, when on turning a corner at the top of the hill, I found myself in a narrow street enclosed by falling walls in which several soldiers were walking. An officer of the Corsican Rangers politely walked with me round the fortress,

which, standing very high, affords a pleasant view of the cultivated valley round Argostoli, and of the sea, with Zante in the distance. The castle itself was a complete ruin, and could never in its best days have been very strong, being completely overtopped by neighbouring mountains, which in the rainy season renders the place very damp. Great numbers of dilapidated houses were falling round, this place having been the site of the capital during the Venetian government, since whose abandonment of the islands, it has been superseded by Argostoli, whose natural advantages are infinitely superior in every respect but that of security, the principal point with Venice in her decline. After seeing the castle, I was invited by my conductor to his quarters, where he introduced me to his wife, a lady of an English Catholic family. His history was so extraordinary and romantic, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it.—He was by birth a Corsican, and was some years ago engaged in military service in Italy; at Naples, through which city he was passing to escape from the French armies then invading that country, he was mistaken by the populace for Prince Leopold, (heir apparent to the throne) to whom he bore a strong resemblance in person, and in spite of all his protestations of the truth, was forcibly invested with the command of the city. After reigning by this singular chance for a fortnight, and ineffectually attempting to exclude the enemy, he attempted to escape to Sicily, but was taken by a Corsair of Barbary, where he was kept a

prisoner for eight months. On effecting his liberation by paying ransom, he went to Palermo, where he was publicly thanked by the king and prince for the part he had acted at Naples, and invested with a commanderie of the order of Saint Ferdinand. But the king had then no means of rewarding him, and Signor Corbara found himself constrained to enter for present subsistence into the regiment of Corsican Rangers, in which he was, when I saw him, a lieutenant. His story was related to me by himself, and confirmed by some of his military acquaintance.

My residence in Cephalonia was far from agreeable, though I experienced every attention and comfort that could be there afforded me. I lived very sociably with the three or four Englishmen in the island, and was hospitably welcomed at the mess of the Corsican Rangers, the only military force stationed there; but as I was unexpectedly detained by the south wind, I was unprovided with books, with which my acquaintance there could not supply me, and had no resource but to join them in playing at billiards all the day, and at cards half the night. I was accommodated with a bed in the house of an avaricious old Greek, who, though possessed of 80,000 sequins (about 40,000 guineas), still continued to attend all day in his miserable shop, where he was one of the greatest cheats in the island. As I hourly expected that a change of wind would enable me to sail for Zante, I could not venture on any excursion about the island, and one day when on the point of

setting out with another Englishman for Ithaca, was deterred by hearing that a vessel of the Morea had been shipwrecked on the coast of that island, and that in consequence all vessels coming from it were subjected to a fortnight's quarantine. The weather during my stay was generally fine and mild, Fahrenheit's thermometer rising generally to between sixty and seventy. A palm tree standing at the entrance of Argostoli, though it here bore no fruit, was a proof of the mildness of climate in Cephalonia throughout the year.

January 31st.—At length, being tired of waiting for a change of the south wind that should enable me to sail to Zante from Argostoli, I was glad to accept a proposition from Count Cledan (a Cephaloniote who was going to Zante), which afforded a prospect of escape. This was to set off for Catalego (a village at the S.W. extremity of the island, seven hours' distance), whence it was much easier to go to Zante than from Argostoli (where a northerly wind was the only fair one), and whence some boats were now going on the government's account, loaded with ice for head-quarters. A lieutenant of the Corsicans, left Capo di Governo after the departure of Major de Bosset, who had sailed for Trieste on his way to England, gave me a permit to go in one of these boats; and the count and myself resolved to take advantage of this opportunity. At nine in the morning, I set out on mule-back with my companion, and a servant whom I had been glad to hire for seven dollars

a month*, as the wages generally asked in Zante are twenty, at least for travellers. I was cautious in my conversation with Count Cledan, as I had been told he was a spy of the government. As he went along he told me a long story of the assistance he had given to the English in taking the Ionian Islands, and of his never having been rewarded or even reimbursed; but afterwards I found at Zante that he had greatly exaggerated his services and concealed his faults; and that if the rule, "*Noscitur a socio*," were generally followed, it would have gone hard with my character. The first part of our road, which I had passed before, was pretty and well cultivated, and I was pleased at seeing numerous almond trees, the original produce of the island, in full blossom. We had a little rain at first for half an hour, but afterwards the weather became excessively fine and warm.

* This servant was a Dalmatian. I never knew an honester or a more zealous attendant. The imputed fault of all foreign servants abroad, is dishonest selfishness, entirely neglecting their master's interests, and consulting their own by fraud and intrigue; and the price of many an antique bought by travellers is doubled by their servants, who have made a stipulation with the seller that they should share the purchase money. Poor Antonio was quite free from these practices, and in bargains higgled for me as much as he would have done for himself. I was very sorry on returning to Constantinople to be forced to part with him, and he cried like a child when he left me. So much, and I fear so just, abuse has been poured on the inhabitants of these countries, that I feel proud and pleased in recording an exception.

After riding three miles we came to the end of the new road, and I was shocked to see the natives working at it, while two soldiers of the Corsicans were standing over them, by no means idle, with whips in their hands. The road now became execrable, and in some places nearly impassable, and the country round was rocky and uncultivated, but we were compensated by riding along a mountain, with a fine view of the sea over the rocks. At two o'clock we arrived at the convent of $\Sigma\zeta$, (Sezee) five hours' distance from Argostoli, where my companion being well known, we were offered good fare and a comfortable bed, which we were glad to accept, as it began to rain violently at three, and continued incessantly the whole of the afternoon.

February 1st.—At eight in the morning we set off again, and for an hour continued in the same uncultivated scenery as the day before, but we then passed two beautiful villages, in as high a state of cultivation as I had ever seen, abounding with vines and olive trees, (some, I should think, of the latter four centuries old,) and overhung by enormous high mountains. The first of these was called $\chi\omicron\nu\acute{\alpha}\lambda\alpha$, (Cheonata) from the quantity of snow on its mountains, and the second $\Lambda\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\omicron$, (Lego).—After two hours' journey, we descended a very high and steep mountain, from which we had a view of $\kappa\alpha\lambda\alpha\lambda\acute{\iota}\gamma\omicron$, (Catalego) below, lying in a plain of about five miles extent, surrounded by high mountains. It contained but few houses, and the ground was ill cultivated. At half-past ten, we reached the house

of Count *Σθριν*, (*Sthrin*) who being master of all the plain and mountains around, kindly receives in his house (the only good one there) the few passengers who go by that route to Zante. We had hoped, the wind being fair, to pass over immediately, but unfortunately, of the three boats there, the only two from which we could have chosen, were hired by the government to transport snow to Zante. The snow had unfortunately been all melted by the rain the day before, and the officer (of the native militia) sent with the commission, having written this to Argostoli, could not give up the boats till the answer should arrive.

From *February 1st.*, to *February 4th.*, both inclusive,

On these days we had violent borascas (gales) during which I amused myself with walking on the sea-shore, but felt my impatience to reach Zante much increased by having it always in view at twenty-five miles' distance. On Thursday the officer received his answer, directing him, as no snow could be got, to return to Argostoli. But on Friday, it blew too hard for the Greeks to venture out to sea. Having in the course of my rambles seen a small ruined castle on the plain, I asked Count *Sthrin* what it was, who gave me the following story of it, which may give a good idea of the state of these islands, under the Venetian government. His grandfather had built it, and fortified it with cannon. While he was at the capital, however, his enemies in the island sacked and destroyed it, for the nobility were ever at variance;

and he sought redress from the government in vain. This man's father then took possession of the estate, but being an extravagant man, began selling parts of it to support his expences. The present possessor, then in Italy with his mother (an Italian woman, separated from her husband) receiving his education, hearing this, came to Cephalonia, demanded and received the estate from the government, on the plea that his father was ruining it, and took possession, turning out his father, to whom (for he was still living in Italy) he allowed a small pension. We were treated here with the utmost hospitality and civility, and lived in tolerable comfort.

Saturday, February 5th.—In the morning early, the boat was launched, and an hour before noon, all being ready, the Count and myself, with my servant, embarked. We continued sailing straight for Zante (the town) till two, P. M., when the wind shifted, and obliged us to make for the nearest shore. In half an hour it changed, and we renewed our course to Zante, but almost immediately it shifted again, with violent rain (which lasted for two hours) and at four o'clock we landed on the coast. On going to a village near, called Ἀλικίας (Alikiaas) (on account of some salt pits near,) we were told that there was no quarantine from Cephalonia, but that we could not get mules for that night. An old cottager offered us a lodging, which we were glad to accept. His cottage consisted of but one story, containing two rooms, with white-washed walls and mud floor and ceiling, in one of which were

heaped his cooking utensils, a low table, without chairs, and a quantity of wood for burning, and the other was a sleeping room, with a mattress on the floor for himself, his wife, and daughter. His family consisted of his old wife, three fine sons, one of whom was suffering under the *mal-aria* fever, and a daughter. Great unanimity seemed to reign among them, and we all sat comfortably round a blazing wood fire. They roasted for our supper a quarter of a pig, just killed, and gave us wine which we then thought delicious. The old man, having luckily the key of his landlords' house, let us into it, and we there found two good beds, on which we slept soundly.

Sunday, February 6th.—This morning, it blew such a gale of wind, that the Count having left his baggage on board the boat, could not get it on shore, and I who had brought mine with me the night before, was obliged to set off without him. Freezingly cold as it was, and uncomfortably as I performed the journey to Zante (of four hours)* on a mule, with a most unaccommodating Greek wooden saddle, I could not help admiring the beauty of the country, and the richness of the valleys, as I passed over the hills. The road was execrable till I got, at eleven o'clock, within three miles of Zante, when I found myself on the road I had so often passed over before in my morning rides, and the sun became excessively warm. At

* In these four hours I encountered seven snow storms, each lasting about a quarter of an hour. But snow will not lie on the plains of Zante.

noon I reached the friendly and hospitable roof of Mr. Foresti, where my friends appeared delighted to see me again, not having been able to imagine where I had been for two months, when I had told them, and expected myself, that I should return in a fortnight or three weeks.

Before I and my memory quit this part of the world, I should wish to write my few observations on the blockade of Corfu. Of this measure, I never heard, and indeed there can be no, different opinions. All agree in thinking it the most imperfect act of hostility ever enforced. Ali Pashia cannot refuse provisions to the French, though he asks a high price for them. Telegraphs are established all along the coasts of the island, and as soon as these report the two frigates, the only force we have on the station, to be out of sight, boats immediately run over to the coast of Albania, and of Parga (of which the French were, when I was there, in possession, though they have since been driven out) and bring back plentiful supplies of corn and cattle. Frigates, in fact, are not the vessels which should be employed here. There should be, for protection, a seventy-four gun ship, with six or seven sloops and cutters that could pursue the enemy into his shallow retreats. Our sailors, too, frequently sell their prizes (at one of the islands, or at Prevesa) to the masters from whom they took them, and thus have a chance of getting hold of them again. Thus they have frequently taken the same vessel two or three times from the enemy. By

these means, Corfu enjoys always the greatest plenty, and we may blockade in this way for centuries without success.

I intended to stay in Zante but a fortnight, but at the end of that time, I was seized with a violent sore throat, which, with few intervals, teized me for a fortnight, and made me fear a relapse of my fever. This, however, fortunately proved a groundless alarm. For the three weeks after that had ceased, the incessant rains made me defer my departure, which did not take place till the 25th of March. Mr. Smith, an officer of the 2d^d Greeks, who had proposed to go with me, gave it up on account of the procrastination necessarily caused by my indisposition: and two officers of the 35th Regiment, who had engaged to accompany me, were refused leave on account of the expected operations against Corfu. Thus, I was unfortunately obliged to set out alone; of which I had experienced the wretchedness in my tour in Albania. Besides, if my fever should return, I might possibly find myself dying alone on the field of glory (as Chateaubriand calls Greece) which, however gratifying to my ambition, was by no means an object of my hopes. While I remained in Zante, an extraordinary phenomenon occurred. At the end of February there was a torrent of rain, with which were mixed vast quantities of reddish sand, that soon darkened every window in the place. This the inhabitants attribute to a strong south or south-west gale, bringing that substance from Egypt, or the deserts of Africa.

The Zantiote women are generally pretty, and dress in black, with a white handkerchief pinned on the head, and coming half way down the back. The fan they seem to consider a part of dress, at least I never saw one of them walking full-dressed without it in their hands. They rouge almost universally, and have a most extraordinary custom of powdering their faces. As I was there in the time of their carnival, I had a good opportunity of seeing their habits. The most respectable inhabitants of both sexes walk about the streets in mask; and both abroad, and at a masked ball the General gave, I remarked several excellent figures, which proved that this amusement is not at all obnoxious to the disposition of the Greeks.

The following is a description of the dress of the middle class of Zantiotes. A jacket and waistcoat, generally both of cloth, blue or brown. The waistcoat not open before or behind, but draws on very tight over the head, and is sometimes of black velvet. Breeches short, and buttoning at the knee. Cotton stockings, white or blue-striped. Shoes, with most enormous silver buckles, which project on each side over the shoe. I have seen a pair of these buckles that weighed nine ounces. In bad weather they wear a *græco* which is a large capote of coarse brown cloth. This they throw over their shoulders, and wrap it close round them, hardly ever putting their arms in the sleeves; As they only wear on the head a slight cap, sometimes a *fez* (small red cap universally worn by Levantines, alone, or under the turban),

sometimes one of black cloth or netting, when it rains, they envelope their head in the hood of the capote, which, in fine weather, hangs on the shoulders behind. A sash is sometimes worn round the waist; generally, a red shawl.

A political event happened during my stay, of some consequence in the history of this part of the world, which I shall relate at length, as I may find a reference to it necessary on a future occasion. In the middle of February, a detachment of our troops, under Colonel Church, assisted by the Apollo, took possession of Paxau, as a preliminary to the attack on Corfu. Immediately the inhabitants of Parga, a small French settlement on the coast of Albania, (fearing that our possession of Paxau would prevent the French protecting them from the vengeance of Ali Pasha, to whom they had long been enemies), sent a deputation on board the Apollo to entreat the protection of the English. Unfortunately, Captain Taylor, being unacquainted with the sentiments and policy of the government in this quarter, sent them back twice with a refusal. Ali Pasha hearing this, immediately marched against them, and wrote two letters (of the 28th of February and the 2d of March) to General Campbell, stating that the Parganotes, while under French protection, had taken forcible possession of Ayah (a village in his dominions, contiguous to Parga) from which they had made frequent sorties and depredations in his Pashalick, and entreating the English navy's assistance to regain Ayah. General Campbell, by

the advice of Mr. Foresti, who convinced him that the Vizir's object was the gratification of his vengeance by the capture of Parga and the indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants, returned him an answer, that the navy was not under his control, and meantime despatched an *aid-de-camp* to Captain Taylor, to concert measures for the occupation of the place. In the meantime, Ali Pasha took Ayah, and advanced against Parga, whose inhabitants, being deprived of the protection of the French, and refused the assistance of the English, assembled in the churches; swore to devote themselves, their families, and their city, like another Saguntum, and repulsed the tyrant from their rocky isthmus. Nothing further than this had been heard when I left Zante, but most fervently do I hope that they will be able to keep off the Vizir (who has violated the law of nations by attacking a port blockaded by an allied power) till our assistance is brought forward*. Another incident occurred while I was

* Before the publication of my Journal, Parga was given up to the Turks. This measure, however harsh it may appear towards the Parganotes, was unavoidable. We were not authorized by cession to retain the place after the conclusion of peace. Therefore, as the population and resources of Parga were insufficient for its own defence, the happiness of its people was best consulted, under the circumstances, by stipulating for them the choice of emigration on their receiving indemnification for their immoveable property, the other alternative (of their submission to Turkey) being equally incompatible with their love of liberty and Ali Pasha's thirst of vengeance. By the treaty of 1800, between Russia and the Porte, it was indeed stipulated that the

in Zante, which was too curious to be forgotten. An old man who had fled the island ten years ago, for the commission of two horrible murders, returned in the middle of March, to secure some property of which he stood in want. On arriving, he sent for his wife to demand his goods, and, on her disputing about them, he beat her violently. She went to the Capo di Governo to complain, and he ordered the man to be arrested, which discovered who he was, and General Campbell instantly ordered him to be hanged. When the order was communicated to him, he exclaimed, "What! would you hang me now in my old age?" and several nobles of Zante remonstrated

inhabitants of Parga, with those of the other Ex-Venetian towns, Prevesa, Butrinto and Vonitza, should be left unmolested in the enjoyment of their own government and religion, and that only one Turk should reside in these places, who should represent the Porte and receive the tribute. But the conditions of that treaty were in no way binding upon Great Britain; nor could it possibly have been referred to by a British negotiator as a document which should influence his proceedings. With respect to that treaty, it has been already proved in the case of Prevesa and the other towns, how little protection its stipulations would have afforded to the Parganotes in the event of a war. By the late arrangement, the whole population have been allowed to sell their property, and have been received as British subjects in the Ionian islands. All who know the relative situation and the character of the parties, must agree that the Parganotes enjoy infinitely greater security and happiness under this protection, than if they had been left dependant on the faith of the Turkish government.

against the *iniquity* of punishing a crime so long after its commission; but, as they could not bring the General to acquiesce in such an absurdity, the man was hanged. A Turk, then in Zante, at whose village in the Morea this wretch had long been living, came to beg his reprieve; but was told, to his great astonishment, that the Sultan himself could not avert the execution of justice in Zante. The execution of this man, who had been a hireling murderer, was opposed by the nobles, as they feared he might, by confession, betray his employers; for murder was an organized system in these islands, during the time of their government by Venice and of the Septinsular Republic. Each nobleman had a set of retainers, who were ready to execute any orders of any kind which he might give them. The barber who shaved me in Zante, a man between fifty and sixty, told me that his brother had been murdered many years ago; that he knew the assassin, and knew that he had received twenty dollars (about 5*l.*) as the price of the murder, but had no means of redress, as he was protected by one of the most powerful nobles. This devotion in the lower orders was produced by the oppression of the nobles, which left them no other means of sustenance than servitude. All the riches of the island were grasped by the nobles, and expended by them in intrigues for depressing their rivals, and exalting themselves. No mode of plunder, direct or indirect, was neglected. They would send their sheep, for instance, to feed on the

estate of a poor landed proprietor; these ate the leaves of his vines, &c., and of course spoilt his crops. Thus the nobles enjoyed a double monopoly of wine and sheep, theirs being of course the finest; and, by means like these, the lower orders were reduced for subsistence to become the slaves of the higher, who employed them to murder their enemies or rivals, or in any villany which it might be their interest to commit. General Campbell cut at the root of this tyrannical abuse, by a salutary proclamation, that no sheep should be kept in the villages, and is by degrees exalting the lower classes to their proper level; but the people still fear to come forward, as they have no guarantee of our intention to keep the islands, and are afraid of being again delivered into the hands of their nobles, who promote this expectation by all the means in their power. They are still intriguing to put Russia in possession of the Seven Islands, and Count Mocenigo, while in Zante, privately procured the signature of several nobles to a paper (addressed to the emperor), expressing their hopes that, having now exalted his power by the defeat of his enemies, he would again take them under his august protection. Well may *they* hope it, as it is under that government alone that they can exercise their tyranny; but I sincerely hope, that the wishes of the people will be preferred to the petition of the most selfish tyrants that ever oppressed mankind*.

* In Alexandria, and in Ports of Asia Minor, I afterwards met great numbers of the lower orders of the Ionians who main-

The climate of Zante is fine in summer, but wet and cold in winter; and no inhabitant has a chimney in his house.

On the 10th of March, the Secretary of the government told me, that the General had in vain used every means for the apprehension of the four murderers, whom I have mentioned in page 180; that he intended to send a person over to Achmet Pasha (of Tripolizza), to beg that he would give them up; and that, if I had no objection, he would avail himself of my return to Constantinople, and intrust me with the commission. I accepted the offer joyfully. I was furnished with presents for the Pasha, and Mr. Camellar (an Armenian, aged about fifty, born in Vienna) for a dragoman; as well as with a letter from the Kaimacam to the Pasha, which Mr. Liston had procured at Constantinople; another from the General to the Pasha, and a copy of the sentence by which the murderers were condemned. After taking an affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Foresti, and all my friends in Zante, whose excessive kindness to me will ever make me take an interest in this island, I set out in a scampa via (a sort of gun-boat) for Patrass.

Friday, March 25th.—At half-past ten, we got
tain an active commerce with Turkey, and they invariably expressed the happiness and security they felt under English protection. The complaints that have been brought to England of severity or misgovernment in the British authorities are all uttered or prompted by the nobles, who cannot endure a system under which they are forced to obey the laws instead of perverting them.

into the scampa via, and sailed. The wind was contrary for the first half hour, but soon freshened in our favour, and brought us at half-past twelve under the ruins of Tornese castle. At four we passed Ithaca at a distance. I had wished to stop a day at this island on my way, but the urgency of the business with which I was charged admitted of no delay. At six we passed Cape Baba. At eight I lay down to sleep on the deck (there being no cabin in a scampa via as in a gun-boat), and was woke an hour and a half after by a violent shower of rain, which introduced itself into my bed, and completely wetted me through before I woke. As the rain deadened the wind (pouring hard for three hours), we proceeded but slowly by rowing, and I was by no means in an enviable situation. At length, at three in the morning, we anchored close to the shore at Patrass. The sail was taken down, and an awning put over the boat, under which I made a hearty supper; and at a quarter to four wrapped myself up in my capote, and, though wet and chilly, soon fell asleep.

Saturday, March 26th.—At half-past five I went ashore, and walked up to the town, which is at some distance (about a quarter of a mile) from the shore. I knocked at the door of Mr. Strani, our consul, who was in bed unwell, having been seized a month ago with an apoplectic stroke, from which he is now fast recovering. I accordingly went to the house of Mr. P., his cancelier, to whom I gave some letters from Zante, and informed him of my object, as the Ge-

neral had written that he should go with me. At eight I returned to Mr. Strani, to whom I delivered a despatch from General Campbell, informing him of my object. He received me very kindly, and sent immediately for horses, but we found that it would be impossible to have them till Monday morning. For this disappointment I found some compensation in the excessive attention and hospitality of the consul. The environs of Patrass are beautiful, consisting of gardens thickly planted with the vines that produce the currants, and it commands a fine view of the gulf of Lepanto and the neighbouring islands. The land round it being low and marshy, its exhalations afflict the inhabitants with fevers and agues in summer. It is rendered a great scene of villany by the misconduct of the French consul, who extends his protection to every scoundrel of every nation that claims it, and many a man has escaped the gallows by his means: but it is to be hoped, that the approaching decrease of French influence will remedy these abuses, which the Turks permit because it is profitable to them. The same cause induces these rigid and disinterested neutrals, as they profess to be, to tolerate the unjustifiable robberies committed on our trade: in other respects, as to its streets and shops, Patrass is like every other Turkish town, *viz.*, dirty, ill-paved, and unprovided: it is, however, famous over the Morea for its manufacture of leathern saddle-bags, which has succeeded to that of silken

stuffs, for which it was famous in the time of Pausanias.

Next day, I staid in-doors at the consul's all day, writing, counting money, and making arrangements for the horses.

Monday, March 28th.—At ten, we set out from Patrass; for though we were up very early, it was impossible to get the horses before. Our cavalcade consisted of four baggage-horses, two surigees*—guides, (one for the baggage, and one for the post-horses), two janizaries (Mustapha and Mahomet), Mr. P., Mr. Camellar, myself, and my servant Antonio. The horses did not, during the journey, go out of a walk,—the pace at which the traveller, for whom it is seldom safe to leave his baggage, generally proceeds in the Levant. The first hour of our road lay along a plain, at the end of which we crossed a narrow river, perhaps the Pirus, which, according to Herodotus, flowed through Patræ, and, according to Pausanias, was 80 stadia distant from it. The rest of our way was along very high mountains with tremendous precipices, and a few valleys,—the former beautiful from their tops being clothed in snow, which glittered through the clouds that covered them; and the latter filled with trees, some in bloom, some decayed, and some fallen. At three hours' distance from Pa-

* I know no English word for a surigee. He is the servant of the man who lets the horses, sent to take care of them, and guide the traveller.

trass, we stopped three-quarters of an hour near a fountain to dine. In passing through a wood five hours from Patrass, the janizaries advised us to be on our guard, as it was the haunt of robbers; but fortunately it proved a groundless alarm. We saw only three villages on our way; the first of exactly eleven small houses, the second of about twenty, and the third of exactly eight. Poor Camellar met with two or three misfortunes, which he bore with true German phlegm: First, the torrent of the river turned his head giddy, and the same effect was produced by the precipices, so that he was obliged to walk up the mountains; and then in mounting his saddle (which was a Turkish one, and constantly required arranging), the girth turned round, and occasioned him a severe fall. At length, at a quarter past six in the evening, we arrived at a khan six hours from Patrass, where we found a tolerable room, with (to our great delight) a good fire,—Mustapha having had the foresight to ask a Tatar who passed us on the road to bespeak accommodation for us. Here we find ourselves very well off, and hope to pass a comfortable night.

Tuesday, March 29th.—After sleeping very well in our khan, we rose at six, had the horses loaded, and set off at a quarter before eight. To the right of our road lay a violent stream from the mountains, which formed a hundred cascades as it fell. We set off in the clouds, which, however, dissipated in two hours, and showed us a confined prospect shut in on all sides by high mountains. We crossed two or

three streams, over which were very high and steep bridges, as they ran in torrents. For four hours we had nothing but mountains and valleys succeeding each other ; but the grandeur of the former was sublime, and the richness of the latter most lovely. We then came to a fine plain, about four miles long, but very narrow ; on our entrance into which, the horse that carried the presents to the Pasha fell, and as his load was too heavy for him to rise under it, and it just began to rain hard, we left Mustapha with the two surigees and the baggage to unload him, and proceeded, crossing a mountain. The rain ceased for a moment, as if to take breath, and then beginning again, continued in torrents all the rest of our way. After an hour, we descended again into a long plain, in which to our great joy we saw Calavrita at some distance. In half an hour (being able to trot on the even ground), we crossed a bridge over a wide river, and reached the village, or, as it is called, the city, which is situated at the foot of a mountain, and is pretty and clean-looking. Mr. Strani had procured for us a letter to the primate from his (the P.'s) son-in-law ; but this, unfortunately, was in Mustapha's pocket. We went, however, to his house, but were told that he was asleep (as the Greeks always sleep after dinner), and would not be awake for half an hour : we therefore went to the khan where the post-horses put up, which we reached at a quarter before two, where we stopped an hour and a half drying our clothes by the fire. At the end of that time

Mustapha arrived with a woful story:—one of the horses had fallen down twice, and broken my rum-bottles, and most of our baggage was “bagnato.” He went to deliver our letter to the primate, who having but a small house himself, has sent us to another, where we have a very good room, and our landlord is very attentive. After dinner the Tatar who passed us on the road yesterday, and indeed to-day also, (a handsome young man, and the genteelest and best-humoured-looking Turk I have yet seen,) came and offered to slacken his pace, and accompany us to Tripolizza, which we have gladly acceded to, as the Tatars have always the choice of the best post horses. My landlord tells me, that there are in Calavrita two hundred and fifty houses, of which a hundred and fifty are Greek, and a hundred Turkish: that there are attached to the *city* a hundred and twenty villages, whose population, with that of Calavrita, may amount to 10,000. We passed but three villages on this day’s journey, of which the first contained fifteen, and the second seven cottages. The third was partly hid behind a mountain, so that I could not ascertain its extent. I have remarked the number of their houses to give some idea of the terrible depopulation that has taken place in the Morea. Its population is indeed insuffieient for its cultivation, and accordingly in the autumn there is an universal influx of Greeks from the Islands to the Morea to gather in the harvest, for which they are

paid with corn enough to last them through the winter.

Wednesday, March 30th.—This morning the Waywode of Vostizza unfortunately passed, and took away so many horses that we could not get enough to proceed: we therefore loaded the baggage horses and sent them forward with Mahomet. The Tatar who engaged to accompany us could not wait, and went off early. I walked about the village in the afternoon. It is a miserable place: the torrent from the surrounding mountains flows violently through it in the middle, and there are four wretched bridges built over it. I am not sorry for our stop, as it rained violently in the afternoon, and we are promised horses early to-morrow morning.

Thursday, March 31st.—At eight we mounted our horses, (having hired two additional baggage ones) and bade adieu to Calavrita. For two hours we passed over very high mountains covered with snow. The descent filled poor Camellar with inexpressible horror. He was obliged to walk down, and was more fearful than a woman. At the end of these mountains was a large dirty village of about forty houses. We saw only two other villages this day, one of not above five-and-twenty houses, and the other of not above ten. We then passed for half an hour, over a stony and muddy plain, and for an hour and a half after over mountains, when we came to a steep bridge over the river Alpheus, which the water from the

mountains caused to flow in violent torrents. It was here very narrow. Here we dined and stopt for an hour. We had now accomplished the worst part of our journey, as all the rest of it was along a plain with the exception of five or six short hills. Two hours from the bridge Camellar and Mustapha stopped to buy a lamb which they got for two piastres, and I rode on. An hour farther we came to a wooden bridge across a small ditch, where, as it was quite in ruins, Mr. P. dismounted, and advised me to do the same, which I complied with; and it was well for me that I did, as my horse in passing got his foot into a hole and fell into the ditch, from which it was ten minutes before we could enable him to rise, so that we thought he had hurt himself, but were glad to find ourselves deceived. An hour after that, one of the baggage horses fell down in a large puddle, and wetted all our baggage, and the lamb which was put down while the horse was unloaded, ran away in the confusion. It was here that I found what an invaluable companion is such a man as Camellar; without him these accidents would have disconcerted us, but his pathetic lamentations made me laugh so heartily, that I was near falling off my horse. We arrived at a khan eight hours' distance from Calavrita, but as it could furnish no provender for the horses, we were obliged to go on to another an hour further on, where we arrived at half past five. We were accompanied for the last three hours by about forty post horses, with three or

four drivers, which were going to rest and stop at the same khan with us. We had enjoyed a fine but not hot day ; the plain was very rich and beautiful, and our ride was delightful, as it lay along the lovely banks of the Alpheus. The khan was a wretched place, many tiles being wanting in the roof, and there being many holes in the walls, and the wind which rose at four in the afternoon continued all night, as blustering as ever I remember a March gale in England. Nevertheless by means of two fires we slept very well, and passed a comfortable night. We had for supper a small kid, in toughness and tastelessness not much unlike a piece of leather. In this day's journey we changed Elis for Arcadia.

Friday, April 1st.—At half past seven we left the khan. In three hours we passed a village of about sixty houses, standing at the foot of a stony hill, and in about an hour and a half more came to another of about the same number. We were still riding along the same beautiful plain, on which was fought the battle of Mantinea. When we arrived within an hour of Tripolizza, (which looked very small from the plain) we sent Mustapha forward to find out Signor Pasqualigo, our vice-consul at Modon, now residing in Tripolizza, to whom Mr. Strani had written from Patras to find us a lodging. The city being walled in, we waited a few minutes at one of the gates for Mustapha, who conducted us to a very good Turkish house, where the vice-consul soon came, to whom we communicated the business we came on, and took his

advice how to proceed in it. In the course of an hour, the Pasha's dragoman, (a Greek) came to compliment us in the name of his master on our arrival. He professed himself much attached to the English, and told us, among other things, that the Pasha was entirely governed by a fanatic Turk, to whom he referred all questions of business. Soon after, Signor Pasqualigo went to the Pasha to return our compliments, and to state that we had business of secrecy and importance, and wished to know when we should wait on him. He fixed to-morrow morning at two, (eight) o'clock. We arrived at two P. M., and the Turks seldom transact business after dinner.

I must insert Signor Pasqualigo's story. While our consul at Modon, he was always very active in resisting the depredations of the French on our trade. On our war with the Turks in 1806, he fled with his wife who was then pregnant, and was delivered in a wood of twins, who throve well and are both alive. He returned to his post on the conclusion of peace in 1809, and was walking down to the port to meet a boat coming ashore from an English merchant ship just anchored, when he was attacked by the crew of a French privateer, aided by several Turks, who stabbed him, and beat him so severely, that he was left for dead, and spat blood for seven months afterwards. The Turks then rifled his house, and plundered him of all his property. For this outrage he never received any redress. The histories of our vice-consuls in the Levant, are full of these incidents,

for they are generally Rayahs, whom the Turks cannot be brought to consider as independent of their authority merely because they put on a hat and are called the vice-consuls of a foreign power. We therefore have not the right even of complaint, for the Turks naturally ask whence we derive the power of withdrawing their subjects from their authority. We can only be freed from this frequent evil by imitating the example of the French government, who station in almost every port of the Levant a Frenchman, or at least an European, regularly paid and furnished with a dragoman and janizary.

Saturday, April 2nd.—We rose early to prepare for our intended visit, but the horses did not come at eight as we expected, and we waited for them a long time. At half past ten the Pasha's dragoman came to see if we were ready; and on seeing that we were, said he would go immediately to the palace to announce to the Pasha that we were waiting. He accordingly went, and the vice-consul with him. At a quarter past eleven the vice-consul returned, and with him came a chiaous (messenger) from the Pasha, bringing four horses. He, (the chiaous) arranged the order of our going, about which we had been uncertain. I preceded, and was followed by Mr. P., after whom rode Camellar, and lastly the vice-consul. We passed through two narrow streets, crowded with spectators, and through a gateway to the square in which stood the palace; at the steps we alighted, and proceeded through crowds of well-dressed attendants to a large

and handsome room, into which the Pasha immediately entered by another door. This was done by the Kaimacam at Mr. Liston's audience of him, (as I have mentioned in page 52) and is a polite precaution of the Turks, that one may not sit down before the other, for a Turk never rises to receive a Christian.

After we were all seated, the Pasha at the corner of the sofa, and I on his left hand*, the Pasha saluted us by putting his hand to his breast. He was a handsome man, about forty-five, of short stature, with a thick black beard: being an Emir†, he wore, when not dressed in his turban of ceremony, a green turban. Camellar delivered the usual compliments, and I gave the despatches to the Pasha. I was now very near losing all the gravity that I had prepared for the occasion, on seeing Camellar. He had been up at five in the morning to adonize, and was not dressed so soon as we who rose at seven. But all his cares were defeated, for in coming along,

* Contrary to European etiquette, the left side among the Turks is the place of honour. This is one of the many instances in which the customs of the Turks resemble those of the ancient Persians. Those whom Cyrus honoured most were placed on his left side. Xenophon. *Cyrop.* Book viii. chap. 28.

† An Emir, or sheriff (the word signifies noble) is a Mahometan descended from the Prophet, and distinguished by a green turban. They are so numerous, as to form, says D'O'Hsson, the thirtieth part of the Turkish nation: the Turks respect them highly, and think that they can never have any bodily defect, nor be reduced to beggary, being under the peculiar protection of the Prophet: they enjoy very extensive privileges, which are amply described by D'O'Hsson.

his horse, (as, being the Pasha's, they were all very spirited) had splashed him up to the waist, and the pitiful looks he cast at his stockings very nearly threw me into convulsions from my efforts to restrain my laughter. While the Pasha was reading the despatches, the servants, (who were dressed very richly, more so indeed than the Pasha himself) brought us pipes, coffee, lemonade, and then pipes and coffee again. The being presented with two pipes by a Pasha is a distinguished reception. When the Pasha had finished reading the despatches, I begged Camellar to whisper a caution to him respecting their secrecy, upon which he ordered all the attendants out of the room, of whom there were at least a hundred. He then talked with us some time, (I addressing Camellar in Italian which he translated into Turkish to the Pasha) asking the news, which we took care to tell him in detail as it was favourable, being the fall of Venice, and the probable entrance of the Allies into Paris. He told us that he would send his dragoman to us, and let us know his decision to-morrow. I said that "the General entertained the most confident expectation of its being favourable, as a denial was so incompatible with public justice." He replied, that "He naturally detested wickedness," (I should have liked to ask him here, how he reconciled this detestation with his notorious countenance of the French privateers, who had so unjustifiably plundered our commerce on the very shores of the Morea?) "and should certainly

"have complied even without the letter I had brought from the Kaimacam." We then took our leave, but, before going, I drew from my pocket a small gilt opera-glass of my own, which I fortunately had in my trunk, and gave it him, saying that the General had given it me with his own hands, and charged me to deliver it myself to his Highness, as a small token of his friendship and esteem. This gift delighted him excessively. We then returned, (at near one o'clock) in the same order as we went.

On arriving at our lodgings, we looked at the presents for the Pasha, (consisting of 100 pounds of coffee, the same quantity of sugar, ten yards of red cloth, and as many of green. This, we thought, was a miserable present for so powerful and avaricious a man, and it was accordingly decided, that something must be added. I had luckily in my trunk a gold repeating watch, which I had bought for myself at Zante, and willingly consigned it to Camellar, who carried all to the palace (at three o'clock). The Pasha was much pleased with his presents, and said, (though we knew he did not think) that it was too much, and that the spying-glass would have been quite sufficient. He expressed his hopes that we were well lodged, and told Camellar to have no fear about the success of our business. Still, however, I do fear, for the Turks are all words and words only. In the evening we walked a little about the town, of which the streets are, as in all Turkish towns, narrow, dirty, and unpaved, but it being a Greek fête, few of the shops were open. Ca-

mellar diverted me greatly, by telling me of a speech which he had overheard from one of the Pasha's servants to-day, as we were coming out of the palace. Pointing to me, who was before, he said, that "the General had better have sent me to school, instead of sending me to the Pasha." A young European, wearing neither beard nor mustachios, appears quite a boy to the Turks.

Sunday, April 3rd.—We expected this morning to be sent for by the Pasha, as he had promised; but as no message came, at eleven o'clock, we went to call on two rich Turks in the town, who had sent to compliment us on our arrival; but they were neither of them at home. The first of these is Mustapha Aga Arnaout Oglu, second in command in the Morea; the second Nuri Bey, whose son is now Bey of Corinth. Both these possess districts of several villages, and are very rich. Nuri Bey has 500,000 piastres (about 25,000*l.*) a year. To this latter we repeated our visit at two o'clock, and then found him at home. We were shown into a small but neat room, ornamented with two small English clocks, of which the Turks are extravagantly fond. The Bey had just woken from his siesta, and his turban and outer pelisse were carried him to his bed-chamber from the room where we were. His appearance pleased me excessively, being at once dignified and affable: he was an old man of about sixty-five, with a long white beard, and neatly dressed. He paid me a great many compliments, and said, that "it gave him great

“ pleasure to receive Englishmen, for whom he had
“ a sincere partiality, as they had never injured his
“ country like the Russians and the French.” I
replied, that “ it was his Excellency’s known atten-
“ tion and kindness to English travellers, which had
“ given me so great a desire of having the honour to
“ be presented to him.” Pipes and coffee were
brought us, and we told the old gentleman the news.
He then offered me a letter to his son in Corinth, or to
any other part of the Morea where I was going, and
an escort to accompany me. I accepted his offer of
the letter with pleasure, but declined his escort as un-
necessary. We took our leave with a repetition of
thanks and compliments on both sides. We walked
a little about the city, and I informed myself of its
extent and population. It contains four thousand five
hundred houses, of which half are inhabited by Turks,
and the other half by Greeks, foreigners, and Jews : of
the latter there are two hundred houses. There are five
Turkish mosques, and only two Greek churches, not
near sufficient for the Greek population ; but the
Turks will not permit them to build more. We find
ourselves very comfortable in the Turkish house,
which the Pasha has provided for us, and of which
he (in spite of our remonstrance) pays the hire ; but
there is no avoiding that, any more than his sending
us the provisions usually given to those who are sent
on public business, and which consist of the following
articles sent every morning, *viz.*,—ten okes of bread,
two of rice, four of meat, two of yaourt (sour clotted

milk), two of milk, half a one of coffee, and the same quantity of sugar, six chickens, and fifteen eggs. We called also in the morning on the Pasha's dragoman, who had excused himself, on the plea of illness, from attending his Highness on business to-day, it being the Greek Palm-Sunday, which is a great fête, and his absence is indeed the reason of our not having seen the Pasha. The physician of the Pasha brought us the compliments of his Highness. He was a German from Vienna, and dressed *à-la-Turque*, and being a countryman of Camellar, soon struck up an acquaintance with him, attended us in our visit to Nuri Bey, with whom he was well acquainted, and afterwards dined with us. This man, who is in the confidence of the Pasha, gave us some information respecting him. He told us that the Pasha had latterly been much prejudiced against the English, owing to his having lately had a visit from an English officer, to whom he had made great presents without receiving any return. That this displeasure had remained on the Pasha's mind : that his Highness had been greatly pleased with our presents, particularly with the spying-glass, the watch, and the cloth : that he had said, he had rather have had the glass than a thousand piastres, and that he had already done some slight injury to the watch, by striking it too often. What was most grateful to us to hear, and was confirmed to me afterwards, was, that, when the presents arrived, he had just condemned a man to death ; but the sight of his new acquisitions put him

in such good-humour, that he pronounced the pardon of the criminal. What are we to think of a government who suffer public justice to be warped by the private disposition of the moment?

Monday, April 4th.—At ten we sent Mr. Camellar to the palace to know when the Pasha would see us; he brought in answer, that we might go immediately: we accordingly walked there, and were instantly ushered in. We found with the Pasha, Nuri Bey and another Turk, who were excessively humble, and on departing kissed the Pasha's robe. His Highness made us his compliments through Camellar; and, after having returned ours, I expressed my regret that we had not seen him the day before, as he had promised on Saturday. He replied, that he wished to leave us time to repose: to which I answered, that as our business admitted of no delay, I hoped his Highness would produce none on his part, as he might be confident that we should not on ours. A long conversation then ensued between the Pasha and Nuri Bey, of which Camellar afterwards told me the substance. Nuri Bey observed, that of all the nations with whose delegates he had been concerned, he preferred the English; that they were a liberal, brave, and open people, and never descended to such shuffling artifices in their negotiations, as marked the proceedings of the Russians and the French. To which the Pasha strongly assented. All this was meant as a compliment to us: for I have no doubt, that if we had been Frenchmen, they would

have said the same of the French. After Nuri Bey was gone, the Pasha dismissed his attendants, and beckoning us to sit near him, asked me how I thought this affair should be carried on. I said, that the men must be seized by a force sent directly from Tripolizza, for that the English government was not inclined, if the Pasha were himself, to confide in any of his subordinate Beys or Waywodes, as these would, very probably, for the sake of money, give the villains a timely notice to escape. His Highness replied, that certainly he had no one under him in whom he could place confidence, (what a confession for a Governor of the Morea!) and was very willing to send a force in the manner proposed; but were we acquainted with their persons? I answered, that none of us were; for in this point I had been misled at Zante, where I was told, that Mr. Parnell, and at Patrass, where I was assured that Signor Paqualigo, knew them: neither of these gentlemen could give me any information, except the latter, who only knew that the villains were at Gastouni, a district about a day's journey west of Tripolizza. The Pasha then said, that he had a Greek at Patrass, acting there as a spy, whose life (once forfeited and spared) was the price of his fidelity; and that if I pleased, he would employ him on the business. To this I most willingly agreed, and we accordingly arranged the following plan:—A Tatar is to be despatched instantly to Patrass, with a letter to Mustapha Bey there, ordering him to send this man back with the Tatar to

Tripolizza with all possible speed. The spy on arriving is to be informed of the affair, furnished with a buyourdi (strong order) from the Pasha to the Bey, and despatched to Gastouni. If he find the villains there, or in the environs, (without which he is not to discover himself,) he is to shew his buyourdi to the Bey, and have them arrested. Two days after his departure, a party of soldiers is to be sent after him; but ostensibly on other business, the officer alone being informed of their real destination, who, in the event of his success, are to bring the objects of our pursuit in chains to Tripolizza. The Pasha seemed very anxious to comply with our wishes, and begged that, in case of failure, he might have full credit with the English Government for compliance, and with the Porte for obedience. I assured him, in reply, that in my letters, both to the Ambassador and the General, I should do full justice to his obliging activity. We then, after compliments, took leave, and the Tatar, after being kept a few minutes for a letter from Mr. P. to Mr. Strani, was despatched with strict injunctions to use all possible speed. After our return to the house (as the head of a Turk must not be perplexed with too many affairs at once), I begged Camellar to go again to the Pasha, and to say, that, in the interval till the arrival of the spy, I should wish to make a short excursion to Misitra (Sparta), twelve hours' distance, and to know whether he would answer for my safety. He answered, that he could by no means answer for my safety, as the road was infested with robbers in great

number ; and, indeed, hoped I would not go without leaving with him a paper, stating that he had done all he could to dissuade me, not a very encouraging proposal. On inquiring here I find that he has spoken truth, for that numerous hordes of Mainote robbers, in twenties and thirties, watch on the mountains round, and pounce on the traveller as he passes on the road. The Pasha lately sent Arnaout Oglu against them with a thousand men, but he could do nothing, as, on his approach, they all retired into the mountains of Bardunia, and came forward again on his retreat. I must thus reluctantly give up my intended visit to Sparta ; for in this country it is unsafe enough to travel to suspected districts *with* the guarantee of the Pasha : to venture *without* it would be madness

After this (at two o'clock), we went to call, accompanied by the Pasha's physician, on Arnaout Oglu. We found him (an old man, looking about 62) in a small but neat room, into which he entered by one door, as we came in at the other. He gave us pipes and coffee ; asked the news ; talked a great deal about his partiality to the English, and confirmed the Pasha's statement of the danger on the road to Misitra. While we were there, his daughter, a pretty child, about six years old, came in unveiled, for Turkish females may appear unveiled before men till they are ten years old. On going we were sprinkled with rose-water, and presented with perfume ; and the Aga said he hoped to see us again before we went, which we promised he should. After

dinner, pursuant to his repeated invitations, we went to call on the physician, who lived at an extremity of the town, in a tolerable good house belonging to his wife. He introduced us to her who was rather pretty than otherwise. Her story will give a tolerable idea of the delicacy which in this country is observed in regard to ladies. She had been a mistress of Vely Pasha (son of Ali Pasha, and the last Pasha of the Morea, removed on account of his extortions at the petition of all the Moriotes), who, in compliment to his physician, had given her as a wife to him, with a portion of a thousand dollars. She was dressed in all her finery, and served us with coffee and sweetmeats herself, while her mother was dressed almost in rags sitting in the same room with us: I begged, however, that the wife might not be sent away (as they generally are), and she and her mother remained, and shared in the conversation with great vivacity. From his window we had a distant view of a kiosk of the Pasha's, situated on a mountain, and built like a castle, where we saw the Pasha on horseback returning to Tripolizza.

Tuesday, April 5th.—In the morning at half past nine, we all went to a Turkish bath, which I do not remember to have described before. We first entered into a room considerably warmer than the air, round the sides of which were several couches, or rather beds, elevated about three feet from the floor. Here we undressed ourselves for the bath, and then passed through a small apartment warmer than the first, into

the bath which was of a considerable heat. Here we lay some time undergoing violent perspiration on a large heated stone in the middle, where we had all our joints shampoo'd by an attendant, till they cracked, and our bodies rubbed with a piece of coarse cloth, and, afterwards seating ourselves by a cistern of warm water, by the side of the apartment, were plentifully bathed and rubbed. When we had finished, we returned, covered with linen, into the first room, where we wrapped ourselves up, each on his couch, and smoked and drank coffee for about a quarter of an hour, when we dressed ourselves and returned. So exact and ample a description of Turkish baths, and of the utensils and ornaments used in them, is given in the works of D'Ohsson and Savary, that it would be superfluous in me to enlarge on the subject of them. At one o'clock, I sent Camellar to the Pasha to say that we wished for an audience, and begged to know what hour he would appoint to receive us. He sent in answer that he would see us to-morrow, and his dragoman should call in the morning to tell us the hour. In the evening we paid a visit to Signor Pasqualigo, and took a short walk. On our return home, we found that Arnaout Oglu had sent us two large round dishes, (two feet and a half in diameter) of Turkish pastry as a present. We found it very delicate and good. It is called *bachlavar*, and is composed of honey, flour, and, when made for the higher orders, almonds. To-day the Pasha condemned to death a Turk for having beat and ill-treated a woman; but

one of his friends made interest with the physician, as the dragoman told me, who obtained his reprieve on the condition of exile.

Wednesday, April 6th.—At nine in the morning, the dragoman paid us a visit, and said he was going to the palace, from which he would send us notice when to follow him. This, however, he did not do till half past eleven, when we went and were immediately introduced to the Pasha, who had with him the Divan Effendi, (his chief public secretary,) and his favorite devotee, mentioned in page 221. The Pasha first, (after compliments) said he feared I found but little amusement at Tripolizza, and that I did not like it so well as Patrass. I said that I liked it much better, as it was not infested by such a crowd of villains as the French consul disgraced himself by protecting. The Pasha replied that he had heard frequent complaints on that subject, and that he believed they had lately bred a disturbance, (alluding to the captain of a vessel, who had been bastinadoed by the Turks for some irregularity) and that he was much inclined to write to the French consul, forbidding him to take such scoundrels under his protection in future. The captain above-mentioned formed, while I was in Patrass, the project of murdering two or three Turks in revenge, and putting out to sea immediately after. It was lucky that he did not execute it, as such an outrage might very probably have cost the life of every Frank in Patrass. I then said, that as Mr. P. found his presence

here no longer necessary, things being in so good a train, and had urgent business at Patrass, he proposed setting out for that place to-day; and as I thought it very possible that the villains we were in search of might return there, I begged his Highness to furnish Mr. P. with a buyourdi to all the sub-governors of the Morea, ordering them to assist the English consul in arresting any English subject, or any inhabitant of the Ionian Islands, who might have violated the laws established by the government of those islands; at the same time, at the request of Mr. P., I entreated him to suspend his decision on the capture and sale of a Maltese ship taken by French privateers in the port of Napoli di Romania, and to do justice to a Maltese captain who had been robbed at Calamati, to the amount of three thousand piastres. All this the Pasha promised most faithfully. I then said, that I merely wished to offer a few observations to the attention of his Highness, tending to show how much it was his interest to conciliate the English authorities in the Ionian islands. "He saw that the power
"and influence of Buonaparte was now entirely
"destroyed, and could never rise again to any dangerous
"extent during our lives, and that after twenty
"years of war, England had at last succeeded in defeating
"the designs of her perfidious enemy. That
"the British government had never asked favours
"from the Porte, but had contented themselves with
"demanding barely justice, which they still continued
"to demand. That they could not but see

“ with displeasure the system of sheltering the enemy’s
“ privateers, which prevailed so extensively in the
“ Morea, in utter defiance of the laws of neutrality,
“ of which the Turks had no right to expect the
“ privileges, if they did not perform the duties; that
“ besides, this system was very prejudicial to the in-
“ terests of Turkey, as it diminished the activity of
“ a trade, which, without such obstacles, would every
“ day increase; his Highness might be assured that in
“ the course of two or three years, the English would
“ be possessed of great power and influence in these
“ quarters, and that a refusal of the justice to which
“ they had so well-founded a claim, would produce
“ consequences which I was unwilling to imagine or
“ to dwell on.” To this the Pasha replied, that
“ ever since the unjust invasion of Egypt, and the
“ noble manner in which the English had come for-
“ ward to defend it, he had formed and maintained
“ his opinion of the two nations, and that I might
“ depend on his dealing justly with the English, as
“ well from his love of justice, as from his partiality
“ to that nation.” I continued, that “ though the
“ British government had ever given its full share of
“ credit to Turkey, as the only power on the conti-
“ nent that had not yielded obedience to the mad anti-
“ commercial decrees of Buonaparte, yet they were
“ well aware, that nothing but fear of the power
“ and influence of France, had persuaded the Porte
“ to a conduct so prejudicial, if not hostile, to Great
“ Britain, and that on this account they had hitherto

“ borne it with patience ; but that the time was now
“ arrived, when that fear was groundless, and when
“ such breaches of neutrality could no longer be
“ tolerated. No doubt could be entertained, that
“ Buonaparte’s conquests in Europe would have been
“ followed by an invasion of Turkey ;” (I here related to the Pasha a circumstance, on the authenticity of which I assured him he might rely,—that Buonaparte, when he marched to Moscow, carried with him his imperial robes and his crown, with the design of being crowned, in Constantinople, Emperor of the East;) “ and this,” I added, “ was
“ the friend for whose sake the Porte had committed so much injustice towards England.” The Pasha said in answer, that “ he was fully convinced of the hostile designs of France against
“ Turkey, and that he entertained the warmest sentiments of respect and friendship towards the English
“ nation, to whose interests, I might most safely rely,
“ that he would ever pay the most assiduous attention ;” he added, “ that his duty forbade him to be
“ the enemy of the French consul, but that he would
“ never grant him any more than was strictly his due.” I answered, “ that the English wished for
“ nothing more than simple justice.” I then took my leave, telling his Highness “ that I left him with
“ many thanks for his politeness to me, and with a
“ firm conviction, that he would faithfully observe
“ the promises he had made to me.” We then returned home, and an hour afterwards the Pasha sent

the buyourdi I had requested, with another to Mr. P. for horses. Soon after the dragoman called, bringing with him a beautiful piece of embroidered Indian silk, which the Pasha sent as a present to Mr. P. On sending the buyourdi to the post-house, this gentleman found to his great disappointment, that he could not have horses till to-morrow morning. In the evening, we paid another visit to the physician, whose wife not being dressed out, did not appear; for a Greek woman, if she be not arrayed in all her finery, is not in a condition to be seen, not having the medium of neatness. The physician told me that he attended every day at the Pasha's table, to watch that, (like poor Sancho Panza) he should eat nothing unwholesome, and that the cook (not an unusual thing among the Turks) was always present to taste every dish first, for fear the Pasha should be poisoned.

Thursday, April 7th.—This morning, Mr. P. left us, and I was woke at seven o'clock by a loud dispute between Camellar and the Mensilgee Bashi (master of the post) who insisted on being paid for each of the post horses in spite of the Pasha's buyourdi, which ordered that they should be given gratis. At length, upon our threatening to go immediately to the Pasha and get him soundly bastinadoed, he listened to reason, remained contented with his bagshish (present) and Mr. P. went off directly, hoping to reach Calavrita to-night, which, however, I think he can hardly have effected, as the distance is sixteen hours. These post-masters, and indeed all

the inhabitants of this country are complete blood-suckers. When they hear of an English traveller, their expectations are raised, and scarcely any sum is sufficient to satisfy their insolent rapacity. We staid at home all day, as we expected the return of the Pasha's spy. Indeed, we have no great temptation to stir out, for there is nothing to see in the town; and over all that part of the plain outside the walls which is in sight of them, I have seen only thirteen trees. This is not the case at a greater distance, where the plain is beautiful and cultivated. But it would seem as if the very presence of a Turk was a natural check to vegetation. In the morning, the Pasha's physician (it being near the Greek Easter) sent us a present of painted eggs, cakes and wine. In the afternoon, we discovered that a Greek in the house, whom we frequently employed to buy things, had been regularly charging us, during the time we have been here, double the price for which he purchased them at the shops. We therefore turned the gentleman out of doors without ceremony. Mahomet, the janizary, is gone off with Mr. P. I have kept Mustapha to go with me, as he is the most serviceable Turk I ever saw, being willing to turn his hand to any thing, and making himself as useful as a servant; whereas the generality of janizaries, however much one may stand in need of their exertions, sit down smoking their pipes, and will do nothing for one except order the post horses, and cane the surigees.

Friday, April 8th.—The Tatar who was sent to

Patrass on Monday, arrived early this morning, bringing us letters from Mr. Strani, and bitter bad news. The man whom he was to have brought with him, had accompanied him as far as the bridge over the Alpheus, which I have mentioned in page 218, but fearing (in spite of the assurances in the Pasha's letter) that he was sent for to lose his head, he there contrived to make his escape over the mountains. So little confidence do the inhabitants of this country repose in the sincerity of each other! This misfortune threw me into great perplexity, as I now had all to do over again, and I was the more chagrined at it, as the Pasha had specially promised me on Monday, that he would so word his letter to Mustapha Bey, as to produce confidence in the spy, and watchfulness in the Tatar who was to bring him. I waited patiently at home all the morning, in hopes the Pasha would send for me, but in this I was disappointed, as it was the Turkish sabbath, on which day they generally devote the morning to compliments and prayer. At four in the afternoon, I sent Camellar and the vice consul to say that I wished to speak with his highness. In half an hour Camellar came back, saying that the Pasha had detained him by compliments, and by talking of a severe cold and indisposition, by which he felt himself oppressed; and he (C,) during the conversation, having stated that he had with him some chocolate and camomile tea, the Pasha had expressed a wish to have some, and he had therefore come back to the lodging to fetch it. I accompanied him back,

and on entering the square of the palace, was pleased with a scene that was new to me. The Pasha's attendants and his band were assembled there playing Turkish music, and at every pause of the instruments, all the attendants shouted loudly (in Turkish, of which Mustapha told me the sense) "Long live our Sultan, and may all his wishes be crowned with success." The variety of their dresses (some being dressed in green robes, some in red, and others in blue) and the liveliness of their music, with the wildness of their shout at intervals, produced a very pleasing effect*. I found the Pasha in a small room at an opposite corner of the quadrangle to that in which I had seen him before. It was not near so large nor so good a room as his others, but as the Turks cannot enjoy the amusements of literature, (indeed the proportion of the nation who can read, is excessively small) they are forced to pursue all sorts of childish diversions, and one of their favourite ones is a frequent change of apartments. After our compliments were passed, Camellar set about making the chocolate, in which he was assisted by several attendants, who brought a mangahl (earthen vessel full of burning charcoal) to boil it, and while he was thus occupied, the Pasha asked me, through the vice-consul, several questions concerning England, the population of

* All the Pashas of the provinces have their military music, which is played on all days of festival. A detailed description of Turkish music is given by D'Ohsson.

London, &c.; and I recommended him remedies for his cold. After he had drank the chocolate, which he thought very good, the Turkish devotee (he who was with him on Monday,) came in, and I asked the Pasha, through Camellar, if he had heard of the escape of his agent, and what he thought it best to do now. He answered me by a long speech professing his partiality to the English, his confidence in their honour, and his detestation of the malice of the French, and told us (as he said, in the utmost confidence) a story which convinced me that he was sincere in the distrust and dislike of our enemies which he had professed. About six months ago, the French Ambassador at Constantinople sent a note to the Porte intimating that in the Morea, probably with the connivance of the Pasha, 3,000 men had been already sent over to the Ionian islands to serve in English regiments, and 9,000 more were enlisted, and preparing to go; all the 12,000 Moriotos. This was an allusion to, and a shameless exaggeration of, the raising of two Greek regiments (one of which is completed, and a second is filling fast under the command of Colonel Church) for the service of the Ionian islands. (The first of them by the bye has been sent to Sicily, and has behaved very well there). The letter added that the English had sent several chests of dollars through the Morea to Maina. The Kaimacam (the Grand Vizir, being at Schumla with the army) immediately wrote to the Pasha, charging him with these breaches of neutrality. The Pasha, after mak-

ing, as he said, inquiries on the subject, wrote in answer to the Kaimacam that there was no truth in the accusation. That the English had not, to his knowledge, taken from the Morea any number of men worth mentioning, and that it was absurd to suppose that they would send money overland to Maina, when they could so much easier transport it thither by sea. This accusation from General Andreossi made him very angry with the French, "for," (said he) "they must have insinuated either that I connived at the emigration of these men, or that I was ignorant of it; and in either case, I should be equally unfit to be governor of the Morea. I must therefore suppose that the French sought to remove me, in the hope of being able to supply my place with a creature of their own." I said that this was the ordinary policy of the French, and that it was by such contemptible intrigues as these that they had succeeded in destroying the unfortunate family of the Morusis at Constantinople and Schumla in 1812. That to compass these detestable purposes, they thought no agents too mean to be employed in their service. As, however, these stories had nothing to do with my present business, I again asked him what steps he thought it advisable to take. He then told me that it was not till the afternoon that he had been informed of the arrival of the Tatar, (I thought they would be afraid to tell him,) or he would have sent for me in the morning, though it was his sabbath. He said he would think of the business to-night, and that he begged I

would reflect on it too ; and to-morrow morning, he would send to me, and we should all hold a consultation together. I replied that I ought not, perhaps, to have disturbed his highness on this day, but that the urgency of my business must plead my excuse. That the only subject to reflect on was the possibility of his finding another agent on whom he could depend, and I again represented to him the dangers of delay. I then, alluding to the intention he expressed on Wednesday of writing to the French consul, enjoining him for the future not to take any criminals under his protection, stated that I thought such a step would have at least this advantage,—that the Pasha would not be bound to respect any such protection which should be given subsequent to the date of that letter. The Pasha agreed with me, and said he would give orders for writing the letter to-morrow. We then took leave, highly pleased with the friendly and confidential manner in which the Pasha had treated us. After leaving the palace, we walked to the Pasha's kiosk about a mile distant from his palace, which was built on the site where the water ran from the mountains, so that it gushes violently through one of the rooms, and through a little summer-house outside, which, in the hot weather, must be delightful. This water turns a mill with great force at the bottom of the hill. The Turks in many places make this use of the water from the mountains, and it is an excellent method of checking a torrent whose force would otherwise do mischief to the lands below. The kiosk commands a full view of the town and of the plain on which it

stands (with the mountains beyond) at the eastern extremity of which I saw the village of Παλαιόπολις, (Palaiopolis) the ancient Mantinea; I sat here two hours smoking and alternately talking with some well-dressed Turks who were in the kiosk, and musing over a prospect which inspired so many melancholy reflections on the fate of Arcadia, once the favourite region of Greece, and the scene of pastoral happiness, and now changed to comparatively a barren desert in the possession of barbarians.

Saturday, April 9th.—At two o'clock (not being sent to before) we went to the palace, but the Pasha being gone to his harem, we waited a few minutes in the outer hall (in which is a sort of throne from which the Pasha occasionally reads the public Firmans of the Porte) and I sat down near one of the attendants who was praying, and who, to my great astonishment, as I had never seen a Turk do it before, (for no people are more devout in prayer than they) spoke to us two or three times in the middle of his prayers. When the Pasha came out, we walked with him through the hall to the room where he received us yesterday. Here, after compliments, he told Camellar that he thanked him for the medicines he had given him yesterday, and that he felt himself considerably better. Camellar then to my great surprise, pulled out a parcel of tea, and offered it to the Pasha, and on his (C.'s) praising its good qualities, he was requested to make some, and went out for that purpose. I began now to make but a bad figure, sitting with a

man to whom I could not speak a word; I therefore mustered all the Turkish I was master of, and requested him to send for the Divan Effendi, which he did, but in his stead came in the devotee, through whom I talked with the Pasha in Greek. Camellar soon came in with his tea, which, being without milk, his highness found very bitter, and gave it to me to taste, saying that he wondered how the English could like it. I told him that the English never drank it without milk. I then asked him what was the result of the reflections which he had yesterday promised me to make on our affairs. He then began to look wise, and said that there were three ways of going about the business, either by an order to the Waywode, or by sending a commissioner with troops from Tripolizza, or by employing a spy. I replied that as his highness had already said that he could place no confidence in the two first, the latter was the only course to pursue. The Pasha's dragoman then said that there was a Papas (priest) at Fanari (between Tripolizza and Gastouni) who knew all the inhabitants of the villages round, and who was coming to Tripolizza on other business. The Pasha then said that if I wished it, he would write to this man to hasten his arrival, and employ him in the business. I asked if he could trust him. He answered, that he would tell him his head should pay for it if he betrayed his confidence. He only feared, he added, that I should find it stupid staying so long in Tripolizza. I replied that even if his highness's politeness had not made my stay here so agree-

able, I was on public business, and had therefore no right to consult my private wishes. I then asked him if he had written to the French consul; he said that he had not yet, but that he most assuredly would. We stayed about ten minutes after this, talking about the news and occurrences of the day, &c., and then taking leave, returned to our lodgings to dinner at four o'clock. We remained in-doors (except during the time of our visit) all day, as it looked very like rain. After dinner, a young Turk, one of the Pasha's attendants, quite intoxicated, (who told us that he understood the language, if I may be allowed the expression, of the mutes*,) came to beg something of us, saying that he had been in England with the Turkish Ambassador. This was such a recommendation, that I could not send him away unsatisfied, though it is impossible not to feel disgust at the system of Turkish governors, who place the chief dependance of their numerous servants on travellers, giving them only their board, lodging, clothes, and tobacco, with poor five piastres a month. These servants carry, most of them, a stick, mounted with silver, some a plain

* This language is a kind of talking with the fingers. Mutes are still kept in the seraglio. As they understand and answer by signs, they are not an unnatural appendage to the court of Turkey, where the silence natural to the people is increased by the restraint and fear generally felt there. The life of the grand Vizir Kiuperli, one of the few great men whom Turkey has produced, was saved, in 1691, by a mute, who understood, and betrayed to him, the design of the eunuchs to murder him by stratagem.

one, some one adorned with silver chains and bells, some a strait one, and some one curved at the top. Each of these distinctions mark the different occupations of the servants, as the gold key in other countries denotes the chamberlain, *et alios alios*.

Sunday, April 10th.—This morning one of Mr. Liston's Tatars (the same as I saw at Pyrgo) called on me, and was excessively astonished to find me here. He offered to take a letter for me, but as he was not going directly to Constantinople, I did not avail myself of the opportunity to write. In the afternoon, it being Easter Sunday with the Greeks, I went to one of their churches, which I found surrounded by a great crowd who were making merry and amusing themselves with fire-works. On entering the church, I was unwillingly dragged to a very elevated seat opposite the bishop's; a distinction for which they took care I should pay, bringing me their plate five or six times. The bishop was dressed in robes of fine silk, with crape over his calpac,—bonnet, (which was the same as that of all the Greek priests, and resembles a hat without a brim) and a crosier inlaid alternately with ebony and ivory. They chanted while I was there a chapter of the Gospel, (that in which St. Thomas tells the condition of his belief) the bishop beginning, and five priests taking it up after him verse by verse. When I came out, the physician's servant invited me in his master's name into a small house near (belonging to the Greek secretary

of the Pasha's Kehaya Bey—lieutenant) where I found the physician, and where we staid a short time, and were served by the mistress of the house, a pretty Greek woman, with sweetmeats, pipes and coffee. I then walked with the physician to his house, where we found his wife dressed out (as indeed were all the Greeks to-day) in her gala dress, which I do not remember to have described before. It consists of a small white woollen cap over their long hair, dyed auburn, (of which an artificial *queue* hangs down the back) adorned with flowers or jewels, according to the circumstances of the woman—a rich outer vest, which is generally of white fur, and an inner one of silk—the neck is exposed somewhat beyond decency, and below the waist they wear a girdle which is adorned in front by gold or silver plates. We staid here about an hour and a half, and then returned home to our lodgings. I wished very much to see the sister of the physician's wife, whom report stated to be very beautiful, but was told that it is not the custom for the Greek women to appear in the presence of men before marriage. As I walked with the physician to his house, he showed me a small piece of ground which he had bought, to build a house, and lay out a garden in, for 1,700 piastres. This seems dear for a barbarous and depopulated country.

Monday, April 11th.—At nine o'clock we went to call on Seinegib Effendi (the devotee) being forced to visit him at this hour, as he goes early to the Pasha and stops with him all day. He is the gayest and

best-humoured Turkish priest I ever saw, they being generally most austere and insolent fanaticks. He showed me a book of maps which had been printed at Scutari, in the printing-house established by Sultan Selim. He seemed to be very well acquainted with the geography of them, and paid me the compliment of seeming particularly pleased when I pointed out to him the place where I was born. While we were there, a lame Turk came in, who asked me after "Captain Smith" (Sir Sidney Smith) whom he said he had known in Egypt. It is astonishing how generally and with what respect this officer is spoken of in the Levant, and how many inquiries are made after him by the Turks, of English travellers. The Pasha asked me the other day about Lord Nelson, and if he were yet alive. I wish I could have answered as satisfactorily concerning the latter as the former. We went afterwards to the Pasha's dragoman to pay him the usual compliments of Easter, and found many Greeks visiting him with the same purpose. After dinner, the physician came to invite us to dine with him to-morrow. In the evening, the vice consul came running to me out of breath, to tell me of a letter just received by the Pasha's dragoman, which gave an account of the following outrage committed by the French privateers, to be added to the list of shameless depredations practised on our trade in the ports of these professed neutrals. Last Wednesday (the 6th) a vessel entered the port of Spezia, apparently English, and with English

colours flying. After she had anchored, notice was sent to the English vice consul, demanding his assistance to land and sell the goods. He being absent, his cancelier hired Turkish boats and began to land the cargo, but before he had finished, appeared the vice consul, and, on his arrival, the mask was thrown off. The commander then declared that the vessel was a prize to the French, who had taken her at sea, shifted the crew into their own galiote, and manned her with their own men. The vice-consul then protested he would not suffer them to keep or sell the prize in a Turkish port, and proceeded to lay hands on the cargo and put it under sequestration. At this moment arrived the galiote who had taken her, and the French crew landing, resisted the intentions of the vice-consul, killed one of his men, and, dragging himself on board the galiote, put out to sea, and have carried him it is unknown where. The person killed is supposed, by Pasqualigo, to be the cancelier.

After he had finished his story, I advised him to go immediately to the Pasha, and to demand that he should send messengers to the ports of the Morea, with orders that if the vice consul should be brought to any of them, he should be immediately released. He is just returned, and tells me that the Pasha has promised that to-morrow morning he will send two Tatars with those orders; one in the direction of Navarin, Modon, and Coron, and the other to Napoli di Malvasia.

I confess that I am glad of this occurrence, for the

outrage is so infamous, that notice must be taken of it. And as for our vice consuls in the Levant, I wish the French would carry them all off to America. They are in general Greek merchants, without public character, and without pay, who are respected by neither Turks, Greeks, or Franks. Pasqualigo wishes me to write an account of this affair immediately to Mr. Liston and General Campbell; but so many reports in this country prove to be false, that I shall certainly wait till it is confirmed.

Tuesday, April 12th.—This morning the Pasha's dragoman called on me, to tell me that he had received two letters, containing the following information:—The first detailed the affair which I mentioned yesterday (stating that it happened thirty days ago), but with this difference, that the vice-consul was not carried off by the crew of the French vessel, though it was not mentioned, whether or not he had succeeded in putting the cargo under sequestration. The second communicated a more atrocious insult as it was committed by our allies instead of our enemies. It stated, that six days ago (last Wednesday), there arrived at Spezia a Chiaous from the Captain Pasha at Satalia, in search of Signor Vasili Malokini (English and Russian vice-consul), and who, not finding him in the island, went over to his house at Porto Cheli, on the opposite coast of the Morea: here he told him that the Captain Pasha had received from the Sultan a firman, bearing, that in future no Rayah should be tolerated in the service of a foreign

power; that the vice-consul was therefore commanded to give up to him (the Ch.) his patent of vice-consul, and all his public documents; and that if he wished to live hereafter quietly in Spezia as a Rayah, he might do so, on condition of his paying to the Chiaous the expenses of his journey, which he valued at 2,500 piastres. As the vice-consul understood from the Chiaous that he had with him another firman, which he was ordered not to produce, unless the condition should be accepted, he naturally feared, that this latter would contain an order for beheading him after he should have put it into the power of the Turks to do so legally, by having declared himself a Rayah: he therefore most strenuously refused to accept the terms, or to give up his documents. Upon this, the Turks fell upon him, beat him violently about the head, broke open his boxes, seized his papers, and bastinadoed him severely; in this state the Chiaous declared he was ordered to carry him in irons to Satalia, for which place, the letter added, he was to be taken off in a boat hired by the Chiaous this very day. The dragoman told me, that this letter was written by a person who had seen the vice-consul in the custody of the Chiaous; and that he was commissioned by some relations of the consul residing here, to entreat, that I would endeavour to save the man's life by sending despatches immediately, relating the affair to the ambassador and to General Campbell: that, as they had no doubt the Turks had a design on his life, they begged I would intercede with the

General to send a force to rescue him from the Turks in Spezia, if he should still be there, or to pursue the vessel that was carrying him to Satalia. The dragoman added, that they would willingly defray the expenses of these messengers; and, lastly, begged that I would carefully conceal his (the D.'s) having had any hand in the affair, as it would, if known, most probably cost him his head. I replied, that I would certainly write forthwith to Mr. Liston and General Campbell, though I could give no hopes, that the latter would consent to undertake so violent a measure as the relations of the vice-consul proposed: at all events, the dragoman might depend on my secrecy. I accordingly requested Camellar to go immediately to the Pasha, to apply for a Tatar to Constantinople*; and lest my object should be suspected, di-

* My Tatar arrived in due time at Constantinople, and was soon followed by the son of the consul and by the supercargo of the vessel, who, when I afterwards saw him at Tino, did not know where his captain had been carried. Mr. Liston spoke and wrote very strongly to the Porte, demanding satisfaction. This was readily promised: the Porte denied any knowledge of the outrage, and immediately sent a Tatar to the Captain Pasha, with a peremptory order to send back Malokini instantly to Spezia, where a Chiaous was immediately to follow with the consul's son and his companion, arrest the offenders, and bring them to Constantinople. The unfortunate man was accordingly embarked from Satalia, but died during the passage, no doubt from bad treatment or poison: indeed, the ambassador, in his letters to the Porte, stating his death, strongly accused them or their agents of the murder, and demanded a strict inquiry into the causes of his tragical end, and the most rigid punishment of the murderers, if convicted. This is Turkish policy and faith!

rected him to say, that I had despatches from the General to the Ambassador, which I had intended to carry myself ; but as I was detained here longer than I expected, I found it necessary to send them forward. I desired Pasqualigo to make me two copies of each of the letters that had been received, in their original Greek ; and I sent Mustapha to the doctor, to beg that he would put off his dinner from twelve o'clock to three. Camellar returned soon, saying, that the Pasha was in his harem, and could not be seen till the afternoon. At two o'clock he went to the dragoman for the money to pay the Tatar. At three, having finished my letters, which were not very long, as the inclosures would give the necessary information, I went to the house of the physician, whom I found in great consternation, at having his dinner put off so long. Camellar arrived soon after me, having been told that the dragoman was asleep, and we sat down to dinner. The physician had hired to amuse us two Greek musicians, with a Turkish mandolina (sort of guitar) and a tambourine, who played and sang, as they called it, during dinner, but the fellows made such a horrible noise, and gave me so violent a head-ach, that I was at last forced to beg that they might be sent to play in the next room. At dinner the doctor told me that he had never seen his wife till the day of his marriage, and that it was the custom of the country for the Greek female children to have entire freedom till they were ten years old, after which they were shut up till their wedding-day ; and that he had procured for his wife's sister a child of eight years, the advantage (as he

called it) of being shut up in the harem with the Pasha's women, to work embroidery, till a suitable marriage should be proposed for her. After dinner the musicians were called in, and one of them in a slow dance acted a pantomime, (representing, as I was told the betraying of our Saviour by Judas, to which, however, I saw nothing like,) which, for the horrible contortions of the eyes and the wretchedness of the action, I never saw equalled any where. At five o'clock, a black Chiaous of the Pasha came to summon the physician to the palace. Camellar went with him to ask for a Tatar, and I remained with Madame and one of his friends till he should return. As I had observed that she had absented herself very carefully just before the Chiaous came in, I asked her the reason; and she told me that a young Greek woman never appeared barefaced before a Turk. In an hour Camellar returned, saying, that the Pasha was very unwell, and he had not been able to see him, and that he had kept the physician; we therefore returned at half-past six to our lodging, preceded by one of the Pasha's black attendants, whom he had sent to escort us: the Chiaous, as we went, hearing me complain of the cold, advised me to follow his example in drinking brandy liberally to warm myself. As we returned home, we met several Greeks carrying paper lanterns, it being forbid to walk the streets after dark without light. It rained hard all last night, and this morning we found that all the mountains round Tripolizza had been newly covered with snow.

Wednesday, April 13th.—At ten o'clock Camellar went to the Pasha, whom he found considerably better, and procured a Tatar for Constantinople, whom we sent off at half-past one. The weather being cold and rainy, as, indeed it has been for the last three days, we staid in-doors the whole of the day. I was much disturbed all last night by a stork that lodged on the top of our chimney, and made an incessant noise with his bill, exactly like that which our watchmen make with their rattles. There is one of these birds on the roof of almost every house in Tripolizza: the Turks think that they bring a blessing to the house on which they build their nest, and the lower classes, seeing them so attached to the abodes of man, even believe the transmigration of the human soul into them. In the small open gallery before the house, in which we are lodged, there are above twenty swallows' nests, all inhabited. There would be something amiable in this regard which the Turks pay to the life of animals, if they had the same consideration for their fellow-creatures; but the Pasha, who would think it a heinous sin to kill a sparrow, will, in a fit of cruelty, behead ten men in a morning.

Thursday, April 14th.—This morning early Camellar went to the palace (as he was entreated at his audience yesterday) to make tea for the Pasha. He came back quite delighted, saying, that the Pasha had drank three cups, and had said, that the English were no fools for liking tea and buttered toast; and that he (C.) had promised, that I would

write to Zante, that some might be sent him, which I have accordingly done. At one o'clock we walked to the Pasha's kiosk, where we found seven or eight Turkish gentlemen, (if one does not wrong the name by bestowing it on a Turk,) sitting in the summer-house. We joined them, and they received us with great civility, asking me several questions about the English heroes of Egypt, and the antiquity of Tripolizza*. When the attendant came in with coffee, &c., they amused themselves by pushing him alternately from each side into the basin of water (about breast high), in the middle of the summer-house; and afterwards made him a compensation for his ducking, by a collection of two or three piastres. After we had sat with them an hour, they went away, and we saw them throwing the djerrid on the plain below; the various colours of their dresses, with the beauty of their horses and the excellence of their horsemanship, increased the liveliness of the prospect, which was to-day rendered more cheerful by a brilliant sunshine. This morning a Pedone (foot messenger) went off with my letters to General Campbell.

Friday, April 15th.—In the morning, the son of the Pasha's dragoman called on me, and on my complaining to him of the ennui which I suffered here, he told me that there was a doctor in the town, a Cephaloniote, who had a small library, and that if I wished, he would go with me to his house. We

* Tripolizza is a modern town; but its name may possibly be derived from that of Tripolis, a district of ancient Arcadia.

called there at half-past ten, and as the doctor was not at home, we went to a small garden of the dragoon's, adjoining his house, where we smoked and drank coffee for an hour. We then repeated our visit, and found the doctor, who appeared an honest intelligent man, and who politely offered me any books I might wish to read. He told me that he led a very comfortable life here, which I can easily believe, as the Turks, from necessity, respect the Franks who follow this profession; and their reputation is quite safe, as all their failures are ascribed to destiny. They are of course forced to be apothecaries too. In the afternoon, we heard from our lodgings the music before the Pasha's palace, which, as I have mentioned before, is always played on the Turkish sabbath. As it has been again fine to-day, I am in hopes the weather is about to settle into summer.

Saturday, April 16th.—After dinner, a foot messenger arrived from Patrass, with letters from Mr. Strani for Signor Pasqualigo and me. Mine informed me that Mr. T. (whose acquaintance I made in Cephalonia) was arrived at Patrass, on his way to Athens; that Mr. S. expected hourly from Salona Hassan, one of Mr. Liston's Tatars, and that if I wished, he would send him here to accompany me back; and that one of the murderers, of whom we were in search, was coming here with a letter of recommendation from the French party, (mark the shamelessness with which the French consul grants his

favours to assassins!) to procure the release of one of his comrades, imprisoned at Gastouni, for a murder he had committed there, since his escape from Zante. With this latter piece of information, Camellar and I went immediately to the Pasha; and begged, that if this man should arrive he would instantly imprison him, but with some false pretence, lest his companions at Gastouni should take the alarm. He strongly assured me that he would, and proposed an ingenious pretence, *viz.*, that his dragoman should find some man to swear a debt against him. At six o'clock we left the Pasha, as his physician came to announce that supper was ready.

I was much amused to-day with the ignorance and pride of the Selictar Aga (sword-bearer and chief of the domestics) of the Pasha, who told Camellar that he had lately intended to pass from Gastouni to Zante; but being told that the guns of the fortress would salute him on his arrival, he had declined the voyage to avoid the tumult of a publick reception. In the evening I wrote to T., entreating him to join me at Tripolizza, that we might go to Athens together: and answered Mr. Strani's letter, recommending particular secrecy with respect to our business here, and begging him, in case T. should comply with my request, to send Hassan here with him; otherwise to order him to wait for me at Athens. His letter had also informed me, that Mr. P. was gone over to Zante, which I am sorry for, as, if the murderers should by chance return

to Patrass, there will be nobody to enforce the Pasha's buyourdi, which authorizes their apprehension; Mr. Strani, from age and illness, being quite incapable of active interference.

Sunday, April 17th.—To-day I have nothing but anecdotes to rehearse; but these anecdotes will give a just idea of the inhabitants of Turkey. Yesterday five Turks quarrelled in a coffee-house with two others. To-day, at noon, in the middle of the mosque, the five have attempted to assassinate, and have dangerously wounded the two, and succeeded in escaping, though hotly pursued: at least, they have not yet been taken. The wounded are not expected to recover. At dinner, the physician and the dragoman's son called on us: the latter informed me, that several Turks had told him, that they suspected, from the caution with which my business was concealed, that I was come here to plot the taking of the Morea;—so little confidence in us has been inspired into this people by our active defence of them. It will be said, perhaps, that this nonsense is conceived only by the lowest class of people; but the lowest class of people form by far the greatest part of the population; and in ignorance all the Turks are very nearly on a par. The physician told us of a trick by which he had extorted money from the Pasha, of which, so far from being ashamed, he boasted with vivacity. He reproached the Pasha with having sent his band of music to play at his house, in consequence of which he had been forced to give them a

baghish (present) of forty-four piastres. The Pasha assured him that they were not sent by him, and immediately taking out his purse paid him the sum he thus falsely complained of having lost. He said he had often gained money from the Pasha by such inventions as these. Dishonesty may be found every where; but it is only in these countries that one finds men so degraded, as to confess and to boast of it. In fact, I do not know, whether these vagabond Frank inhabitants of Turkey,—men, one may say, without a country,—are not more low-minded and contemptible than the natural inhabitants.

Monday, April 18th.—This morning we took a long walk over the plain before the city, which, in spite of its almost entirely uncultivated state, is yet very beautiful. Even a Turk cannot totally spoil nature. The most lamentable mark in this country of the ferocity of the people, and the weakness of the government is, that even the peasants when at work, are for the most part armed*. If I cannot go to Sparta, I had at least the pleasure of eating to-day some oranges that grew there.

Tuesday, April 19th.—In the morning we walked with the Cephaloniote doctor, to the south of the

* This custom appears also to have been prevalent in ancient Greece. See in Xenophon's *Anabasis* (Book VI.) the picture of agricultural labour, drawn in the Carpæan dance exhibited by the Greeks to the ambassadors of Corylas. Ovid represents it as a proof of barbarism;

Est igitur rarus qui rus colere audeat, Isque

Hâc arat infelix, hâc tenet arma manu.—*TRISTIUM*. *El.* 10.

town, a little beyond old Tripolizza, of which there still remain a few ruins about a mile distant from the new city. In the evening the vice-consul called to tell me that the Papas was arrived from Fanari. We expected him every day since Thursday, but last week being Easter week with the Greeks, he could not come till it was over.

Wednesday, April 20th.—At ten o'clock I sent Camellar to the Pasha, to say that as the Papas was arrived, I wished to see him (the Pasha) as soon as possible, but he replied that he must have a day to consider. At noon we walked round the north and west walls of the city. There are seven gates of wood, and as there is no fosse round the walls, I should think a day would be the utmost the city could hold out. In the evening, the Cephaloniote doctor came to drink punch with us. He amused us with the story of a Turkish priest whom he lately heard in a coffee-house boasting of having killed eighty-four *evil spirits*, by whom he had been infested. "But," said his acquaintances, to whom he was relating his exploits, "from eighty-four persons, there must have flowed a considerable quantity of blood, and we see no blood in your house."—"Oh!" he replied, "these immaterial beings have no blood."—This explanation fully convinced the Turks, and it is still talked of in Tripolizza as a noble act of heroism. However ridiculous this story appears, there is nothing unlikely in its being believed by the lower orders of Turks.

Thursday, April 21st.—In the morning I received

a letter from the Cancelier (a Greek) of Spezia, inclosing an authenticated account of the carrying off of our vice-consul there. The Pasha did not summon us as he yesterday said he would. At two o'clock we went to dine with his dragoman, who treated us *à l'Européenne*, with chairs and table. His son-in-law, a Greek physician, settled in Argos, who had studied seven years in Padua, was of the party. The dragoman's two sons waited at table with the servants. Who can wonder that the Greeks are contented with servitude when they are thus trained to it at home from their infancy?

Friday, April 22nd.—At noon Camellar went to the dragoman to inquire respecting our affairs, and on his return told me that he had left him with the Papas, "*faisant la combinaison.*" We went afterwards to call on Nuri Bey, whom we found dictating to a secretary the account of his weekly expenses, which he told us he always wrote down regularly. He received me very politely, was very curious (like all Turks) to look at my watch, and shook hands with me very cordially at parting.

Saturday, April 23rd.—At five, p. m., the dragoman called on us with the Papas who had been summoned on our business, to tell us the result of their consultation on the subject of it, which was that they were utterly unable to find another spy on whom they could confide, and they recommended to me to send for two men from Zante, who should be acquainted with the persons of the murderers. This, however, I positively

refused, both on account of the delay and the danger of discovery. The dragoman then said that as the Bey of Gastouni (who had also the command of Pyrgo) was a very rich and ambitious man, to whom money was no object, but who was very eager for preferment,—he thought that a letter from the Pasha, which should charge him with the execution of our purpose, threatening to report him to the Turkish government as a disobedient subject if he refused, and promising to recommend him as a zealous one if he complied and succeeded,—would have a good effect. In this I agreed, and immediately proposed that this plan should be followed, stipulating only that we should see the letter before it was sent, which was readily promised. I now wish we had adopted this system at first, but it was impossible then to know that a spy was unattainable, and espionage would certainly be the most politick system. On his departure the Papas made me a speech which I should have thought interesting, if I could have known it to be sincere. “ You see what I am, a rayah, a miserable “ slave; yet I would willingly give all I am worth to “ be able to do a service to the English government.” These warm professions, and the civilities I have received from the Greeks make me think that these people begin to have an idea that at some period, not very distant, the English may be the possessors of the Morea*.

The next day we could do no business, and amused

* This idea was subsequently confirmed to me.

ourselves with walking about the town and neighbourhood.

Monday, April 25th.—At half-past ten we went to the Pasha, whom we found with his Divan Effendi and another Turk. As he was still very unwell, (indeed he has been so all the time we have been here), we did not stay long with him. He told us that he had already written the Buyourdi for the Waywode of Gastouni, and that the letter should be finished to-day—that he had sent the letter which he had promised me, to the French and English consuls, forbidding them to protect each other's subjects,—and he promised to bring to a speedy conclusion the business of the Maltese who had been robbed at Calamati*. After stopping with him about twenty minutes, we took leave, and went to the room of the dragoman, who showed us the Buyourdi, which forbade in strong general terms the protection of the villains who came from the Ionian islands, but did not particularize the four murderers of whom we were in search: This, however, I did not regard as they would be named in the Pasha's

* In December, 1814, Camellar came to Constantinople, with despatches from General Campbell. On my inquiring about the affair of this Maltese captain, he told me that the primates of Nissa had, at the command of Achmet Pasha, written to the robbers whom they knew perfectly well, and who answered that they had robbed the Maltese by mistake, taking him for a French doctor (whom I saw at Tripolizza) on whom they sought to revenge themselves by murdering him,—that they were sorry for their mistake, but that the spoil having been long ago divided and spent, it was impossible to restore it.

letter. In the dragoman's room were some Turks, and the Greek Papas (whose name was *Alexanthros*) whom we had wished to employ. He was reading a small testament printed by the Bible Society, in London, which I had brought from Zante, and lent him. He was much pleased with it, and delighted when I told him that if he wrote to Zante, perhaps they would send him some copies to distribute gratis. In the evening the dragoman called on us to read to us the letter to the Waywode of Gastouni, which was written in Greek, as the Waywode understood Turkish but very imperfectly. It was expressed as strongly as we could wish of the same tenour as I have described in page 266. The dragoman has promised us that it shall be sent to-morrow morning early. Gastouni is three days distant from Tripolizza.

Tuesday, April 26th.—This morning we intended to visit Mantinea, but the Turkish post-master who brought the horses, having demanded an unreasonably enormous bagshish which we refused to give him, he took them back again. Camellar went immediately to complain of him to the Pasha's Kehaya Bey, who threatened to bastinado him severely, and sent us the horses again, but it was now too late, and besides the day began to look rainy, so that we deferred our expedition till to-morrow, and I stopt at home all day to write my despatches to General Campbell.

Wednesday, April 27th.—At ten o'clock we mounted our post horses, and went with the son of the dragoman to visit Tegea and Mantinea. The post-

master, of whom we complained yesterday, had the insolence to come again this morning for a bagshish, but we sent him away without a para. On the site of Tegea, which is on the plain an hour's distance to the south of Tripolizza, we saw the ruined walls of an amphitheatre; and in the middle of these was an old church of the low empire, built from the materials of the ancient Tegea. There was one stone with a Greek inscription on which, as it was placed high, I could only distinguish the words TIMOKAHE TIMOKPEOS METOIKOI, which, there being several other names, made me think that it was a list of the chief inhabitants. This stone I wished very much to bring away, but it was attended with so many difficulties, that I was obliged to give it up. There were several others with crosses on them. After stopping here a short time, we set off for Mantinea, which was three hours distant, being to the north of Tripolizza, and standing in a large plain. We passed in our way about a dozen miserable villages of from twenty to sixty houses. We reached Mantinea at two o'clock*. There is nothing to be seen but the remains of the walls which had strong towers at fifty feet interval. Vely Pasha, in digging here, found some tombs, in which I heard there were a few small statues which he gave to Lord Sligo. Before the walls is a small pool of water which may possibly be the remains of a moat, as it runs along nearly the

* The ruins seen on this plain are of the new city. The old one stood on a mountain. PAUSANIAS, Book viii. Chap. 12.

whole length of them. As I was groping about them to take a stone from them according to my usual custom, I unwarily touched the tail of a serpent asleep close to my hand, which, being awoken by the noise I made, immediately hid himself in the stones. Outside the walls is the hill on which Epaminondas ranged the Theban army before the battle. On the top of it is an old ruined castle. We mounted this hill, and found a small village, the inhabitants of which sold me a few copper coins, (all of Byzantine or Venetian date) and regaled us with some eggs and bad wine. We found the women of the village (the men were at work cultivating the plain below) sitting together on the ground, or on low rush-bottomed stools, spinning cotton in the air. They seemed in the extremity of poverty, yet were very cheerful, and accused us of not being Christians, because we ate meat on a Wednesday. After stopping an hour and a half to contemplate this famous spot, so celebrated for the victory gained there by one of the most estimable characters of antiquity, we returned to Tripolizza (two hours and a half distant) which we reached at half-past six, being wetted by rain in our return.

Next day, I sent off a foot messenger with my despatches to General Campbell, and staid within doors writing the whole of the day.

Friday, April 29th.—At half-past ten we went to visit the Pasha, but on Camellar's going in to announce me, the Pasha begged me to wait a few minutes, as, it being their sabbath, he had to receive the

visit of the principal Turks. who had just sent word they were coming. I accordingly went to the dragoman's room, where I waited half an hour. In going there, I met Arnaout Oghu and Nuri Bey, with a numerous train, walking towards the Pasha's apartment. They both saluted me, and the former reproached me for not having visited him, which I promised I would to-day. When they were gone, I went to the Pasha and told him that as our business was now in train, I came to take leave of him, being in haste to return to Constantinople. That Mr. Camellar would remain till the conclusion of the affair, which I strongly recommended to His Highness to bring to a successful issue. That I also demanded of him to do justice to the Maltese who had been robbed, and to levy a contribution on the inhabitants of Nissa (within half an hour's distance of which town he had been plundered) according to the existing capitulations between our two countries; that I returned him my thanks for the politeness and civilities which he had shewn me during my residence here, of which I had already written an account to the Ambassador at Constantinople and to the General at Zante, and of which I should not forget to speak in person. He then turned to his dragoman, and asked, if the primates from Nissa were arrived, he having written to them to come thirty days ago. The dragoman said, that one of them was arrived, but that the others had written, that they were engaged in a marriage, and could not

come till it was finished. "But (said the Pasha) surely they might finish their marriage in thirty days. "I would marry four wives in the time." He then ordered the dragoman to write again, ordering them to come instantly on pain of his displeasure; and turning to me, told me, that I might safely rely, that he would use his utmost exertion to bring our affair to a successful end, and that he would see justice done to the Maltese. I replied, that I had instructed the Maltese, in case he should not obtain speedy justice, to come to Constantinople, and prefer his complaints to the Ambassador. The Pasha repeated his assurances, apologized to me for having made me wait to-day, as well as for not having been able to see me every time I had wished to speak with him during my stay here, on account of his indisposition. I answered, that I was more sorry for it, on account of the cause, than of the delay which it had produced. He proceeded, entreating me to keep him in my remembrance, and to present his respects to the Ambassador, recommending him to his Excellency's friendship and protection, and assuring his Excellency, that he would always watch over the interests of the English with particular attention. He, lastly, begged that I would visit him again to-morrow, before my departure, which I promised I would, and then took my leave, as I knew he must go to the mosque at noon. He gave orders before I went to get ready a buyourdi for horses, and the customary passport to pass the Derwent (isthmus), and pressed me to take

one of his Tatars to protect me as far as Athens, which I could not avoid accepting. After I left him, I went to take leave of his Kehaya Bey. While I was waiting for him in his room in the palace, (which was large and convenient, and had about a dozen bags hung on the walls, which I was told contained papers,) Mustapha came to tell me, that Mahomet (the janizary, who left this place with Mr. P.) was arrived at our lodgings from Patrass with letters. I sent him immediately to bring the letters to the palace. They consisted of one from Mr. Strani and one from Mr. P. to me: the former contained the (to us) important intelligence, that two of the murderers (whose persons it described) were actually come to Tripolizza, and that Mahomet, to whom, however, our business was a secret, knew them. From the Kehaya Bey's window I saw the Pasha going to the mosque. His train consisted of about a hundred attendants on foot, after whom came himself with half a dozen others on horseback, and twenty or five and twenty more behind him on foot: he was superbly dressed in a pelisse of sable fur, (perhaps that which the Sultan sends him annually on his re-appointment to the Pashalick,) and mounted on a beautiful horse with magnificent trappings; for dress, arms, pipes, and the furniture of horses, constitute the splendour of a Turk. After we had waited half an hour, the Kehaya Bey came, and, after the compliments of taking leave (such as his begging me not to forget him, assuring me that he would not forget me, and various other non-

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sense), I repeated to him my complaints of the insolent post-master, and communicated to him the contents of Mr. Strani's letter, on which it was agreed, that we should send Mahomet round the town to look for the men; and that, if necessary, he (the K. Bey) would send us soldiers to arrest them. At two o'clock we returned to our lodgings, and gave Mahomet his commission. He said that, if he found them, he would prevail on the surrounding Turks (who are generally armed) to assist him in securing them by the promise of a baghshish. In three-quarters of an hour he returned, saying, that he had walked round all the streets, but had not seen them.

At three o'clock, we went to call on Arnaout Oglu and Nuri Bey, but they were both with the Pasha on the following occasion:—The garrison of the castle, on the Peloponnesian side of the gulf of Lepanto, had revolted against their commander; and the Pasha, surrounded by the Turkish chiefs of the Morea, was now preparing to send a force of 200 men to suppress the mutiny. After dinner Camellar called on the dragoman to communicate to him the contents of the letter, and to engage him to find a spy, as we feared that the interference of Mahomet might discover our interest in the seizure of the villains. He sent for the master of the khan to ask, what strangers had lately arrived at his house; but from him he could gain no satisfactory intelligence. He (the D.) then employed in the search his calpacchee (capmaker), to whom he gave the description of the

men. This man has just now (half-past eight) been with us to say, that a Zantiote, answering one of the descriptions, set off for Patrass this morning with a Pedone (whom we suspect to be the other in disguise). We have instructed him to renew his search in the morning ; and if he find his suspicions confirmed, we will send off a Tatar disguised, who is to pass the two men on the road, and have them arrested at the next town or village, by producing his buyourdi.

Saturday, April 30th.—This morning arrived the primates from Nissa, who had set off from their home before the Pasha's last message reached them. They were in a mortal fright, and begged that I would intercede for them with the Pasha, who was so angry with them for their delay, that otherwise they feared for their heads, and the least they must expect was a severe bastinado. I promised them, that, provided they settled every thing to the satisfaction of the poor Maltese, no harm should happen to them, and devolved to Camellar the observance of my engagement.

At ten o'clock the Pasha's dragoman called on us to say, that, according to the additional information which his calpacchee had collected, one of the men whom we sought had certainly gone to Patrass yesterday morning ; and the other slept at Tripolizza last night in an oven, a common resource of the poorer class of Greeks. We begged him to go immediately to the Pasha with this information, and to request, that a Tatar might be immediately sent to Patrass with a buyourdi to arrest the one there, as well as

the four boatmen (who had carried the murderers to and from Zante), who, we had been informed, were now actually at Patrass. These four latter have the French protection ; but this, on my earnest protestations that the French had no right to give it them, I hoped the Pasha would disregard. At half-past ten we called on Seinegib Effendi, of whom I took leave, uttering and receiving the usual unmeaning compliments. At a quarter past eleven we went to the palace, and repaired to the room of the dragoman*, who told us, that he had not yet been able to speak with the Pasha, as he had been closetted all the morning with Arnaout Oglu and the other chiefs, still preparing to send the 200 men. The affair which rendered this force necessary was now detailed to me. Seven men of the garrison of the castle, on the Albanian side of the Gulf of Lepanto, being discontented with their Disdar Aga (commander of the fort) had passed over to the Peloponnesian side, where they were joined by the garrison of the castle on that bank, consisting of forty. These forty-seven had advanced to Patrass, and possessed themselves of the castle there, from which the Pasha was preparing to expel them. What an idea does this give of the discipline of the Turkish soldiery ! As this was my last visit, I thought it better to wait till I could see the Pasha, than to defer calling till the afternoon :

* While I was in the dragoman's room, a black attendant of the Pasha came begging to me : he said, he had four wives, and not a para to maintain them.

but after waiting in vain for an hour and a half, I began to be tired, and went with Camellar and the consul to take leave of Nuri Bey. We found him on his sofa, with six Turks on the floor before him playing at and overlooking chess. Their game was soon finished, and they did not seem to me to play very well. It appeared to be just the same as ours, with the exception of one curious movement. When the king's knight and bishop had been moved out of the way, the king being moved one step forward into the place of his pawn, was then allowed to move, like a knight, into the place of his knight, in order to castle. On my asking the reason of this, I learned from the players (with some difficulty, as Camellar not being a chess-player could not readily interpret the terms), that this double move was permitted to the king only on the occasion of *castelling*, in order that it might be performed quicker, though I confess I cannot myself see how this advantage is obtained. The Turks play so extremely quick, that I could hardly follow their moves, much less observe the plan of their game. The board was a piece of wood covered with red leather, and divided into its sixty-two squares, by white tape nailed down. During the half-hour I stopped here, Nuri Bey overwhelmed me with personal and national compliments, and promised to send me in the evening the letter to his son in Corinth. We went back to the palace, but the Pasha was not yet at liberty; we therefore returned to our lodgings to

dinner, which the consul partook with us. When we had finished our dinner, we went again to the palace, and after waiting three quarters of an hour, were introduced to the presence of the Pasha in the same room in which I saw him the first day. I urged to him the request which I had charged his dragoman to make in the morning. He hesitated at first about the four boatmen who had the French protection; but at last consented to send a Tatar, on condition that I would deliver to him a formal declaration, stating, that I had been informed by Mr. Strani, that the boatmen were at Patrass. He also promised to send to Camellar to-morrow some soldiers, who should go with Mahomet to arrest the villain who was remaining here. I then requested him to give me a buyourdi for General Campbell, of the same tendency as that which I had before obtained for the consul. He replied, that he was not able to send a buyourdi out of the Sultan's dominions; but that if the General would write him an official letter on the subject, he would give the strongest orders, (which he promised me upon his honour, he would take care to see faithfully obeyed) to the commanders of all the ports of the Morea, opposite to the Ionian islands, not to admit into the interior, but to send back to the nearest port of the islands, all persons who should present themselves without a regular passport from the government. The attendants of the Pasha then came in, and his dragoman presented me with, and assisted me to put on, a pe-

lisse of ermined fur : while I put it on, the attendants shouted aloud (as I was told) to this effect, " Long
" may our Sultan live, and may his power never be
" diminished." I then told the Pasha, that " I
" begged to return him my thanks for all the civi-
" lities he had shewn me ; that I had rather he
" should have made me no present, as I wished to
" shew him that the English looked for nothing from
" the Turks but their friendship ; but that, since he
" had had the politeness to present me with this pe-
" lisse, I would always keep it as a memorial of his
" friendship." The Pasha then sent for a Tatar,
whom he charged to escort me as far as Athens,
and to whom he gave a buyourdi for horses, and a
pass for the Derwent, (passage of the Isthmus). I
then left him, and returned to my lodgings to deposit
my pelisse, which I took off when I had walked
halfway. Camellar then went to Nuri Bey to get my
letter of introduction, and to present him with a silver
knife and fork, which I took out of my pocket-book.
I went to take leave of Arnaout Oglu with the con-
sul. I found him sitting in the balcony outside of
his house : he complained of a perpetual head-ach,
which tormented him incessantly. After compliments,
I told him, that I wished much to get some ancient
medals ; but as I had been too busy during my stay here
to look for them, I should be much obliged to him,
if he would collect a few for me in the numerous
villages which he governed. He promised me that he

would, and begged me in return to send him from Constantinople a pair of English spectacles. We exchanged addresses, and he gave me the name of his agent in that city. After talking with him half an hour, I returned to my lodgings. The dragoman this morning requested me to intercede with Mr. Liston to obtain for him a firman of English protection, and the employment of English dragoman for the affairs of the Morea. I promised him I would; but I have no idea, as I have stated, of succeeding, as, even if Mr. Liston were willing to do it, the Porte has lately declared its determination never in future to acknowledge a Rayah, as the protected agent in Turkey of any nation whatsoever. In the evening the Pasha's musicians came to receive their customary bagshish on the donation of a pelisse.

Sunday, May 1st.—This morning, at three o'clock, Antonio woke me with the news, that there was a terrible fire in the neighbourhood of our lodgings. I got up immediately, and saw that it was about three hundred yards to the west of us. It was raging terribly, and seemed to gain ground every minute, so much so that we began to think of moving our baggage to the house of the dragoman, which was at some distance to the south of ours. The constant falling of timbers and the shouts of the Turks added to the horror of the scene. It had blown a perfect gale of wind all day, and had that continued, the whole city would probably have been burnt, but pro-

videntially it was now quite a calm. Here they had no other means of subduing the flames than by pulling down the adjoining houses, and throwing stones to smother the fire, which we saw several doing. We sent Mustapha to see where it was: he told us that it was in the Serai, and had begun near the dragoman's room, which was burnt down, together with the side of the square in which it stood: that a room was also entirely destroyed in which was deposited a considerable sum of money belonging to the Pasha, who was there himself, with all his ministers and the dragoman, scolding, threatening, promising, and ordering all the Greeks who could be gathered together to use every effort for extinguishing the fire. I was glad to hear that the Pasha was concerned, as I knew that he would speedily extinguish it by pulling down a whole street rather than suffer himself. At half-past four, it being pretty well got under, I lay down again. At half-past eight, I went with the consul to see its effects. In our way we met the dragoman, who looked excessively fatigued, and told us that in his room he had lost a few books, and most of his papers.

The view of the ruins was indeed lamentable. Nearly the whole of two sides of the quadrangle was destroyed, and they had with difficulty saved the Pasha's apartments by covering the wooden roof with Turkey carpets soaked in water. The stables were burnt, one horse killed, and all the rest had run frantically into the country. The Pasha is determined

to behead eight of his servants who had the watch last night, and who did not give notice of the fire. I am every where told that in twenty days all the mischief will be repaired, and that the Greeks will pay for it.

At nine o'clock, with real delight, I took leave of Camellar, and left Tripolizza, where I have been moped to death for the last month. My cavalcade consisted of Antonio, Mustapha, Devrisch (the Pasha's Tatar) and two surigees, with two baggage horses. For the first two hours and a half we rode along the plain before Tripolizza, which became gradually better cultivated as we advanced further from the city. At the end of it we stopped a few minutes at a khan, as it began to rain violently*. We then ascended mountains, in the beginning of which, for half an hour, the road, or rather the irregular stairs of rock that bore the name of one, were so terribly precipitous, that, my horse being rather lame, I alighted, and walked along it. I myself in walking, could hardly keep my feet, yet the surigee, as he rode along it, shut his eyes, and almost slept. We continued to climb mountains, amongst wild and gigantick scenery till a quarter past two, when we stopped at a khan half-way to dine. I could not enjoy the lovely prospect before me, as the

* An hour north of the city we rode in the almost dry bed of a large river, which Devrisch told me flows as far as Misitra. Perhaps it is the Eurotas which flowed to the north from Lacedæmon.

rain fell in torrents the whole of the day. In half an hour we left the khan, from which we could see the port of Napoli di Romania, and of the fine bay in which it stands*. We continued to get partial glimpses of it through the valleys during the rest of our journey. For four hours we rode on through mountains and valleys, with the same grand scenery before us, and the same obstacle to our enjoying it. At length, from a height, an hour and a half distant, we had a view of the city of Agamemnon, standing in a rich and extensive plain, bounded by mountains on all sides but the east, where it stretches to the sea, and to the port of Napoli di Romania. This is one of the most beautiful prospects of Greece, but I was deprived of it by the rain and the consequent thickness of the atmosphere. The first appearance with which the town strikes the eye is that of a large mass of white, surrounded by cypress trees. In half an hour we reached the plain which is highly cultivated. On one of the mountains, at the beginning of the plain, is a high and deep cavern which seems to have existed from the beginning of time, and of the interior of which the Greeks have formed a church. To the right of it is a mound, on which stand three small columns, about three feet high. Vely Pasha, on excavating it, found it full of these columns (from twenty to twenty-five in number) and placed three of them on the outside.

* In the port lay an English vessel, made a prize of, or rather stolen, by the French privateers, and shamelessly brought to be sold in a neutral port.

There is every appearance of its being a tomb. Both these objects are close to a village called Μίλος (Melos) from the number of mills in it, which are turned by abundant streams of water from the mountains. I had expected to find in Argos all the filth and misery of a Turkish town, but as I advanced towards and in it, I was more and more delighted. The scattered appearance of the houses at a little distance, the fertility of the plain, which abounds in corn, cotton, tobacco, vines, and fig-trees, and the rich beauty of the scenery, made me think at first that I was entering a village, but, on a nearer approach, I found it a large and (in this country, *mirabile dictu*) *clean* town. The Greeks here are most of them very rich, and have numerous flocks and fields. Tripolizza is supplied with fruits and vegetables from this town and from Mistra. As I had taken the precaution to send Devrisch before with the Pasha's buyourdi (which was not confined to horses) to show to the Waywode, I was conducted to a good Greek house, where I have a very comfortable room. In one of the streets I saw a Greek girl, who almost convinces me that Argos still deserves Homer's epithet of καλλιγύναικα. This city would not be above six hours distant from Tripolizza if the road were strait, but the necessary windings round the mountains make it nine. I felt extremely happy to arrive at Argos, as in spite of all my cautious secrecy, I feared that some whispers of the purport of my stay at Tripolizza might have gone abroad: had the villains I was employed to apprehend had the remotest suspicion of it,

I should undoubtedly have been attacked on my departure from Tripolizza by them and their friends, of whom great numbers reside at Gastouni, which is the general receptacle of criminals who escape from the Ionian islands.

Monday, May 2nd.—Argos, which is now the property of the first Sultana of Constantinople, contains 3,000 Greek and 300 Turkish houses. It has four Greek churches and two mosques, of which one is without a minaret. Its productions are corn, figs, grapes, rice, some tobacco, and a small quantity of silk. Its cleanliness and beauty would do no discredit to an European town. Its bazaars are well supplied. The country round it is delicious, and it commands a fine view of the bay and town of Napoli di Romania. I walked about in the morning and evening, and was quite delighted with the richness of its prospect. One of the churches, which appears to be of the low empire, is very like an old House of Industry in England. On a mountain to the left, which commands it, is a ruined fortress of the Venetians.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—This morning I walked to see a ruin, which has been fancifully called the Palace of Agamemnon, of which there is only one wall remaining entire. It stands at the south part of the town near the Greek church, which I mentioned yesterday, and from the bricks with which it is built, it is evident that it is a Roman ruin. Close to it, at the bottom of the mountain, are the foundations of an ancient

theatre. Such a site was generally chosen for the ancient theatres, as it afforded the advantage of a natural elevation, and the stage was built on the plain below.

The waters at the village of Melos flow on the ruins of a Roman aqueduct. But the most interesting object here, and the only one which time has spared, is the promontory on the other side of the gulf, on which, it is said, Clytemnestra stationed a slave to give notice by lighting a beacon when the Grecian fleet should be in sight, on its return from Troy. On this interesting spot is now erected a fort, which commands Napoli di Romania. I should have set off for Corinth to-day, but it blew such a gale in the morning, that I was obliged to defer it. It has not, however, rained as it did incessantly yesterday, and the day before. In the morning the post-master here, an old Turk, who tells me that he knows Mr. Liston very well, and has seen me in the English palace at Constantinople, and who was quite drunk with spirits two hours before noon, called on me and sent me a present of a lamb. At one o'clock Devrisch brought me a parcel of fish which gave me the prospect of a good dinner, but immediately after a Greek boy came to say that he had taken them by force from his house, and begged me to restore them, which I of course did. I wished to call to-day on the Frenchman who resided here when Monsieur Chateaubriand passed, to see if I could obtain from him any antiques, but he has left the city as Mr. C. said he intended. In the evening, a Greek

brought me five copper coins, but they were all of them Venetian. I walked to a mountain on the west of the town, from which I had a delightful view of the city, and of the plain in which it stands, on which I counted fourteen pretty villages, and Napoli di Romania, with its mountains, concluded the prospect to the east. After I returned, a Greek called on me with another man dressed as a Frank. The former spoke Italian, Spanish, a little French, and less English, having travelled in Italy and Spain. He knew Signor Malokini (our consul in Spezia) and told me that he was a man devoted to the English, to whom he owed all his prosperity, and that his late disgrace was probably owing to the French consul, whose daughter was married to the present governor of the island. The latter of my visitors was a Greek, who had been ten years settled in Moscow, where he had a wife, and who was come to pay a short visit to his native country, with whose barbarity he expressed himself disgusted. The only language which he and I could talk together was Greek.

Wednesday, May 4th.—At eight o'clock I left Argos. Half an hour from the city is a bed of a large river, perhaps the Inachus. In an hour and a half, still riding along its beautiful plain, I reached *Xapváti* (Charvati). In this village there are not above twenty-five cottages, with one house miserable in itself, though splendid, when compared with those of the village, which belongs to the Bey of Napoli di Romania, who, under the Pasha of the Morea, commands here.

From Charvati I immediately set out on foot with a guide for Mycenæ. We walked for about three quarters of a mile up a hill, at the bottom of the other (eastern) side of which was the tomb (as it is said) of Agamemnon*. I entered by a subterraneous passage, opened by Lord Elgin, and was surprised to find myself in an immense dome, about ninety feet high, and fifty round, at the bottom. It had two doors, one into the open air, and another into an interior chamber, which was thoroughly dark, and, I was told, very small. It was built of immense stones (the architrave of the outer door was a single stone twenty-seven feet in length) and was in excellent preservation, there being only two small holes in it, one near the top, and the other in the middle. The tomb being subterraneous, there are no traces of it above-ground, and you might walk over it for years, without suspecting that you were treading on so interesting a ruin. About a furlong to the north of this, is another monument, entirely ruined, of the same construction, by the small remains of which, rising seven or eight feet from the ground, I should think it to have been about fifty feet high, and eighteen broad. Close to this latter was the city, situated partly in a valley at the bottom of a very high mountain, immediately to the south of which is another

* Gell (in his "Argolis") calls it the treasury of Atreus, and has given a most accurate drawing of it. Its having two chambers, certainly makes it more likely to have been a treasury than a tomb;—and his theory is supported by Pausanias, who states that at Mycenæ were shown the subterraneous chambers in which Atreus and his children concealed their treasures.

equally lofty. But a very small part of the walls, and a ruined gate is all that now remains of the "*dites Mycenæ*." Over this gate, which is half of it underground, is sculptured a column with a lion on each side, bearing very much the appearance of those animals represented in armorial bearings. The column may be eight feet high, and the lions, which are both without heads, ten*. The stones of the ruined walls are immense oblong masses, from ten to fifteen feet long, and proportionably broad. After stopping to contemplate these miserable remnants of a city once so magnificent, I returned to the village, where I made a good dinner, and bought of the inhabitants a few medals. These people have been so spoilt by travellers, that they observe no moderation in the prices they ask. One woman, I remember, for two copper Venetian coins, wanted nine piastres. Charvati stands north-east of Argos, on the plain, and the ruins of Mycenæ are about three quarters of a mile north-east of this village. At a quarter past noon, we mounted again, and for an hour and a half continued riding along the rich plain. For the next hour and a half we rode over mountains of moderate height with a tolerable good road. In these three hours I in vain looked

* Mycenæ has long been in ruins, having been destroyed by the Argians immediately after the expulsion of the Persians from Greece. Its ruins exist in exactly the same state as they were seen by Pausanias, who states that the gate of the lions was supposed to have been built by the Cyclops.

round me from the heights for the ruins of Nemæa. We came next to another beautiful and well-cultivated plain, in the beginning of which, to the left of the road, are a few broken columns, three or four feet high. The ancient geographers have left it in doubt whether Trētus was a town, or only a pass. In the former case these ruins possibly mark its site;—they stood on a low hill, surrounded by a swamp, which was anciently the Lernæan marsh, immortalized by the exploit of Hercules. In the same plain (which extends about an hour) stands a pretty village abounding in cypress and other trees; to the left of this village flows a small stream whose right (easterly) bank is very high and precipitous. For two hours and a half we then rode along mountains, the passage of the water from which formed large ravines of from twelve to thirteen feet depth. In these mountains there was nothing particular to observe, but I could not forget that I was passing over the ground on which the Spartan and Athenian armies so often marched to battle, in their impolitic internal wars. At length, from a mountain at half an hour's distance, I saw Corinth and the Corinthian Sinus to the left. But I could not see the other sea, the Saronicus Sinus. The city looked small, but the scenery round it was delightful, consisting of giant mountains overhanging rich plains, which were bounded by a calm sea. The most prominent object was the palace of the Bey. We reached it at six o'clock. The distance from Argos is eight

hours. We went to the house of a physician, who receives all English travellers, and on alighting, I was bitterly chagrined to hear that T. had only left the city this morning. I immediately despatched a pedone after him to Megara, begging him to return that we might go to Athens together, which I hoped he would as he had waited here thirteen days for me. To the right of our road for the last half hour was a strong fort, built by the Venetians, on the Acro-Corinthus, the Acropolis of the ancient city, a very high mountain that commands Corinth. Nothing but the Sultan's firman can procure admittance here*: Mr. North, I was told, vainly attempted it with a buyourdi from Vely Pasha, when he governed in the Morea. My host is a good old man (named Andrea Simonetti) a native of Udina, near Venice, who wishes and deserves to have English protection. My hostess is a little squab woman, about four and a half feet high, and very fat, with a forbidding countenance. She is from Messalunghi, on the south-west coast of Epirus, a spot famous for the abundance of fish caught in the sea round it, in which it preserves its ancient character, for Pausanias states (Book iv., chap. 34,) that the Achelous, a river of

* The Princess of Wales was admitted, and Her Royal Highness told me when I had the honour of being presented to her at Constantinople, that she saw no remains of antiquity at the summit. It seems formerly to have been open to travellers, for Thompson (who travelled in 1730) states that he was admitted without difficulty. So was Wheeler.

Ætolia, opposite to the islands of the *Echinades*, was famous for the quantity of its fish.

Thursday, May 5th.—Corinth contains within its walls no remains of antiquity, but some small masses of ruined walls, and seven columns, with part of the frieze, of a temple, of which some columns were pulled down to make room for a miserable Turkish house, to which it joins. These columns are about sixty feet high, and ten in circumference. They are supposed by some travellers (among whom, Dr. Clarke) to be the ruins of the temple of Juno.

In the morning I went with the physician to visit the Bey, to whom I sent *Devrisch* yesterday evening with the Pasha's buyourdi and Nuri Bey's (his father's) letter. We found him sitting in a small room. He was a young man, in features very like his father. He received me very civilly, asked for news, and after his father's health, and offered me his own horses, and any number of men that I wished to escort me. I only asked for post-horses in the afternoon to visit the Isthmus; and after taking coffee, and smoking two pipes, I left him. Soon after he sent for the physician and *Mustapha*, and begged me, through them, not to take *Devrisch* with me to the Isthmus, as there was there a Greek vessel which he was loading with corn for *Zante* (contrary to the Pasha's orders) and he feared that through him (*Dev.*) it might be known in *Tripolizza*. Accordingly, at two o'clock, I set off with *Mustapha* and a surigee for the Isthmus, and rode first to the village of *Ξαμιλια* (*Xamilia*) occupying

the site of the ancient town of Hexamilia built across the Isthmus, near the city, northward. We found the cottagers all dancing to wretched musick, for to-day (St. George's) is a great fête with the Greeks. I asked them if they had any *Σαγήλλας* (medals) and immediately they all flocked round me, each with a few, which I purchased for five, ten, and twenty paras a-piece. These were mostly of Corinth and Phocis. At four o'clock we reached the sea on the east shore. The ground we rode over was in many places very hilly, and uneven. Near the sea is a Turkish custom-house, and on the borders of it, the ruined foundations of some ancient walls, among which I found on a broken stone part of an inscription, of which only the following letters were not effaced,—

ΕΥΗΛΑΤΙΝΟΞ

ΚΑΑΑ—ΑΤ

I bathed in the Saronicus Sinus, and afterwards executed a project which I had long conceived of walking from one sea to the other. I walked it at the rate of four miles an hour, in eighty-six minutes, but as the mountains, &c., prevented my taking the shortest cut, I should think that the nearest distance between the two seas would not be above five miles. I was much fatigued, for in order to go the shortest way, I frequently walked over ploughed fields, and through furze. I also employed a quarter of an hour (which I substracted) to climb and descend a mountain from which I had a view of both seas. They

may be easily *seen* at one time, and I should think the "*mediis audit duo littora campis*" possible in stormy weather. When I reached the Corinthiacus Sinus, I mounted my horse (which followed me with Mustapha and the surigee) and we got back to the city by moonlight at half-past eight. Mustapha made me laugh most heartily as I rode home. I was talking to him of the starry system, but could hardly make him believe that the planets were worlds. He wanted to know why they did not "*cascare basso*," and whether the inhabitants cultivated corn and rode on horses as we do. On arriving, I threw myself directly on my bed, being very much fatigued. It has been excessively hot for the last three days, but the mountains of Roumelia are still covered with snow.

Friday, May 6th.—This morning T.'s surigee returned here from Megara, and said that T. left that place for Athens yesterday morning; so that the pedone has not delivered my letter, and I must be contented to travel there alone. I went at ten o'clock to the shop of an old Greek here, where I bought a few coins very dear. This Greek told me he had certain information that the English would soon be in possession of the Morea, and nothing I could say could persuade him that I was not an *avant-courier* to an English army: To all my protestations he only answered by intelligent nods and winks: He accordingly begged I would extend to him my friendship and protection.

At one o'clock I went down to the sea and bathed

in the Corinthiacus Sinus. There is a custom-house also on this side of the shore, which is an hour's distance from the city. I here agreed with the captain of a Zantiote boat to carry me to Salona. This captain arrived here this morning, and told me that an English frigate had brought to Zante the news of the Allies having entered Paris. In the evening I walked with Mustapha about a quarter of an hour to the north of the town to see the ruins of an amphitheatre. Large and entire foundations are all that now remain of it, and corn is growing on the arena. Its diameter is at least 150 feet. This perhaps is the theatre mentioned by Pausanias as being the object most worthy of notice in the city; for though he calls that a theatre, whereas this is an amphitheatre, it is probable that he alluded to this, as he would hardly have passed without notice so considerable an edifice. My host tells me that Corinth now contains about 1,800 houses, of which (including those within the castle which are wretched huts) 300 are Turkish. The houses are very much scattered, and corn grows in the spaces between them. The situation of the city is rightly laid down in Arrowsmith's map of the environs of Constantinople. It contains six Greek churches, and three mosques. In its vicinity are several villages, which are all the property of Nuri Bey.

Saturday, May 7th.—At seven o'clock I left Corinth with my host's eldest son and Mustapha, and while Antony and Devrisc took the baggage on board the boat, I went to visit the ruins of Sicyon, at the shore

opposite to which I was to get on board. All our land journey lay along the rich and beautiful plain south-west of Corinth. In the beginning of it is a large grove of olive trees, through which we passed, and half way we crossed a river (probably the ancient Nemæa) very narrow, but whose banks were twenty feet high. The whole of our ride was near the sea. All the plain abounded in corn. In two hours and a half we arrived at the village of Βασιλικόν (Vasilikon), which is situated on the edge of a mountain, and which consists of about sixty houses. On the high plains near it are the ruins, which are of late date, and in good preservation. They consist of a palace, whose bricks are evidently Roman, a wall which appears to have been that of a bath, a castle, and an amphitheatre (with two arched entrances now covered with earth), which is built, like all the others I have seen, on the rise of a mountain. Corn is growing around all these ruins. I picked up here half a dozen copper coins of no interest. As the physician's son had a wife and a house in the village, I stopt here three hours, waiting till the boat (which I saw at a distance) should be opposite. While I was stopping at Vasilikon, an old grey-bearded Papas called on me, and asked after Mr. Hawkins, whom he said he well remembered, with the greatest respect, that gentleman having stopt six months in the neighbourhood. This old man was delighted when I told him that St. George (whose fête was celebrated a few days ago) was the patron saint of England. Like all

the poor Greek Papas, he was dressed, and worked, like a peasant on common days, being clerically dressed only when he entered the church. When the boat approached, I descended the mountain and rode through the plain, which was not so fertile here as in the other parts of it, to the sea, which I reached in half an hour. We got on board at half-past one. It was a perfect calm till six o'clock, when there sprung up a breeze, which did not last above an hour. At sun-set, eight or ten dolphins came playing round the boat, which made us expect bad weather. I fired my pistol unsuccessfully at one of them, and just as I drew the trigger Devrisch called out "Μὴν τὰ σκολιῶνς, εἶναι κρίμα" "Do not kill them, it is a sin." I justified myself by saying; that they ate the smaller fish, but this did not at all satisfy him, as he asked "what else they could find "to eat in the sea." The Greek fishermen think the sight of dolphins a good omen, as it is the fear of them which drives the fish into their nets. The evening was calm and delightful. At eight o'clock I lay down, and soon fell asleep. It was oppressively hot the whole of to-day, and a sail placed over me for shelter, scarcely protected me from the sun. The north and south winds are hardly felt in this sea, as the high mountains that inclose it in those directions render it a perfect basin, and so shelter it, that one wonders how it could have been reached by the high winds that Pausanias states to have prevailed in it.

Sunday, May 8th.—When I awoke at six, I found that the calm had continued all night, and that we were

still ten miles distant from our destination. At length, by force of rowing, we anchored and landed on the Scala of Salona at a quarter before two. At the Scala I found a Greek agent of Mr. Strani, who had very extensive dealings with the Bey in a commerce of oil and wool. The morning was so intolerably hot, that the sailors had been forced to leave rowing, and sleep from eleven to half-past twelve. The Scala stands in an extensive bay (the ancient Crissæus Sinus) which is almost exactly a circle, and is inclosed by immense mountains. On the shore there is only a wretched custom-house, and four miserable magazines. Here we waited till five o'clock for mules, and two Greeks who had them ready on the spot refused to give them, and were excessively insolent, nor would the Turkish master of the custom-house give me any assistance. At five o'clock we hired some mules which came down to the shore, and set off for Salona, which we reached in two hours, after riding through the most delicious plain (called by the ancients the happy plain of Crissa) hemmed in by very high mountains, and crowded with olive trees*, of which there is an immense grove, and watered by a small river, now called the *Σχίσσα* (Schesa), doubtless the ancient Plistus. We crossed this river, which had high banks, on a very crazy wooden bridge. Salona stands at the bottom of a tremendous ridge of mountains which are constantly covered with snow. It

* Anciently, says Pausanias, not a tree was planted on this plain.

contains 2,000 houses (of which about 600 are Turkish) with six Greek churches and six mosques. The country round it is most delightful, and is covered with corn. Immediately on arriving, I sent Mustapha to the Waywode with a letter, which Mr. Strani had given me, of introduction and of credit. He returned soon with the Waywode's secretary, who was sent to compliment me on my arrival, and to say that his master was ready to see me as soon as I wished. I had stopped at a Greek house, where English travellers generally put up, and where I have a comfortable room. In a quarter of an hour I went to the Waywode (having arrived at a little past seven) whom I found in a miserable little room, which being in an elevated situation, commanded a good view of the city. He made me many compliments, talked a great deal about his partiality to the English (which I believe to be sincere, because he has enriched himself by selling them corn) and blamed me for not having sent my letter on before, as he would have provided me with the best lodging in the town. He offered to do so now, but I declined it. I complained to him of the two insolent Greeks at the Scala, whom he promised to punish, and immediately took down their names, which Mustapha knew. He told me that the Bey of Patrass had lately written to him, begging that he would send a force to reduce the mutineers at Lepanto, which he had refused to do, as he knew that they were desperate, and would blow up the fort if any soldiers were sent against them, and that they had advanced to Patrass, of the castle of which they were still

in possession. The Waywode lastly begged me to give up my intention of going to-morrow, and to stay here a day, to which I consented. He wanted me to stay and eat with him, to be entertained with musick and dancing; but I begged to be excused on the plea of fatigue, and returned to my lodgings, where, after a slight supper of milk and eggs, I lay down, but was unable to sleep on account of the usual living annoyance so common in this country.

Monday, May 9th.—In the morning and evening I walked about the town, of which, as it is built on the mountain, the streets are very steep, and which, like all Turkish towns, is very ill-paved and very dirty. It looks very pretty at a distance, because every house has some trees about it, and there are many cypress trees. On the mountain immediately above it is a ruined castle, built by the Venetians, which entirely commands the town, and is itself commanded by the immense ridges of mountains behind and on the two sides of it. At the bottom of the town stands a clock (I had also been surprised to hear one in Tripolizza), but it has no dial-plate to point out the time, which it only strikes hourly. In the plain below, to the east, stands a grove of olive-trees, and fronting the city a very small church, now quite in ruins, of the lower empire. At two o'clock I called on the Waywode, whom I found under the hands of the barber, having his head shaved. He received me very civilly, promised me any money I wished for, as well as a letter to his brother, the governor under himself of Livadia, and another

to the primate of Castri. He told me, that he knew of my intention to visit Yoannina before I left Constantinople, which I do not believe, as I had only a day's warning myself. He boasted to me that he was intrusted with all the secrets of Ali Pasha (under whom he governs Salona and Livadia), and that his father was Divan Effendi to the Grand Vizir. After he had thus acquainted me with his greatness, I took leave of him, and returned to my lodgings to dinner. Afterwards he sent me 400 piastres, which I had applied for (for which I gave him a receipt), and the letters he had promised me. In corpulence and vulgarity of appearance he is not much unlike a butcher. His name is Feraat Effendi.

Tuesday, May 10th.—After a miserable night passed without a single hour of sleep, I rose early, feeling very fatigued and feverish. At six o'clock we left Salona, and for an hour rode over the beautiful plain before it, crossing the Plistus, and passing through a fine grove of olive-trees. We then for an hour and a half rode along very high mountains, commanding a view of the sea and of the surrounding plain, in which we had to pass most terrific precipices, on a path about three feet broad, and with an immense perpendicular mass of rock over our heads. Near Castri, at the bottom of its mountains, stands the village of Χρύσον (Chryson), whose women are of a character which I should rather have expected to find near a temple of Venus, than near the Oracle of Apollo. At eight o'clock we stopt at Castri, which is situated

mains of them except the foundations of the walls. On the eminence of the mountain, even with and near the village, is a small part of some walls, which are supposed to be those of a theatre. Close to them is a small modern Greek church, in which are a few ancient stones; one, the papa told me, *had* an inscription, which is now effaced. A little higher, close to the theatre, is a small arched excavation in the rock, with three large and two smaller arches cut

COPY.

Φερχάϊ Εφένδη.

(L. S.)

27 Απριλι,—Σάλονα.

Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐνδοξοτάτου βοεβόνδια Σαλόνα πρὸς ἐσὰς ραγιάδαις ἡς Κάσρι. Ἀυτῷ ἀπερνάη ὁ φίλος μου Σινιόρ Τέρνερ καὶ θένα (for καὶ θέλει να) περιέργαξι τὸ Κάσρον καὶ τὰ κίρια τὰ παλάια. Διὰ τοῦτο νὰ τὸν δεχθῇ καὶ νὰ τὸν συηροφείλαι δέκα ἀνδρωποὶ μετὰ θιεφέκια ὡς Ράχωβα λοιπὸν κατὸς σὰς γράφω ἔξῃ νὰ κάμειαι ἐξαποφάσεως.

TRANSLATION.

FERAAT EFFENDI.

(L. S.)

From the most illustrious Waywode of Salona to you Rayahs of Castri.—My friend Signor Turner is passing that way, and he wishes to examine Castri and the ancient buildings. Therefore you are to receive him; and ten men armed with guns are to accompany him as far as Rakova. As I write to you then, so you are to do, according to my command.

27th April—Salona.

within it. Near this is a smaller one of one arch. These, perhaps, were anciently receptacles for votive tablets, or niches for cinerary urns. There are many of these cut in the rocks overhanging the road by which we entered the village from Salona, and few of them are above two feet, and some not above one foot in depth. Lower down in the mountain are the ruined foundations of a small amphitheatre, and, half-buried in the ground, near it, is a large stone with a Greek inscription, of which I could only distinguish the word **KOPINΘΙΟΣ**. If it were dug out and deciphered, it would probably be found to record some gift from a Corinthian to Delphi. Still lower is a ruined wall, now forming part of an oil-house, close to which is the largest church of Castri, shaded and almost hid by olive-trees. Before it is a colonnade, built with five ancient columns, and in its court is a very small column, whose top is carved like a shell, with the inscription—**ΑΙΑΚΙΔΕ ΧΑΙΡΕ** beneath. Within the church is another small column, and a small stone, with the following inscription:—

ΧΡΗΣΤΟΣ	
ΠΡΩΤΟΥ	ΘΕΣΣΑ
ΛΟΣ	ΛΑΡΕΙΣΑΙΟΣ
ΕΤΩΝ	ΙΗ
ΗΡΩΣ	

To the right of the village, even with it in height, is a small fountain, which must have been the re-

nowned Castalia, that gave rise to the greatness of Delphi. It is now nothing but an insignificant stream about a foot or two deep. I could not bathe in it but I drank of its waters, which had no particular taste. It is formed by the water from the mountains gushing through two immense rocks (at least 200 feet high), covered with wild fig-trees. This water flows down into the valley by a wide glen. The ancients probably confined it, and if it were confined now, it would still form a very considerable fountain. In an excavation of the rock close to the stream is a small Greek church, and close to it the foundations of walls, perhaps those of the temple of Apollo. On the sides of the rocks along the road are numbers of the small arched excavations which I have described. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the scenery round Delphi. The enormous height of the mountains, and the depth and extent of the valleys, are far too gigantick to describe by the pencil or the pen; a panorama could scarcely be painted so immense as to contain them, but, in compensation, they leave an impression which is not easily effaced. I looked in vain for Parnassus, which is here hid from view by the heights of Castri. The old papas told me, that he mounted it fifteen years ago; that to ascend and walk round the top of it took him twelve hours; and that it has on the top a large plain three hours in extent*; that from it he saw Athens, Corinth, Argos, the Ionian Islands,

* This agrees with the description of the ancients of a plain eight miles in extent on its top. It is now called Liakora, an

and an immense space of country round. Wheeler says, that this mountain would be seen further than Athos, if, like that it were separate from other heights; but for this I can see no reason; for the top of Parnassus would be seen at a distance in which the lower heights around it would be lost. Vainly should we now seek here any of the rich presents sent to the temple, for Nero and Constantine, and even the Phocians themselves, were nearly as fatal to Delphi as the Barbarians; yet I have no doubt, that if the ground were dug to any depth, numerous and valuable remains of antiquity would be found. I had seen the brazen pillar at Constantinople, and I was now on the place whence it was taken; but the plundered monument has long ceased to be an ornament to the spot which it was removed to decorate, and the glory of Constantinople, like that of Delphi, can now only be found in history. The ruins of Greece inculcate most powerfully the *dispectum rerum humanarum*. After contemplating these venerable and interesting ruins, I returned to the papas' miserable room, where I made a slight breakfast, and bought a few coins, the peasants all flocking to me, and each bringing me what he had. Among them I was so lucky as to find that of Delphi bearing the negro's head. At eleven o'clock we left Castri, and rode over the mountains by the same sort of stony precipitous paths, appellation doubtless derived from Lycorea, the name by which (say Strabo and Pausanias) the ancient town on its summit was called.

five armed peasants accompanying us, as there were robbers on the road. In two hours we came to the village of Γεραχόνα (Yerakova), which contains about 150 houses, and is situated on a very lofty height. As this is the boundary where the district of Salona ends, and that of Livadia begins, the peasants here left me, the Waywode of Salona being no longer responsible for my safety. They fired their guns when they left me, and the echo of their report from the mountains was truly magnificent. About an hour from Castri we had Parnassus in view, and continued riding along its base for three hours (i. e., two hours beyond Yerakova). The top of it is a barren rock entirely covered with snow, so that the abode of the Muses was not enviable. The sides of it are covered at the bottom with green woods, as described by the ancients, and it is still the scene of many a murder, as foul as that which Liyy, (Book xlii., chap. 16) relates to have been committed here. The mountains which we had traversed for the last four hours were immensely high, and their roads were not at all adapted to a nervous man. I was astonished to see the sides of these mountains very well cultivated, and planted with vines of which there are a great quantity in the neighbourhood of Parnassus. It was very picturesque to see the path winding along them before us, sometimes so high that I could hardly conceive we should ever arrive at them, and sometimes quite at the bottom of them in the valley. After leaving Par-

nassus to our left, we came to a khan, where the surigees wanted me to stop the night, which I refused to do : near this khan meet three roads : I was delighted to fancy it the spot assigned by tradition, and immortalized by Euripides, as the scene of the parricide of *Ædipus*. It is generally I believe thought so, the spot being stated by Pausanias to have been on the road from Delphi to Daulis, and near the latter. On leaving the khan, we crossed, for two hours and a half, a plain so crowded with shrubs, that there was hardly a path ; and watered by a narrow river which was probably the ancient Phalarus. From this plain I had a better view of Parnassus, which seemed more gigantick than when I had been riding near its top. It is impossible not to be struck with the enormous height and extent of it ; and I do not at all wonder, that many poets should prefer culling flowers at its base to ascending its top. It was very natural for a people, so superstitious as the ancient Greeks, to give a sacred character to so immense and striking a feature of their country. Now, alas ! the Muses are succeeded by robbers, who take refuge in the tops of it, which it would be dangerous to visit without a strong escort. After leaving the plain, we proceeded for two hours among mountains, much less formidable than those which we had just left, and had then a plain for three quarters of an hour which brought us to Livadia, built at the foot of a mountain, where we arrived at nine o'clock. For the last hour we had travelled in

darkness ; but I observed several trees near the city, which, Mustapha told me, formed part of very extensive gardens that surround it. I had sent Devrisc before, at two hours' distance, with the letter to the Waywode, so that on arriving I found him at the gate. He led us through the city to a very good Greek house, where I have a large room. He told me, that the Waywode, when he had read the letter, sent for the master of the house, whom he told that I was coming ; that I was a great friend of Ali Pasha, and that he must take care to content me in every thing. On arriving, I ate a slight supper, and being heartily tired lay down immediately, and soon fell asleep, in spite of the terrible clatter of a large river, whose water falls in a hundred noisy cascades just under my window, and which is the ancient Hercyna*.

Wednesday, May 11th.—In the morning I went to visit the Waywode. After passing through a line of fifteen or twenty soldiers, I entered a large room, at the top of which were sitting a Turk and two Greeks, whom I saluted. As no one asked me to sit down, I advanced to the top of the room, and did so without bidding. One of the Greeks then told me in Italian, that that Turk was not the Waywode, who had just left the room. He soon entered. He was a young man very much marked with the small-pox. I thanked him for having given me so good a lodging, and stopped with him half an hour, smoking

* It is singular that Pausanias makes no mention of this river.

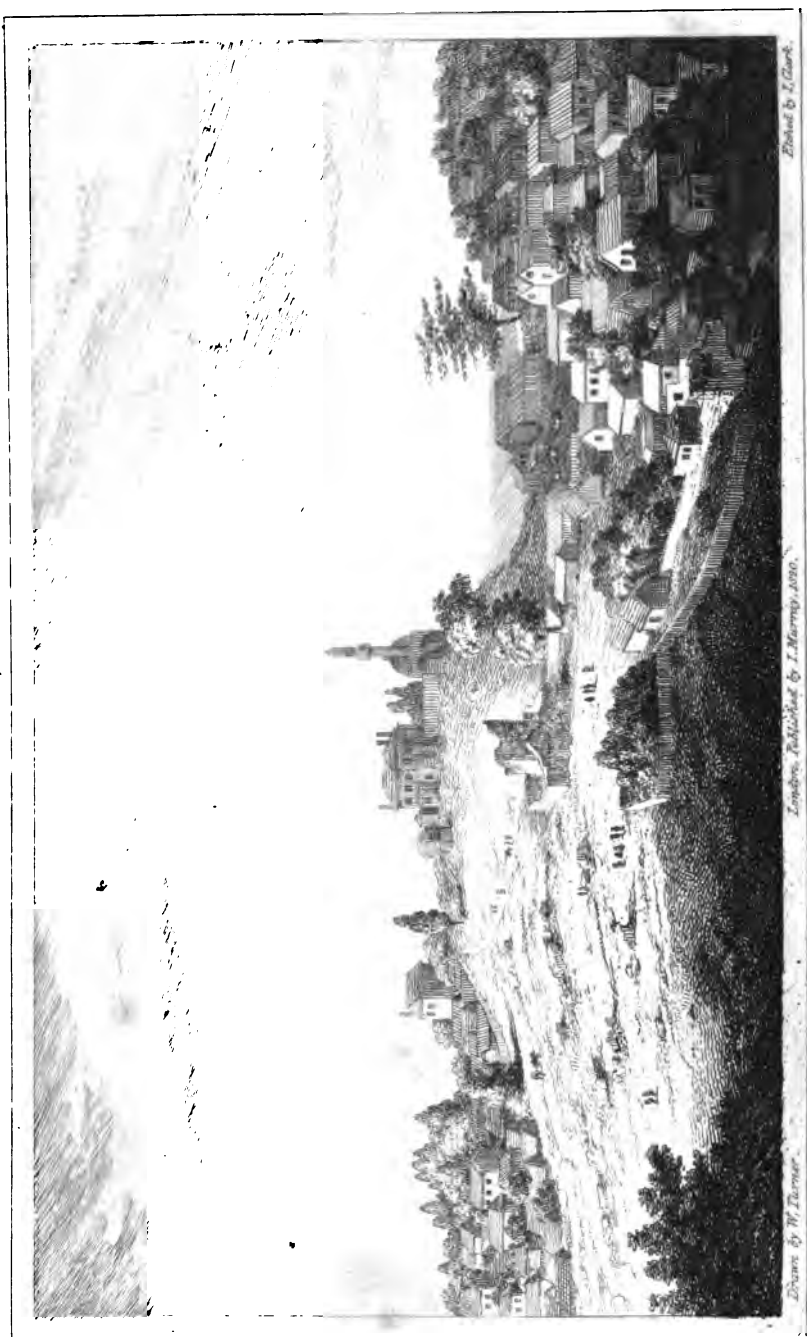
three pipes, and talking of the news. Among other things, I was talking of Ali Pasha's late attack on Parga, when the W. said, that Ali had not attacked it himself, but that some of his soldiers had made incursions without his knowledge. *Credat Judæus.* When I left him, I requested him to let me have horses early to-morrow morning, which he promised he would. In the evening I walked about to see the town, which is of a very odd construction. As it is built on the declivity of a very high mountain, some of the houses are completely on the tops of the others. The water from the mountain (which is a bare rock about 300 feet high) is so copious, that the inhabitants still call it a river; and indeed it forms a stream about fifty feet wide. It would be deep, but they break and divide it by props and stones, and it turns several mills: this makes it fall in numberless small cascades, whose constant noise is very disagreeable to those who are unaccustomed to it. The environs of the town are very pretty, and abound in trees. Just outside of it (there are no walls, neither are there in Salona) are many gardens for vegetables. The town contains about 1,000 houses, of which fifty Turkish, twenty Jewish, and the remainder Greek. It commands 300 villages, which produce great quantities of corn. It also manufactures some silk and a great deal of cotton. I saw a Greek sitting at his door printing some cotton, which he did by hand merely with a cork. At the north of the town, cut into the mountain, is the

celebrated Cave of Trophonius. On the outside is a small square excavation, about twelve feet deep, on each side of which in the interior is a stone-seat. There is also a small pool of dirty water, at the bottom of which, the Greeks told me, is a marble staircase. The inside is hardly penetrable now, as the hole to enter is scarcely big enough to admit a goat. The Greeks told me, that one or two of the inhabitants had crawled in, and had found an immense cave nearly full of water, and that inside it was bitterly cold. Of an inscription on the rough rock outside, nothing remains but the following letters, all in one long line : “ ET | ———BO———
———AO———TO———H———O.”

An Albanian soldier near was very curious to know, why I looked at and inquired after the cave. He said, that some Franks, who came three or four years ago, carried away some of the water, the reason of which he could not comprehend. The master of the house has just come to tell me a long story of lamentations, saying, that he was once rich, but that, seven years ago, Ali Pasha sent for him to Yoannina, imprisoned him two years, and made him pay 40,000 piastres. He concluded, by begging me to write to Mr. G. F., to endeavour to get him some situation. The air of Livadia is very unhealthy, and in the heat of the summer the inhabitants are much afflicted with fevers.

Thursday, May 12.—At seven o'clock we set off from Livadia, with most excellent horses. The

post in this part of Greece is well supplied, and is a heavy tax on the Greeks. The first hour we rode along moderate mountains, with a very decent road. All the rest of our journey lay along a beautiful plain, abounding in corn and bordered by mountains, of which those on the south were the chain of Mount Helicon. At the spot where we left the mountains, was a clumsy modern aqueduct, which conveyed a plentiful stream from the heights. Here one of the surigees, a young Turk, carried off with him a lamb from a flock which we passed on the road: on my asking him, if it was his own, he replied with the greatest exultation, "ἦ ἐκλεψα," "I stole it," and boasted of having frequently committed such thefts. I made him instantly set it at liberty, not without some remonstrances from Mustapha and Devrisch. Two hours from Livadia is the boundary where the district of Thebes begins, and where Ali Pasha's dominion ends. Here, to the right of the road, is the famous Mount Sphinx, whence issued the monster which proposed the riddle that Ædipus expounded. It is lofty, and the top is merely a barren rock. Two hours further, we came to a modern tower built on a small eminence. It was about a hundred feet high and thirty square. It had no door, but the entrance was by a subterraneous cave, at the side of the rock, now almost entirely closed up. Near this is a small manufacture of cheeses, which makes annually 300 okes. A little further on were the ruined foundations of some walls. At two



Drawn by W. Turner

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Engraved by J. Clark.

THEBES.

hours' distance from Thebes, we saw several Greeks quarrelling for the following cause. A Greek surgeon in passing had stolen a lamb, and the master of the flock, in trying to regain it, wounded his adversary in the hand with his knife. One was complaining of the theft, and the other of his wound. They wanted to make Devrisch arbiter; but he recommended them to go to the Waywode of Thebes. We had here a view of the trees that grew near Thebes, the city itself being hid behind a hill. We reached it at half-past two. It is a small city, partly built on a hill*, of about 800 houses, of which all are Greek except 200 Turkish, and a very few, perhaps twenty, Jewish. Its view to the south and east is cut off by two hills close to it, of equal height with that on which it stands. To the north and east it commands the lovely plain before it. In a ruined Greek church (which the Turks will not permit the Greeks to rebuild) are six ancient columns, and there are several other broken ones standing in the town. In this church, on the outside wall, is also a little stone, which contains a beautiful sculpture of a figure standing with its vest thrown back, and holding a bird in its right hand. On the plain below the town (indeed great part of it stands below) is a long pool of water formed from the mountain stream. Of this city, once so famous, few traces of antiquity are now left. My host (a

* This hill was the Cadmeum, the ancient Acropolis. On entering the city, the first thing that one sees is a group of Turkish tombs.

Greek who receives all English travellers, and who has put me into a small but comfortable room) tells me that it is still most severely cold here in the winter, as the ancients have described it. The inhabitants are no longer stupider than the rest of the Greeks ; not on account of the exaltation of *their* genius, but from the degradation of that of their neighbours. The river Ismenus still flows in a narrow stream, at a quarter of a mile's distance south of the city. One of the most interesting incidents relating to this place is the piety of Argia, who was buried alive for interring Polynices. What a contrast does her noble conduct form with the selfishness and worthlessness of the Greeks who inhabit it now. One advantage, of which time has not deprived Thebes, is the delightful scenery by which it is surrounded. All the hills and the plain round it are covered with trees and corn, and its inhabitants breathe a very healthy air. It is governed by a Waywode, acting under the Pasha of Negropont, of which the mountains are seen from its plain, it being only six hours distant. The poor Greeks of Thebes are kept under by a very tight rein. My host tells me, that he wishes to get an European table to accommodate the English who lodge at his house ; but that he dares not, lest the Turks should say, he is addicted to Frank customs. I sent Devrisch at three o'clock, to apply for our horses to-morrow, and they were promised him ; but as the Waywode is gone to Negropont with the best, I fear we shall not have good ones. Mustapha tells me that the Pasha of

Negropont once governed Rhodes, and that the Sultan wanted to cut off his head for some mismanagement in that island; but as this *powerful* monarch could not accomplish his murderous object, he appointed him to this government as a comparative banishment. Thebes commands 200 villages round, which produces great supplies of corn: it also manufactures a large quantity of cheese, and a very little silk, which it receives from Negropont. While walking about the city to-day, alms were begged from me by two poor wretches, who had been horribly mangled by the robbers in Thrace. Their ears and noses were cut off, their eyes put out, and their faces all seared by a hot iron, so that their mouths were the only features remaining of a human face. The Thracians still retain the same character of cruelty imputed to them by Thucydides, when he relates their barbarities at Mycælessus. (Book vii. chap. 29.) I may now boast of having seen the birth-place of Epaminondas, and the scene of his noble death.

Friday, May 13th.—As I feared, we were not able to have horses this morning, and I am not much concerned at being thus forced to pay the tribute of a day's stop to the memory of Pindar. In the morning I walked to a hill on the west, from which I had a fine view of the city and its beautiful environs. In the evening I rambled through the east part of the city, where there is a narrow and shallow river, which I conjecture to be the Ismenus, because ancient Thebes was built on its banks, and close to this

stream (on the west) there still remains one of the towers that flanked the ancient gates. This ruin is about forty feet high, and as many square, and is quite solid. On the west side of the square is a small part of the arch (built of the finest marble) that formed the gate. In its modern appearance Thebes is dirty, ill-built and ill-paved. Every thing here is very dear, especially meat, owing to a great mortality among the cattle, of which 80,000 have died this year in the environs of the city. Considerable numbers have also died in the Morea. Lemons, oranges, and indeed any other fruits, there are none here. There is a clock in the city as at Livadia and Salona. It has been very cool for the last two days, and in the evenings cold. To the east of the city there are some inconsiderable gardens of vegetables.

Saturday, May 14th.—This morning I walked early to look again at the ancient gate of the city. Near it, at the door of two houses, are two large stones with Greek inscriptions, but as they were reversed and not very legible, I could not stop to decypher them. In another ruined Greek church (of which there are no less than four in the city) I saw eight fine columns, of which seven are in good preservation. At half-past eight we mounted our horses, and bade adieu to Thebes. My host rode with me for a short distance. The morning was very dark and cloudy, and made me fear rain, but it cleared soon after. For two hours we rode along a plain, on which we crossed the Ismenus and the Asopus, except indeed one of

them was the river Perœe, which is laid down by Pausanias on the road from Thebes to Platæa. Near Platæa we passed a shepherd who was playing to his flock on a small pipe, which had a very pretty and classical effect*. At half-past ten we alighted at Platæa†. Its extent, which was very small, is clearly marked by its ruins. There are still some remains of the walls which have towers at regular intervals. Just outside of them are three Sarcophagi, perhaps of Greeks, who fell in the battle. Inside of the city are two small temples, almost entirely ruined, in which I vainly looked for an inscription, but some of the red varnish still remains in the interior of one of them. The ground within the walls is now sown with corn. At a short distance to the south-east is Mount Citharon, now called Latæa, under which, before the city, was fought the last battle between the Greeks and Persians. At the foot of this mountain is a small village of fifteen houses, named Κόκλου (Cocloo), to which I went, and in one of the cottages made a slight breakfast of eggs, and bought several coins which the villagers brought me; not one of which, however, was of Platæa. The cottages were all built of mud, and their only room had mud walls

* Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguum

Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ. HOR. Book iv., Ode 12.

I was just in season too! "Jam veris comites." Pity it was not in Arcadia!

† This is not *the* Platæa before which the battle was fought, for the city was twice destroyed, and twice rebuilt.

and a mud floor. The ruins of Plataea are called Palaio-Castro, the common name given by the Greeks to the remains of antiquity. At half-past twelve we again set off. As Plataea is not in the road from Thebes to Athens, I had bribed one of the surigees to accompany me and Mustapha to the ruins, and sent the other on with the baggage. The one who accompanied me was so drunk, that he could scarcely sit his horse. The impunity of drunkenness is a strong mark of the inferior fanaticism and ferocity of the Turks in Greece to those of Constantinople and Asia.

For four hours we rode along hills, with a very good road, but not so rich or well-cultivated a soil as I had lately passed over. For the last hour we ascended a lofty mountain with a terrible rocky road; on the other side of this was a short plain, and a moderate mountain, after passing over which we came to the village of Chialicheh Derwent, where we found Antonio and Devrisch who had been there four hours, and where we intended to pass the night, as it was five o'clock when we arrived, and there was no other place to stop nearer than four hours. This village is built at the foot of the mountain, and contains forty houses. On the plain below it are several fields and gardens very well cultivated, which are divided by hedges, and look very pretty. It belongs, with several others in its vicinity, to Nuri Bey of Corinth, and is like most of those round it, entirely Albanian. Who would expect to find at nine hours' distance from

Athens, a population that cannot speak a word of Greek? We found an old Greek who acted as our dragoman. The cottage in which we lodged, the best in the village, was a wretched hovel, with an uneven floor of earth of three different heights. On the highest of these, and round the walls, were ranged the house utensils, on the second slept and lived the family, and on the lowest the cattle. We had the utmost difficulty to keep out a donkey and a goat that came to sleep in their usual bed-chamber. None of the houses had more than one story. The dress of the women was like that of the Greeks, except that they had more paras and other money on their head, and their queue (which the Greek women wear in one strait line) was formed like the letter V, meeting in the middle of the back. The fire was made in a hole in the floor, and the smoke escaped by another in the roof. They baked their bread in the ashes. At eight o'clock I lay down to sleep, but my head was so full of Athens now that I was so near it, that I could get no rest. A chubby young rascal of the family talked to me in Albanian with as much perseverance as if I understood every word he said. Two hours from the village of Chialicheh Derwent, ends the government of Thebes, and begins that of Athens.

Sunday, May 15th.—This morning I rose with delight to enter the ancient capital of Greece. At six o'clock we set off from Chialicheh Derwent. The morning was very misty and damp, and for two hours

we rode along a plain with a good road, without seeing ten yards before us. The sun had by that time dispersed the fog, and we saw a very steep rocky path over the mountains, which we followed for three hours. But what mountains! Never shall I forget the sublimity of the scenery which surrounded me for these three hours. Trees and shrubs issuing from the barren rock, as it were by magick. Precipices, whose tremendous depth I trembled to look at, and mountains soaring to such a height that no human foot can ever have trod them. On all sides the streams from the heights were rolling down in cascades, and the rich foliage around me was finely contrasted with the falling and decayed trunks of trees, of which many were burnt by the natives to make charcoal. After passing through this wild and formidable range of mountains, we came to a large village, before which stood one of the richest plains I have seen in Greece, entirely covered with flowers and the richest pasturage. Mustapha wanted to stop and eat at this village, but who could stop at three hours' distance from Athens? All the rest of our road lay along a delicious plain. At half after twelve, I first saw Athens, at about five miles' distance, an æra which my memory will dwell on with pleasure for the whole of my after life: I had "watched for many an hour "this hour to see:" The hope which had chiefly prompted me to visit the Levant was now accomplished, and the city whose history had interested me from childhood, now stood before me adorned by

nature with all its beauty, and by fancy with all its glory.

The eye here discovers only two mountains, that to the left (the Acropolis) the most abrupt and the highest, showing several buildings, which look at this distance like towers. On the right one, (Mount Museum) nothing is seen but the monument of Philopappus—which looks like a small column. As we proceeded, the view became more and more clear, and the city appeared at the foot of the mountain. To our right was a large and thick olive grove, occupying the site of the academy, where Plato taught his disciples, and where, says Xenophon, the land army was encamped during the siege of Athens by Ly-sander, at the end of the Peloponnesian war. We passed under part of this olive grove, and along a wall which inclosed many rich gardens near the city. But the rest of the plain was uncultivated and barren as in the time of Thucydides, who says, that on this account Attica enjoyed in the early ages of Greece longer tranquillity than the states around it. I saluted Athens with the report of my pistols, a sound which she never heard in the days of her greatness. We entered the city by the gate of a miserable wall that surrounds it, and rode immediately, through streets of wretched houses, to the house of Signor Logotheti, whose son is English consul, almost every Greek as we passed saluting me with *Καλῶς ὁρίζηται*, (welcome) *Ἐφ' ἔνδῃ*.

My friend T. and the consul's father gave me a

cordial welcome, and came immediately to shake hands with me. Lodgings were soon found for me at the house of a Signor Vitali, where I am very comfortable, and from my window have a fine view of the temple of Theseus, which I saw to my right as I entered the town. I went immediately with T. to visit the three Graces of Athens, the Consolinas (so called from their father's having been English Vice-consul here) Mariana, Catharinco, and Theresa. The two eldest are fine girls, but the youngest is very pretty. She is the Ζώνη μὲν σαῶς ἀγαπῶ of Lord Byron. It is considered a sort of duty for English travellers to fall in love with one of the sisters. The eldest speaks a little Italian, and understands something of English. They are excessively poor, and are strong instances of the discordance that is too frequently found between Nature and Fortune. They maintain themselves by working in embroidery. I then walked with T. round the ruins; first to the temple of Theseus which is within the walls; then (conceive my delight) I stood on the Pnyx where Demosthenes spoke his orations to the Athenians; to the Areopagus, to Mount Museum, from which I saw Salamis and the mountain where, it is said, Xerxes sat to view the battle; to the Odeum; and to the columns of Adrian's Pantheon, or of the temple of Jupiter Olympius (for opinions are divided as to which of these edifices they belonged) and re-entered the city by Adrian's arch, which now forms a gate of the city. Wherever I moved was some monument of antiquity;

even over the doors of the Greeks were basso relievos. These ruins have all been so amply and ably described, that it would be presumptuous in me to enlarge on them. I entered Athens exactly at noon, and I shall ever look on the 15th of May as a holiday. I dined with T., passed the evening with the Consolinas, and at midnight lay down, and, being very tired, slept soundly. But it is a shame to speak of one's self at Athens. The next day I staid at home writing.

Tuesday, May 17th.—At eight o'clock I walked with Signor Lusieri and T., to view the antiquities of the Acropolis, which is at a small distance from my lodgings. We ascended it by a tolerable good road. To our right, as we went up, was a fountain (said to flow from a source near the temple of Neptune Erechtheus above) in the wall near which was a statue of Isis, from which some suppose that there was here anciently a temple to that goddess. To our left was the top of the mountain, on whose side we saw the ancient steps of its entrance cut in the rock, and part of the ancient wall. Higher up we passed under two gateways, over the second of which is an ancient inscription reversed, and near it stood a temple (of which there are now no traces) which some think was that of Agrauros, and others that of Victory without wings. I should doubt the latter, as Pausanias (Book i., chap. 22) says the temple of Victory without wings, was within the Propylea, whereas this was without. Further up we had to our left the Propylea, the ancient entrance into the Acropolis; of this

the front and the left side remain. The right side was barbarously thrown down by the Venetians. There are nine columns of the Ionick order, still perfect, but walls are built between them. Between the two columns in the middle, where the chariots entered, a larger space is left than between the others. In the angle of the steps I observed a narrow channel, cut probably to carry off the rain that might fall on them. Above it the Turks have now placed four miserable guns, near which we entered the ruins of a temple, which some with, I think, more probability, call that of Victory without wings. In looking through a cornice in the inner wall of this temple, one sees an appearance of fire produced probably by the sun shining through another crevice in the outer wall. This the Turks look on as a miracle. It was from the rock on which this was built, according to Pausanias, that Ægeus threw himself down, but I do not know how he could have fallen into the sea, as that author states, as the Piræus is at an hour and a half distance. Near this is a stone which has been fancifully supposed to be one of those that was stated to have fallen from heaven, but it appears to have been brought from Ægina, whose mountains are of the same blueish species of rock. At the summit of the Acropolis is the superb Parthenon, the finest specimen existing of Dorick architecture, of which there are still magnificent remains, thirty-nine columns being still standing. Several are thrown down, and some have been ground to dust by the Turks to make mortar.

The metopes of the peristyle of the pronaum are almost perfect. Those of the sides, thank heaven, are now in England, and those of the posticum are almost destroyed. I could not witness the progress which devastation has made here without wishing (however unpopular the doctrine) that Lord Elgin had carried off more. At all events, I think that Athens and England are both under infinite obligations to him for what he has saved. The very metal found inside the columns, for which the seller can procure thirty piastres, is a strong temptation to the barbarians, under whose custody the splendid ruins of Greece are now unfortunately placed. Just outside the Parthenon is the marble slab on which stood the celebrated ivory statue of Minerva plundered by Lachares. We then looked over the walls of the Acropolis to the west, and had a fine view of all the antiquities on the plain, of the Odeum (built by Herodes Atticus) of the monument of Thrasyllus, and of the two columns on which stood tripods, now thrown down. These latter three are immediately under the Acropolis to the north-east. After this, we went to the temple of Neptune Eretheus, of the Ionick order, the remaining columns of which (five in number) have the ornaments of their capitals most exquisitely finished. Joined to this is the temple of Minerva Polias, also Ionick, in which was kept the sacred olive; and by the side of these (adjoining to them) is the Pandrosœum, a very small temple, the roof of which is supported by six Caryatides, of which one was taken

away by the Romans, and another is in England. The head of each of these figures supports a vase of admirable workmanship. From the wall near this temple, which is very high and steep, a Greek who was catching birds, lately fell on the rocks below. The birds which he had put into his breast were crushed to death, but he himself received no hurt.

Inside the Parthenon is now built a wretched mosque. The junction of the blocks of marble that form the columns, &c., is so inimitably done, that it is hardly visible except where they have been injured by earthquakes. All the temples are built of Pentelick marble, which is, I am told, not so good or durable as the Parian, because it has many veins into which the water penetrates, and soon crumbles and destroys it. When we descended, we paid a visit to the Disdar Aga (Turkish Governor of the Acropolis), with whom we stopt half an hour, and, at going, I presented him with the customary present of five dollars. He asked a great deal about England, and lamented the enormous rise of price that has taken place within his memory in provisions, &c., in Turkey, which is indeed surprising, and is a strong mark of the rapid decline of the empire, as it proceeds in a great measure from the shameless debasement of the Turkish money. We descended by the Odeum, and the theatre of Bacchus, of which latter there are no remains. We passed by the sixteen splendid columns outside of the walls, respecting which opinions are divided whether they

formed part of the Pantheon, or of the temple of Jupiter Olympius.

On our return we went to see the choragick monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the lantern of Demosthenes, which is in excellent preservation, owing probably to a convent being built round it. It is a small circular building; round the top of it is a frieze of most admirably sculptured figures, representing the punishment by Bacchus of the Tyrrhenian pirates. The roof is beautifully carved into laurel leaves. In the convent is only one Capuchin friar, who is maintained by the few Catholics here. After stopping here half an hour to contemplate this interesting monument, we returned to our lodgings, it being noon, when the heat makes it dangerous to expose one's self. Soon after the brother of our Consul here called to beg me to subscribe to a school forming here for the instruction in Hellenick, &c., of the children of the city. As it is an excellent institution, and likely to be very useful, and as I saw the names of several English friends who had subscribed, I did not hesitate to comply with his request. In the evening, at half past five, T. and I walked with Signor L. to the eastward of the city. The walls in this part inclose a much larger space than is filled up by the houses, and wheat and barley grow in the interstices. Over the gate through which we passed is a Latin inscription, transplanted there from Adrian's aqueduct. At a quarter of a mile's distance we came to the Ilyssus, on whose banks Codrus was killed, which is now

nothing but a bed almost entirely without water. It never was a great river, nor did it ever flow into the sea. Over it is built a bridge, which is now in ruins, a former Waywode having taken the materials to build the present walls of Athens. On the other (east) bank, are the ruins of a stadium. Both these were built by Herodes Atticus; of the latter hardly any thing remains but the site, which is admirably calculated by nature for the purpose to which it is applied, being nearly an oblong valley, with mountains gradually rising at its sides and behind it. The cavern (cut in the mountain to the right) where the unsuccessful combatants escaped from the arena, is still very visible, as well as its outlet. The bridge and stadium are only cased on the outside with large stones, the inner part of the work being filled up with small ones. On this (east) bank of the river, near the Stadium, are also some remains of a temple of Victory, of Fortune, (in which great part of the Roman pavement still remains,) of Ceres and of Diana Agrotera. In this temple of Ceres were performed the lesser Eleusinian mysteries instituted in compliment to Hercules. On the west bank, nearly opposite, are the ruins of a small temple of the Muses, and the site of one of Hercules. We sat down in the temple of the Muses, of which the pavement remains, and a very small part of the walls, with some of the varnish on the inside. How delightful was the view that surrounded us! To the north-west was Athens, with the Acropolis and all its prominent antiquities, except

the Temple of Theseus, which we could not see, as it was on the other side. Near that part of the city (the western) built at the bottom of the hill, was an immense olive grove. The minarets in the city had a very pretty effect, if one could have laid aside the reflections they inspire. To the west of us was the Piræus and the glorious Salamis. To the east rose the long ridge of Hymettus, and to the north Mount Anchesmus (with a smaller mountain to the left of it, of which a large mass was severed by an earthquake) and on the plain below stood another large olive grove on the banks of the Ilyssus. On the hills near, several holes are made for the bees to find water. There has been a great mortality among these insects this year. In the Ilyssus is a sort of frog which croaks in a continued note much less disagreeable than the ordinary cry of that reptile. At half-past eight we returned to supper, which Signor L. took with us, and afterwards sat with the Consolinas till midnight.

Wednesday, May 18th.—In the morning I went to visit the school, and to set down my name as a subscriber. This school is called the Philomounsŏn; almost every English traveller who has visited Athens is a subscriber, and a donation of twenty dollars constitutes a benefactor*. It is held in two very good rooms; the small collection of books

* When the Princess of Wales visited Athens, in 1816, Her Royal Highness condescended to become Patroness of the school.

(given by the members) which they have to begin with, and the Greek master, who is deeply read in the Hellenick, promise very well. They are also to have a museum, where are to be left the antiquities found by English travellers, which are too cumbrous for them to carry home. At one o'clock we went to dine with Signor L. who has by far the best house in Athens, just under the Acropolis to the north, and which commands a delightful view. After dinner this gentleman showed us his drawings, which I hope one day to see engraved, as they contain most correct and exquisitely-finished views of Athens. At six o'clock we began our walk. We first visited the ancient walls of the city of Theseus, of which there are very small remains to the south-east. They are built eight or ten feet from the rock of the Acropolis, which rises above them sixty feet. The intermediate space was probably filled with earth. Thence we went to the monument of Thrasyllus, which is to the south. The inscription here over the architrave is nearly effaced, but the name is still visible all but the letter Y. On two stones above, to the right and left, are two other inscriptions, that to the right illegible. Above the monument stand the two columns that contained tripods. This monument stands about seventy feet above the plain on the mountain of the Acropolis. On the top of it was a colossal statue of Bacchus, which is now in England. It stands exactly in the middle of the theatre of Bacchus which continues down the fall of the mountain. The ground was excavated by Lord E., to

measure the walls. The rock is cut perpendicularly to form the semicircle of the theatre, and to the left of the monument are some oblong excavations in it more ancient than the theatre. The view from this spot of the 16 columns and arch, and of the Piræus is delightful. We then descended the mountain to look at a small Greek church, built to the east of it, on the site of the temple of Bacchus, in which are four columns of the temple, and, fixed in the walls outside, a very pretty little sun-dial. We now passed the Odeum of Herodes Atticus (south-east) of which the walls remain, in some parts seventy feet high. In this there are many narrow arches in good preservation. The wall of the postscenium is quite gone. The interior was between the wall that remains, and the Acropolis. To our left, as we left the Odeum (*i. e.* below the monument of Philopapus, and to its right) are three doors into a cavern on the mountain, which are supposed by some theorists to have been the prison where Socrates drank the poison. Near this (on a little hill, where the Piræus and Salamis burst on us with delightful suddenness) were the remains of the city gates. We here saw Mount Helicon very high to the west, the mountain, where Xerxes is said to have sat, nearer to us in the same direction, and Mount Cithæron to the north west. We traced the city walls to the north and north west. The rock was cut, and we found some steps in it, and the marks of houses, and stood on a large mass of stone, on which, says tradition, stood the tribunal, whence

Alcibiades showed to the Athenians their army on the plain below, and advised them to carry the war into Sicily. From this we walked to the Pnyx which is to the south west at a short distance. There are three steps to mount to its vestibule, and three more to the rostrum. The walls of it are built of immense stones, some of them at least fifteen feet by seven. All round are several steps cut in the rock, and marks of houses, and it is said that here was the house of Cimon. Near it, to the westward, is a part of the rock worn as smooth and slippery as glass. Here women slide down, with the idea that it will remove barrenness, and this custom is said to be ancient. We entered the city by the north gate, over which is a Greek inscription. Near it, inside the walls, is the cave where (it is said) St. Paul took refuge after preaching to the Athenians. At half-past eight, we returned to our lodgings where we found just arrived the news of Buonaparte's compelled abdication. We supped, drank to the good cause, and lay down at midnight.

Thursday, May 19th.—At ten o'clock Signor Logotheti, our Vice-consul here (who, like all our Vice-consuls in the Levant, is powerless and unrespected) called on me, and T. and I went with him to the Waywode, whom we found in a decent room with several Greeks, sitting with him and laughing servilely at his vulgar jokes. I stated through the Consul, that finding myself here, I had thought it my duty to communicate to him the information received here yesterday, which

I detailed. He received my news with great indifference, and asked me about Ali Pasha, who, he said, was the Buonaparte feared by the people of Athens. T. gave him a letter of introduction, which he had to him from Mr. Strani, and after receiving his compliments, and sitting half an hour, we left him thoroughly disgusted with the vulgarity of his appearance and manners. After this we went to call on M. Fauvel, the French Consul. We found him in a room quite choaked up with casts of statues and antiques. He received us very politely, and his first word was "*he bien, Messieurs, nous voilà donc en paix.*" (Indeed we heard since that he read the Zante Gazette yesterday in his church, professed his entire belief of their contents, and ordered the priest to repeat no more the prayer for Buonaparte). He showed us several beautiful antiques, and among others, casts of the statues found by Mr. Cockerell and his friends at Ægina, some highly finished vases dug up here, and the jaw bone of an ancient Greek or Roman with the obolus sticking between the teeth. He told us that the white flag was flying at Corfu, and that General Campbell was there. He talked of his country being at peace with Spain, but was soon convinced that this was impossible, when I told him that Spaniards were still in France, and that the treaty between Spain and us, stipulated that one country should make no peace without the consent of the other. The French consulate at Athens, though a perfect sinecure is on a very respectable footing: both a dragoman and

a janizary are attached to it. The first thing almost visible on entering Athens is the large French flag over the Consul's house; and when I asked our Consul why he had no flag, he said that having no pay, he could not support the expense of it, about 500 piastres given annually to the Waywode, the Cadi, and other Turks in power. In the evening I walked with T. to the site of the ancient academy. In our way we passed a broken ruin, which is thought to be the tomb of Pericles; its construction appeared to me evidently Roman; but, as Fauvel and Lusieri both give it that name, I dare not dispute it. The academy, which is about two miles to the north of the present city, is now occupied by very rich and pleasant gardens belonging to Turks, to which the inhabitants often repair for every other purpose than that of studying philosophy. We sat down in one of them half an hour with two Greeks who invited us to partake of their supper, consisting of bread, cheese, (which looked very like white soap, and tasted very salt,) and onions. On our return we ascended a small hill called Colonus* (on which was anciently a temple of the Furies) whence we had a delightful view of Athens. At nine o'clock we regained our lodgings.

* It was to Colonus (which is the scene of the tragedy of Sophocles) that *Ædipus* is said to have retired during his banishment, and it was on this hill, according to Thucydides, that the meeting assembled, at which Pisander established the oligarchy which was afterwards overthrown on the revolt of Eubœa.

Friday, May 20th.—In the morning I went to look at the temple of the Winds, which stands within the city: it is a small octagonal building, with figures in basso relievo, on the frieze, of the eight winds as large as life. It is now used by the Dervishes to perform their religious dance in. Near it are some small remains (with houses built over them) of Ptolemy's Gymnasium, of which other ruins are visible at half a miles' distance. In the evening, T. and I walked with Lusieri to Mount Anchesmus. We went out at the east gate. On the beginning of our road we saw some Mosaick pavement, the only remains of the Cynosarges: to our left was the site of Adrian's aqueduct, and there is left part of the wall of its reservoir. It took us half an hour to ascend Mount Anchesmus, which is very steep and stony. The view of Athens from its top is superb, and every thing is seen that is on the east side of the city, with the sea, the islands of Salamis and of Egina, and the coast of the Morea beyond. Egina is now only regarded as an addition to the prospect, and is no longer, what Pericles called it, the eye-sore of Athens. At the top of Anchesmus there still remains a part of the pedestal of the statue of Jupiter Anchesmus. On Hymettus there was also a statue of Jupiter Hymettus, and on Mount Parnes one of Neptune Parnessus. At the summit of Anchesmus is now a small Greek church. After stopping half an hour on the top, we returned to our lodgings, which we reached at half-past eight. There are two small columns, one near the gate, and one near Mount

Anchesmus, marking the distance to which a former Waywode of Athens discharged an arrow. It is above a quarter of a mile.

Saturday, May 21st.—We walked to the temple of Theseus (which stands west of the city) this morning, but the heat prevented us from examining the metopes, &c., and soon compelled us to return home. At noon, I received a trunk, which I had left at Corinth to be sent to me, and received from Messrs. Strani and Parnell letters* containing the following welcome intelligence: “On the arrival here, on the “7th instant, of three of the four assassins, I made “interest with the governor to lend me soldiers to “arrest them; but as they were lodged in a house “whose walls were difficult for Turkish soldiers to “scale, no other means could be adopted than that

* These letters were brought by Hassan, one of Mr. Liston's Tatars, whom I kept with me to accompany me back to Constantinople, wishing to have some one on whom I could rely, as, from pirates and plague, it was by far the most dangerous part of the journey. Mustapha, who had an extreme horror of the plague, strongly recommended this plan, as he dreaded excessively my taking him either to Salonica or to Smyrna, in both which cities the plague was raging. I once asked Mustapha, what he would do if the plague visited Patrass. “O,” he answered, in his Italian, “*mi scapolato via a Cephalonia, Zanté.*” “*Oh Signore, mi tengo molto amici la.*” I sent the Vice-consul to the Waywode to apply for one of his Tatars, whom I sent on with Hassan's dispatches, and wrote myself, apologizing to Mr. Liston for keeping his Janizary, and telling him what bargain (900 piastres, nearly twice too much, but he asked 1,500) I had made with the Waywode's Tatar.

“ of commencing a heavy fire at the windows , and
“ these desperate villains being armed, they returned
“ it, and wounded two Turks, (who died thereof the
“ day after), when the Turks became blood-thirsty,
“ and murdered one of them, and wounded the other,
“ but the third escaped unhurt. The head of the one
“ killed went to Zante, in company of the other two,
“ where they arrived safe.” I am naturally very
glad to have succeeded in the object for which the
General sent me,—an object which will be so power-
ful a corrective of the horrible abuses in Zante*.
The fourth assassin I heard at Tripolizza was put
to death at Gastouni for a murder which he had
committed there, as I have related at page 261.
In the evening, T. and I called on Signor Lusieri,
and, not finding him at home, ascended the Acropo-
lis. On our way, we mounted into the cave of
Apollo and Pan, which is on the top of the hill to
the left of the road. It is neither large nor deep.
The only things in it worthy of remark are several
square small excavations, once probably containing
tablets or basso relievos. On the descent here, between
the path and the summit, is said to have been the

* I have been lately deeply gratified by hearing, that since
the execution of these villains not a single murder has been
committed in the island, where, before, hardly a year passed
without several. The attainment of this object was well worth
the exertions of the Ionian government. It was not the least
curious part of this affair, to see Turks sacrificed in the ser-
vice of Christians, a thing seldom heard of, when they are not
tempted by high rewards.

Pelasgic, a spot of ground, Thucydides tells us, (book ii., chap. 17) below the citadel, which the Athenians were warned by an oracle to leave uninhabited, an injunction which they disregarded only from necessity, when, owing to the presence of a hostile army in Attica, the inhabitants of the country were crowded within the walls. By a winding staircase, made by the Venetians, we mounted to the top of the pronaum of the Parthenon. How magnificent was the view of the rich and interesting plain of Athens before us, whose beauty was increased by the soft light of sunset. I always thought it a fine, and I now found it to be a natural, idea of Gibbon, to connect the decline of the Roman empire with the ruins of the capitol. After enjoying this lovely prospect for half an hour, we were called down by the Turks, who wanted to shut the gates of the fortress. At nine o'clock we went with the Consolinas to the house of Mr. Roque, a French merchant here, whose enthusiasm for *la gloire de la grande nation* is so great, that he fell ill on hearing that the Allies had crossed the Rhine: now, however, he inveighs against Buonaparte as loudly as any one, and says, that he will certainly be murdered before he reaches the island of Elba. He is an old man, and tells me that he lived long in Albania, (where he was employed to buy timber for the Toulon dock-yard,) that it was he who built the magazines in Salagorda, and that he knew Ali Pasha in his days of poverty and dependance.

Sunday, May 22nd.—In the morning I walked

with T. out of Adrian's arch to the south-east of the city, where we sat for two hours under the magnificent sixteen columns, said by some to have formed part of the same monarch's Pantheon, and by others of the temple of Jupiter Olympius: even here, surrounded by the most interesting ruins existing in the world, we talked of England and *quasi celebrare domestica facta*. As I am not an antiquary, I am not ashamed to confess, that no scenes I have yet beheld have been able to supersede the interest which I take in my own dear country, whose publick glory at least equals that of Athens in her best days, and whose public happiness is so much greater than was ever enjoyed by the members of that capricious republick. I was surprised to find the columns bearing a different appearance from that which they had shown me on my last visit, and on minuter observation, I found that they daily undergo the following changes: the light and hot sun of noon gives them a yellow tint; the glow of sunset makes them shine like burnished gold; and in the sombre shade of the evening, they assume a reddish cast; and the different gradations, from one of these tints to the other, renders the scene more delightful by varying their appearance every hour. Close to the sixteen columns, and on the banks of the Ilyssus, is the fountain of Callirhoe, once sacred to the Muses, but now dwindled into an insignificant and dirty pool, no longer ennobled by the lyre, but detected only by the croaking of its frogs. A stone's throw to the south of the sixteen columns is


the site of an Ionick temple (on a small rocky hill) dedicated to Ceres. Not a single stone now remains of it, though Stuart saw it in tolerable perfection. The complete destruction of this beautiful edifice, in so short a time, sufficiently shows the devastations committed by the Turks, which are still more cruelly marked by a small stone seat, about ten feet high, with steps, to mount it, standing near the sixteen columns, on which they sit firing at them. They daily injure with the same barbarity the temple of Theseus.

At two o'clock we returned to dinner, which the Consolinas partook with us. At half-past five, we took our accustomed walk with Lusieri. We strolled first to the south-west to the hill (near the Odeum), on whose top was the gate of the city, and the wall of Themistocles, and on whose side are three square excavations, which have been differently named by different travellers. Some call them prisons of the Areopagus; but for this they seem too few and too distant from that tribunal: others, with speculative boldness, affirm them to be the dungeon in which Socrates drank the hemlock. "*Illis robur et æs triplex circa pectus.*" Between the Odeum and the temple of Bacchus, there formerly stood, it is said, a temple to Æsculapius: it must probably have stood at the bottom of the hill, for the top is occupied by the theatre of Bacchus. From the prisons we ascended to the top of Mount Museum, which overhangs them, and which affords a delightful view of Athens and its vicinity. This mountain looks higher at a distance

than near, where it is compared with Hymettus and Anchesmus; these mountains not being seen from afar (at least on the road from Thebes), in a point of view that admits of the comparison. It was this which I saw in coming by the side of the Acropolis*. On its top is the monument (of Pentelick marble) of Philopappus, a king of Syria, conquered by the Romans, and afterwards their consul. This monument, of which there are great remains, is of an oblong form, about forty feet high: it contains now nine figures cut in bas relief to the depth of at least a foot: two at the top, of which the middle one represents Philopappus, and the left, Antigonus; that to the right is destroyed: these two are sitting; below them are six others, representing the consular procession. Philopappus, is seen in a chariot drawn by four horses abreast, preceded by four lictors, and followed by other figures, of which only one remains, a large mass of the monument being here broken off. Of the ornaments behind, only one column, cut in bas relief, remains. After leaving the Museum, we walked to the Temple of Theseus, on our way to which we met Mr. Fauvel, who turned to accompany us. On passing the Pnyx, this gentleman made us observe an enormous stone, which was part of its materials, which he told us is frequently mentioned by ancient authors (he cited Thucydides), always under the name of

* This mountain is stated by Pausanias to have been garrisoned by the Macedonians under Antigonus, when they were driven from the siege of Athens by the Spartans and Patroclus of Egypt. Book iii. chap. 6.

“ the large stone ;” and added, that it was thirty-six feet long, and fifteen broad : on measuring it afterwards, we found it to be twenty-two feet long, eight high, and five and a half broad ; nor can I find, that Thucydides once mentions it in his history. The temple of Theseus is the most perfect monument in Greece, wanting only two columns which the modern Greeks have destroyed, to make a projection of the wall in which to place their altar, it having shared the fate of most monuments of Grecian antiquity, in being applied to the purposes of religion. In the peristyle of the right (north) side, a large hole is dug in the pavement, in which were found some vases. As the temple was built (after the battle of Marathon) on the site of the grave of Theseus, that hero, probably, lies buried in the middle ; but Mr. F. told me, that on digging there he had only found tombs of a later age. The metopes are as follows :—In the front (east), by the first (from the right), is represented Theseus receiving the clue from Ariadne : the second, third, and fourth are quite destroyed ; by the fifth, Theseus bringing Cerberus from hell, (the paws of the dog are all that remain) ; the sixth and seventh are destroyed ; by the eighth, Hercules catching Diana’s stag ; by the ninth, Hercules killing the Hydra, and there is another figure (of Iolas) burning the sprouting heads ; by the tenth, Hercules killing the Nemean lion :—On the north side, by the first, Theseus killing the sow of Crommyon ; by the second, Theseus killing the giant

Sciron; by the third, Hercules, killing Antæus, (the effort by which he is strangling him as he lifts him from the ground, is admirably represented); the fourth is destroyed:—On the south side, by the first, Theseus destroying the Minotaur; by the second, Theseus driving in the Marathonian bull; by the third, Theseus killing the giant Pityocampes or Sciris; the fourth is destroyed. The frieze in the peristyle of the pronaum is very obscure, but is thought to represent a battle between the Thebans and Athenians, though this seems inconsistent with four sitting figures to the right. The frieze in the peristyle of the posticum represents the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; and it is remarkable, that one group (that of two Centaurs crushing a fallen Lapitha) is exactly resembled by one of the marbles, found by Mr. Cockerell and his party in the temple of Apollo Epicurus at Phigalia. The roof of the temple (of Theseus) still remains in part; it is formed of marble slabs, shelving thus  which is the common construction of the roofs of the temples in Greece*. All along its walls and columns are inscribed the names of Englishmen, and I was happy to recognize some old friends. At half-past eight we returned to our lodging, and retired early to prepare for our morrow's fag.

Monday, May 23rd.—At half-past six T. and I

* It appears from Pausanias, that the first temples were built with flat roofs, and that the shelving roof was a fashion of later times.

mounted our post-horses, and with Mustapha and a surigee, set off for Marathon. T. carried his gun with him, but was disappointed in his expectations of finding game, though hares and wild-fowl are very plentiful in this favoured country. The ride would have been delightful, had it been only a ride ; but it is easy to imagine what interest it excited, when it assumed the character of an excursion from Athens to Marathon. The only disagreeable circumstance in our jaunt arose from the excessive heat of the day. For three hours we rode along a most beautiful rich plain. We had Anchesmus to our right on leaving the city, and at a small distance from it, we saw some few remains of Adrian's aqueduct to our left. In this plain we passed three small villages, whose gardens and olive groves (with which latter, indeed, the whole plain was covered) were in the highest possible state of fertility and beauty. In the second village was an immense chesnut-tree, the largest I had ever seen, whose branches spread through a circle of from sixty to seventy feet. At the third village, we stopped a few minutes at a cottage, where water and eggs were the only breakfast they could furnish us, it being too early for the fruit-season, and their stock of wine not being sufficient to last through the year. Leaving the plain, we mounted a slight ascent, and for two hours and a half continued along a steep rugged road, among moderate mountains overgrown with shrubs and fir-trees, which gave the scene an agreeable air of thorough wildness, and it was difficult to

imagine oneself at only twelve miles distance from Athens. The scenery of Greece presents a variety that suits every taste: the lover of society may chuse his residence in a port where European vessels are constantly touching; the antiquarian may fix himself where he sees from his window the most interesting monuments of her days of glory; and the advocate for solitude may find recesses in the mountains, where he may indulge in meditation even to madness. The rocks on the side of this road were all of Mica slate, which bore the colour and glittering appearance of silver; this made me think, that if the ground were dug, mines of that metal would be found, and I find that Chandler states, that he saw the site of silver mines near Athens. After two hours and a half riding along this wild solitude, I was surprised to find, that our road had been gradually and imperceptibly mounting, and that we had now a very formidable and steep descent to encounter. From the top we had a fine view of the sea and the village and plain of Marathon. We were half an hour descending, as the steepness and stony ruggedness of the road rendered a quick pace impossible. At the bottom of the mountain, we had to our left the Cave of Pan, (who, by his part in the battle of Marathon, gave his name to *panick* fear,) which is a small natural excavation in the rock, and being now nearly choked up, and containing nothing to be seen, I spared myself the classick uncomfortableness of crawling down it on all fours. Near the cave and before the village runs a small and

violent, but not deep, stream, on whose banks are a few fertile and well-cultivated gardens. The village is very pretty, being almost hidden by the foliage that surrounds it: it is very small, containing only thirty houses, of which not one is inhabited by a Turk. We stopped in it half an hour to dine; and on leaving it, we again crossed the stream (which has no name), and between two mountains rode about two hundred yards, till we came into the large plain, which has testified so strongly what man can do when he fights for his home. Its smoothness justifies the remark of Herodotus, (Book vi. chap. 102,) that it was better adapted for the operations of cavalry, than any other part of Attica. Riding towards the sea, the first object we met was the monument of Miltiades, now reduced to a heap of loose stones: a little beyond this were the stones raised to the slaves and the Platæans, which are now hardly perceptible, being covered with corn. The next object is the Tumulus of the Athenians, which stands near the sea, and is about forty feet high. It was once excavated by M. Fauvel, but he found nothing. As we were sitting on it, enjoying the prospect from its top, an accident happened to Tupper, which made us grateful to the Turks for the clumsiness of their manufactures. He was firing powder from the pan of his fowling-piece to clear it, and his pouch (a small gourd, containing a little more than half a pound of Turkish powder) being in his right waistcoat pocket, a spark flew into it and blew the whole up. The gun flew to a distance, his coat and

waistcoat were more than half burnt, his shirt set on fire, and his right hand severely burnt. I, who was sitting close to him, escaped with the left skirt of my great coat being very much singed. It required all our wine (two bottles) to extinguish the fire in his shirt and clothes. He put his hand into his handkerchief made into a sling, and in five days it was quite recovered. This was the end of an accident which, if his pouch had contained English powder, might have gone hard with us.

We now rode to the west and saw the small columns (about three feet high) which were placed to the memory of the heroes who fell in the battle. Of these there are six standing, and six thrown down; one of the former has the appearance of an altar: near them are some stones which look as if they had belonged to some edifice. It is necessary to remark that these are not in their proper place, having been unclassically moved to make a tent for Lord and Lady Elgin, by the captain of the frigate which brought that nobleman from Constantinople to Athens. To the south, close to the sea, is the marsh (extending at least 200 acres) into which the Persian army was driven; and, to the west, a jutting promontory. After staying to indulge our enthusiasm with these objects, we rode to a small valley shaped like a stadium (formed by the mountain that composed the right, *i. e.* west, side of the defile by which we had entered the plain) where was the station of the Athenian army. It was most judiciously chosen, the mountains in their rear, and on

their sides effectually preventing them from being surrounded, which the formidable numbers of the Persians would have rendered an overwhelming danger. Near this natural stadium are six small tumuli which some contend to have been raised to the Athenians. The river near Marathon flows by this stadium which must have increased the strength of the Athenian position. Higher up on the mountain, at the bottom of which stand these six Tumuli, is the small Greek village of Βράννα (Vranna), in which there are only nine cottages, and one little church. It now contains no Turks, who, in Greece, seldom chuse villages for their residence. We arrived there at six, and went to the Papas' house and were there put into a wretched naked room, whose only furniture consisted of two mats. Here, however, they made us up two comfortable beds and a good supper of eggs and milk. In the evening it was moonlight, but being the first quarter, we could not see the plain below us by its light. As Pausanias relates that martial clamours are frequently heard on the plain at night, I asked the Papa whether he had ever witnessed them. He told me that "on " the first of May (o. s.) this year, he had heard a very " loud neighing of horses at night on the plain close " to the spot where, he was told, a great battle had " once been fought, and as very few horses were kept " in the neighbourhood, he could not but attribute it " to supernatural causes. That three years ago a " shepherd from a neighbouring village tending his " flock on the same spot had been so alarmed by

“hearing there loud shouts of men and neighing of horses, that he left his sheep in the night and ran back to his village; and that eighteen years ago thirty-six Turks who lived in the village (of Vranna) had been so frightened by seeing a little man on horseback galloping along the impracticable mountain (behind, and more distant from the plain, as well as higher, than, Vranna) near the small church, that they left the village, and never could be persuaded to return. He had no doubt, he added, that this was the apparition of St. George, to whom the church was dedicated.” After questioning him about these curious legends of superstition, in which he seemed to place implicit confidence, we lay down, and being pretty well tired with our day’s exertions, slept soundly till morning.

Tuesday, May 24th.—Early in the morning we yielded to the repeated calls of Mustapha, and at half past six took leave of the hospitable Papas, and left Vranna. I could not consent to leave Marathon without once more riding over the station of the Athenians, which is now marked only by the pacifick labours of the husbandman. I felt here all the justice of Johnson’s observation,—“That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon.” We had nominally five hours ride to Mendeli, of which three lay by the side of the sea. The only coins which I could find at Marathon, were a few of copper, which I bought of a peasant who was watering a large herd of oxen at a

well, near the field of battle, and these were totally uninteresting. We first crossed the marsh so fatal to the Persians, and for two hours proceeded along a rich and delightful plain, whose olive trees and thick corn overhung the Saronicus Sinus, and then passing a small village and a thick wood, travelled for three hours among mountains diversified by all the various beauties that nature has so prodigally lavished on this lovely land. Heights towering majestically above the high level of our road, and covered with eternal snow; precipices, on which even to look was danger, though it was impossible to avoid looking from the loveliness of the valley below, clothed in every species of variegated verdure, and down which the small stream from the mountain was stealing in glittering silence; formed in their combination a scene which the most insensible could not pass unnoticed. Even Mustapha cried "guzel," (pretty.) The road was here too covered with the mica which appears to indicate that the earth was as rich below as above. It was so overgrown with shrubs and trees as to be in some places nearly impassable to our horses. At half-past eleven we reached the convent of Mendeli, which is concealed by the surrounding trees till one is close to it. It is a very extensive building, being the largest Greek establishment of the kind in this part of the country. They received us very hospitably, and showed us into a very small room, furnished with neat divans round three sides *à la Turque*, where Mustapha told me all English travellers stopt, and he began enumerating

to me, Mr. North, Mr. Gell, &c. We had no need of this recommendation to induce us to stay, as we were so tired from the terrible heat, that we immediately lay down on the sophas and slept till half-past three.

After regaling on eggs and an excellent sweet-meat (not unlike a good pancake) for the manufacture of which the convent is famous (indeed Mustapha said that if we did not eat of this, we might as well not have come to Mendeli,) we set off for the quarries, which were more distant than I expected from the report which was given us. For half an hour we mounted on horseback a slight ascent at the bottom of the mountain, pushing our way through a profusion of heath and wild shrubs, till the rise became so steep that we were forced to alight, though Signor Lusieri afterwards told us that he always continues riding to the top. For three quarters of an hour, we had a very laborious walk up the mountain to the caverns. On the path we saw lying several masses of marble that bore marks of the chissel, and indeed by the side of it was one immense rough hewn block intended to have formed part of a column, and the mountain was covered with stones of so curious a nature and colour, that I lamented excessively not being a mineralogist. The first quarry (which I should think to be 120 feet in length, and ninety in height) is in the open air. It is hewn completely perpendicular. Time and exposure to the air has rendered the marble of the same yellowish colour as the columns of the

temples which have been built from it, but wherever it is broken, it discovers a delicate white. The inner quarry, excavated by nature, is enormously extensive and deep. Within, it is very cold, and a well of water in it is of a temperature nearly frozen. The water that drops from the top forms incrustations of marble that are strikingly beautiful. Within its recess is a deep hole, which our guide, who had brought candles on purpose, wanted us to descend, stating as an inducement that all travellers, and even an English lady, had done so. But as it was necessary to crawl down on the hands and knees, for no one object (it containing nothing to see) but to write one's name at the bottom, we were lazy enough to decline the exploit. These magnificent and gigantick caverns defy the utmost efforts of destruction, for, without the aid of gunpowder which the Turks cannot afford to waste, all the resources of the Ottoman empire, would be insufficient to destroy them. While the temples, their offspring, are daily receiving some new injury from wanton barbarism, the parents stand, and will stand for ever, defying the desolation that surrounds them. After stopping here an hour and a half, we descended the mountain, and galloped over the rich and beautiful plain before Athens, (a distance of three hours nominally) to the city which we reached by sun-set. Before passing Anchesmus, we rode through a small village an hour's distance from the city, in which we saw a very extensive manufacture of oil. In galloping I lost my hat, which I left poor Mustapha, who

was far behind (to whom it was no slight labour to mount his horse, after having alighted) to pick up, and galloped into Athens in the same hurried confusion, and with as cheerful, though not so noble, feelings, as the Athenian hero who ran without stopping from the field to tell his countrymen of the glory their arms had acquired at Marathon. On arriving at my lodgings, I found there a Maltese supercargo who had come from Negropont. His ship (also Maltese) three days ago was lying in the bay of Kumi, and he was on shore with the captain and a sailor purchasing provisions, when they saw the vessel attacked and taken by seven hundred Albanian pirates, who approached her in thirty-five boats. The three immediately escaped further in shore, and the supercargo was dispatched to me in Athens to beg my assistance in recovering the ship. The idea of regaining it by my means was absurd, for the pirates were so powerful, that they had extorted provisions from the Pasha of Negropont by the threat of burning his villages, and so barbarous, that having taken from one of those villages a poor Greek woman and her seven children, and having given notice to the husband that they expected 7,000 piastres for their ransom, when the poor peasant came on board and offered 3,000 which was all he had been able to raise by borrowing, selling his cottage, &c. they took what he brought, cut off his ears, and sent him to fetch the remaining 4,000, as the only possible condition on which he could recover his family. They had written to the captain of the vessel, offering to

return it if, within three days, he brought them 25,000 piastres, and threatening if these terms were not accepted, to carry it off, and murder the crew. But, independent of the little faith to be placed in them, how could the captain's credit be sufficient to procure that sum in Athens, where he was unknown? The vessel being insured with her cargo, the great object was to save the lives of the crew, and as the pirates are always in hopes of a ransom, there was reason to hope that they would not fulfil their threat. The Consul too, who came to supper, had a sad story to tell me. The evening before the Waywode had sent his beloubashi (captain of the guard) ordering him to keep his door shut at night, though it is the privilege of a Consul in the Levant to keep it always open, and had refused permission to his janizary to carry arms, saying that he would not recognize him as Consul, but only as an agent of a Consul. I offered to go immediately to the Waywode, and frighten him into a revocation of, and apology for, these absurd insults, but the Consul begged me not to do so, as the effect would not survive my departure, and would besides expose his father and brothers, who had no protection, to the insolence and oppression of the Waywode. This is one of the blessed effects of having Rayahs for our agents. The French Consuls in the Levant are generally native Frenchmen, and support their dignity and independence. Mr. Fauvel here has a salary of 6,000 piastres per annum, besides an allowance of 800 for the entertainment of travellers, and 3,000 for

his dragoman. He keeps his flag always flying, and is looked up to with reverence by the Turks and the governor, to whom he never pays a visit without first sending a chair to sit on. And he is right; for it is only by the minute observation of privilege and etiquette, that the respect and awe of barbarians is to be secured. Our Consuls, on the contrary, are all Rayahs, who, being unpaid, are forced to compromise the dignity of their situation by descending to the practice (whence, with a Greek, the transition is easy to the frauds) of commerce, who tremble before the insolence which they ought to restrain, and are in consequence despised by the Turks and distrusted by their countrymen*. The present besides is a strong instance how additionally difficult it is to obtain justice for them from the fear of the revenge of the Turks being turned on their connections. It is no new thing for the Turks to despise and reject the employment of Rayahs, as I see in Chandler's Travels, that in his time an edict was enforced at Smyrna, forbidding their appointment as agents to foreign powers. It would be very easy if these considerations did not prevent it, to terrify into compliance the present Waywode, as he is a great coward, though, eminently gifted, even for a

* From the want of competition, I was forced to pay excessively dear for the boat that carried me from Athens. It was whispered to me that the Consul (who made the bargain for me) had increased the price, and stipulated with the boatmen for some dollars out of it for himself. I of course discredited and silenced the insinuation, but it shows what an idea is entertained of the British Consuls in the Levant.

Turk, with obstinacy and ignorance. Signor Lusieri lately began making an excavation into the Acropolis (at the bottom of which his house stands) to form a cellar, but some malicious enemy suggested to the Waywode that it was his intention to blow up the Acropolis, and orders were immediately sent him to desist from his undertaking.

Wednesday, May 25th.—In the morning the Maltese supercargo called on me with the sailor who had escaped with him. The former was rather a genteel-looking man, though dressed in the tattered and tarred suit of clothes in which he had come on shore, and which he had not been able to change. He said he was fully convinced that the plunderers of his vessel were pirates, subjects of, and secretly upheld by, Ali Pasha*, and entreated me to write to him (A. P.) accusing him of connivance, and insisting on the resti-

* This suspicion I had afterwards reason to know was well founded. The system of robbery and piracy on the coast of Thrace was organized by Ali Pasha, with his usual cunning and cruelty. He was very anxious to obtain the government of Thebes, and every outrage committed by the robbers in its neighbourhood was adduced to the Porte by his agents at Constantinople, as a fresh argument for the expediency of conferring this government on him who could preserve order, which its present governors had not the power to do. He was so well served at the Porte, that his intrigues greatly influenced the political opinions of the Turkish government. Much of the jealousy entertained at Constantinople of the Allies after the conquest of Napoleon was inspired by Ali Pasha, as a means of diverting the attention of the Sultan from his own encroachments and designs.

tution of the ship and cargo. A very few words served to convince him of the madness of such a scheme, and a very few more persuaded him, the thieves being much too powerful to admit of any thing being done here, to go to Constantinople and lay his case before the ambassador*. He set off for Negropont at noon, and was there to join a boat on the point of sailing to that capital. After breakfast I walked with T. to the house of a Greek in our neighbourhood, who had some vases, stones with inscriptions, &c.; but there was nothing very beautiful left by former travellers, and the owner asked prices so ridiculously unreasonable, that I was on the point of summoning all the synonymies of "Rascal" to lavish on him, till I remembered how many Englishmen had been in Athens. We left him in quiet possession of his valuables. The day was so burning hot, that we returned to our lodgings at ten o'clock, and found it impossible to stir out again till the evening. We then went to the temple of Theseus, of which we obtained the key and entered the inside. A great part of the ancient walls remain. The exact proportion makes it look larger than it is; and, though the flat roof is modern, and the walls defaced by the absurd figures of Saints which the Greeks have daubed on them, yet

* He has made his representation, I find, at Constantinople, and has been sent back to Greece with a firman, to waste time and money in demands with which the authorities there have neither the power nor the will to comply. This is generally the only redress to be had from the Porte. September, 1814.

some idea may be still formed of the magnificence of the temple when it was hung round with the pictures of the first Greek artists, and adorned with the pomp of the heathen ceremonies. In the west end of the temple lies a broken part of a large column, with a very long inscription which has been often copied and decyphered, and found to contain the names of Athenian citizens. But the monuments which excite the greatest interest in an Englishman, are the tombs of two countrymen, Mr. Watson and Mr. Tweddell; both of whom fell victims to a fever. The former it is said brought on the fever by his imprudence in drinking water when heated, and his death was hastened by drinking wine and brandy, when suffering under the complaint. Their funeral was performed with great pomp, all the Turkish soldiers in Athens following the procession and firing over them. Over their graves are placed slabs of plain marble, with inscriptions, which I copied*. That over Tweddell,

* HIC OSSA QUIESCUNT

GEORGH WATSON ARM: BRITANNI

QUEM

NEC QVIMI VIRTUTES CORPORIS VIRES

JUVENTUTIS VER NEC HAEC SALUBERRIMA REGIO

CONSERVARENT

OBIIT XVIII KAL. SEP. MDCCCX.

SI MISERANDUS IN MORTE

SALTEM IN SEPULCHRO FELIX

Of Tweddell's (written by Mr. Walpole) my copy is unfortunately effaced, having been unavoidably written in Turkish ink, of which no trace remained on the paper when I reached Constantinople.

was written by Mr. Walpole. After staying an hour in the temple, we strolled a little about the Pnyx and returned to our lodgings by the site of the Areopagus. This famous tribunal is supposed to have stood close below the Acropolis, north-west of it; and as it is known to have been quite a plain building, the symmetry with which the rock is hewed in this spot seems to favour the conjecture.

Thursday, May 26th.—In the morning we called on Lusieri, in going to whose house we passed under the arch of Augustus, which served as a gateway to the Agora. This ruin has been so often and so accurately described, that I shall not dwell on it, observing only that it is still very perfect, except the inscription, of which a very little is effaced. In the wall near it is a stone, in the shape of a very long oblong, with a Greek inscription, still very perfect, except at the bottom, which is very low and exposed, describing the ancient regulations for the bringing to market, and the sale of, oil. In the evening we walked with Signor Lusieri to the Acropolis, where, as usual, he pointed out to us several things which we had not before remarked. Near the steps that led anciently to the Acropolis, there is built in the wall of the modern fortress, part of the architrave of the most ancient temple of Minerva, which was burnt by the troops of Xerxes. We stopped to examine again the Propyleum. In the marble, with which are built the walls and columns of this elegant temple, are left the projections by which they were originally lifted to their

places. A wretched Turkish battery is now raised on its ruins. We sat down a few minutes on the west side of the Acropolis to enjoy the lovely prospect of the Saronicus Sinus, and its renowned islands, and then walked to the temples of Neptune and Minerva Polias, of which the following is the plan. The three temples (of Neptune Erectheus, Minerva Polias, and the Pandrosos) were all joined by one common passage. In the first were six columns of the Ionick order exquisitely finished: five still remain. In the portico of the second were four, all remaining. There are in all ten columns remaining of the temple of Minerva Polias, for there remain those of the left side. In the Pandrosos, which was the smallest, were six caryatides, larger than life. In the evening we went to the Turkish bath, and supped and retired early. By the advice of the Consul, to-day I hired conditionally for seventy dollars, a boat with two 3-pdrs. and fourteen men, all armed with musquets, to carry me to Νέα Φοκία (Phokees), about eight hours' distance from Smyrna, the boatmen not being willing to enter the port of Smyrna, on account of the difficulty of escaping from it with a contrary wind.

Friday, May 27th.—Our donkies came early, and at seven o'clock we left Athens with Mustapha, and two boys, who owned the animals, walked after us. The plain was most lovely, and as we passed through the thick olive grove, we were not much incommoded by the heat. We rode along the foundations of the

ancient walls of the Piræus which are easily traced, especially as one approaches nearer to the sea. Near the port, in a valley to the left, remain the foundations of an ancient theatre. At half-past eight we reached the Piræus; after T. had got off three or four times, in a vast and useless rage, to cuff and throw stones at his donkey, these animals being here as proverbially obstinate as elsewhere. They have here, however, the excuse of imitating their masters, who would rather endure any sufferings or privations than depart from their old prejudiced system. The excursion occupies a little less than an hour on horseback, and on foot, about an hour and a half. The Piræus is a very small, but completely sheltered, port, being a circle with a very narrow entrance. It might contain between 3 and 400 vessels, but from the extreme shallowness, they must be small, and draw little water. It is still used by the Greeks in the little commerce that Athens now enjoys. On its banks are built a custom-house, a few houses, and a small Greek church. We entered a room near the latter, and made an excellent breakfast off some fish just caught, that Mustapha bought for us. Close to this church, which stood in a large quadrangle, I observed a marble chair with a Latin inscription, of Venetian date, of which the following words were a part, "ACHAÏÆ VICARI MERENTI MEMORIA." On the south side are the extensive foundations of the town of Piræus, which covered the neck of land between the inner and the outer bay. The entrance to the port is very narrow, and

anciently a chain was drawn across it. On the southern extremity of the beach are two sarcophagi, of which, one that is double, *i. e.* there is one cut within the other, thus,



is supposed to have been the tomb of Themistocles: these were both under water. Near them are the broken masses of an enormous column, of which the pedestal remains between the two sarcophagi. These tombs stand on a rocky projection to the south-east of the Piræus, which forms one of the sides of its inner port. On this projection also, the crew of the English frigate, the *Orlando*, have built up a small sea-mark about forty feet high. The shore here is in all parts excessively rocky, and in the interstices are great quantities of salt. At the entrance of the Piræus is the very small island of Psyttalia, on which a Persian force was stationed during the battle of Salamis, which the Greeks, after their victory, cut off to a man; and beyond that, to the west of it, the glorious Salamis. After staying an hour and a half to contemplate these memorable features of Grecian scenery, we set off for Munichia, which is not above a miles' distance, but the impracticability of the path, from the quantity of shrubs and heath with which it is overgrown, made it a tedious journey. The road is excessively rugged and stony, and the rocks near this

middle port overhang the sea in some places 200 feet. The foundations of Munychia are very extensive, though less so than those of Piræus: great part of them are under water, by this it would appear that the sea has gained: and in this case what becomes of the story of Egeus* throwing himself from the Acropolis *into the sea*, and of the tradition prevalent in Athens, that the sea once flowed to the foot of the temple of Theseus? The outer port of Munychia is a very perfect semicircle. The inner one is a very small basin, the narrow entrance to which is now nearly dry.

After merely stopping a few minutes at this port, and making a slight dinner there, we rode on by a very clear road to Phalerum, in which there are no remains. In size, this is the first port (speaking of the outer ones) Munychia the second, and the Piræus the smallest: but Phalerum has no basin like the other two, and the basin of the Piræus is larger than that of Munychia. Our view of Athens from Phalerum was confined to Mount Museum and the Acropolis, with the front of the Parthenon. On our return we passed again through the olive grove, in which, to our right, was a large tumulus, said to contain the ashes of Antiope, queen of the Amazons. The olive grove was

* This is Pausanias' story: Statius, with more regard to probability, makes Egeus throw himself from Cape Sunium.

Linquitur Eois longè speculabile proris

Sunion; unde vagi casurum in nomina ponti

Cressia decepti falso ratis Ægea velo. *Thebaid.* 12. 624.

in itself most beautiful, and the delight of our prospect was much increased by the partial glimpses which we occasionally obtained of the Parthenon through its trees. Coming out of the grove, we were pleased to find a large fountain, of which we drank copiously, though the heat of the day had been by no means oppressive, owing to a very strong wind. On all sides, the peasants were cutting down plentiful crops of ripe barley. We alighted in Athens at half-past six.

In the Piræus I saw the boat for which I treated yesterday, and which I now rejected, because it was too small, and, if attacked, would be unable to resist, especially as the crew were all Greeks who had no cargo of their own, to tempt them to resist an attack.

Saturday, May 28th.—As I began now to be detained in Athens an unreasonable time for want of a *safe* opportunity for Smyrna, if there were pirates, and by unnecessary apprehensions if there were not, I begged Signor Logotheti, our Vice-consul, to write to the English Vice-consul in Zea, begging to be immediately informed whether I could go from Athens to Zea, without danger, and inclosing a letter from me to Mr. Younger of the Theodosius (who escorted us to Zante last year) begging that if he were in the neighbourhood of Athens, and were going to Smyrna (his station) within a fortnight, he would have the kindness to come and give me a passage. At the bottom of my letter I added an address to any other officer into whose hands it might fall, apologizing for

my freedom, but not receding from my request. I sent this letter because I heard that the Orlando was off Scyra, and that there were two English brigs of war off Negropont, of which I thought it possible that one might be commanded by my old friend Younger.

At two o'clock T. and I went to dine with the Consul, at whose house we met his brothers, Signor Lusieri, and a native of Zea, brother of our Vice-consul there. This latter wore the long dress with a hat, and not having learnt the difference between a hat and a turban, he kept it on all dinner time. The Consul's wife was dressed out in all her finery, with an ermine pelisse cut into a gown, whose waist came up to the shoulders behind, a broad girdle below the waist, clasped with immense silver plates, and a pearl necklace, so broad as to cover her whole neck. They gave us a very good dinner, which we got through more agreeably than I expected. The principal dish, as usual in the Levant, was pilaff, a dish composed of rice, sparingly scattered with small morsels of meat or fowl, and with gravy. After we left the Consul, we went to look at the Greek arch-bishop's church, in whose walls were several remnants of antiquity. On going out, we observed in the Consul's churchyard that part of the pavement was composed of stones with inscriptions. It is so with every house; it is impossible to move in Athens without seeing or treading on some monument of her former prosperity. "*Quid Pandionix restat nisi Nomen Athenæ?*" is by no means a just observation. The archbishop's church is

very neat, and the walls are composed of ancient stones of different dates, most of them clumsy productions of the Low Empire. These the Greeks value the most, because they generally bear the figure of the cross. There are, however, some basso relievos of a better age ; amongst which, one representing the signs of the Zodiac, and one placed sideways in the wall, bearing an ancient inscription, now placed too high to be read with convenience, but which has, I am told, been copied by Chandler. The inside of the church was very neat, and, as usual, painted with all the images of saints that its walls could contain. Amongst the monograms (a species of writing very common among the Greeks) written over their heads to describe their names, I distinguished the following over St. John, out of which I was at first quite unable, without assistance, to compose the words $\delta \Pi\rho\acute{o}\delta\rho\omicron\mu\omicron\varsigma$.—

—“O $\text{MP}\text{O}^{\text{A}}$ ” —
⊕

We wished to pay a visit to the archbishop, but were told that he had not yet woke from his afternoon's nap. I then took the usual evening walk with Signor Lusieri and T. We went out of the city by the south gate, near which is a small garden, the only one near the walls, which has been bequeathed by some pious Turk as a legacy to Mecca, and is therefore always given by the Waywode to a dervisch.

We went first to the fountain of Callirhoe, of which

the rocks, and the passages for water, hewn in them, remain, and will ever remain, but the water itself is reduced to a miserable pool about six feet in diameter, and covered by the spawn of the frogs that inhabit it. Underground, however, is heard a loud rumbling noise, as of a waterfall, which clearly proves that with little labour it would be easy to renew the stream. The rock rises about twenty feet above the fountain, so that the fall must have been beautiful. There are three of these passages cut. In the Ilyssus (which flowed between the 16 columns and the fountain) the Athenian women always find water for washing, even during the greatest heats of summer, by making a small hole in the ground. After examining the fountain, we ascended a small hill near it, on which stood the temple of Ceres. This temple was of the Ionick order, built of the finest Pentelick marble. Now, not a single trace remains of it. From this hill the prospect round us was superb, and sun-set increased its charms. To our right were the 16 columns, and Mount Anchesmus : to our left, the Acropolis, the arch of Adrian, and the monument of Philopapus ; and, in the distance, the rich plain with its olive-groves, and Salamis and Egina. Great part of the walls of the building, which was supported by the 16 columns, are still left, and by these it appears, that only the outside of them was covered with marble, and the inside filled up with ordinary stone. What a stupendous edifice must this have been, when entire and flourishing, since, even in the nineteenth cen-

ture, its remains are so magnificent ! As we were on the north-east side of the Acropolis, we could not of course join in our prospect the temple of Theseus, which is on the west.

At noon the Consul's janizary went off with my letters to Zea.

Sunday, May 29th.—To-day we dined with Signor Lusieri, who shewed us, nailed to the wall, an unfinished drawing of Constantinople in five large sheets. The view which it embraced, extended from the Seven Towers about eight miles up the Bosphorus, and was most faithfully and beautifully delineated. Unfortunately he had left it in the chancellerie of Pera, when he left Constantinople (in Lord Elgin's time), and there it was soiled and spoilt. In the evening we walked to the Acropolis : near the ancient entrance to it, in the wall, is (what I have forgot to observe before) the pedestal of the statue of one of the sons of Xenophon ; and in the wall, at the north-west corner, is a head of Socrates, probably broken off from a statue. In whatever spot one sees a remnant of antiquity in Greece, it may generally be inferred, that some monument stood there, for the Turks are too lazy to remove, and too jealous to allow to be removed, the heavy masses of stone, in which they wonder that we can find any value. Having been reading Anacharsis before dinner, where he describes the Propylaum, and says, that there are six pillars in front, and three in each wing, I examined that building, and (as the Turks have built between the

columns) at first could only find two in the left wing ; but on a closer search, I saw the capital of a third peeping out from the brick and mortar : the right wing was barbarously thrown down by the Venetians, for the purpose of fortifying the Acropolis with a large tower, which is actually built on the wall of the Propyleum. After adding my name to those cut on the Parthenon*, I wanted to cut a stick in the Acropolis, but it contained no tree large enough.

Monday, May 30th.—The Consul calling on me at breakfast time, I drew out of him the following information :—Athens contains about 2000 houses, of which a third are inhabited by Turks, a much larger proportion than is ordinary in Greece. The government is held by the Waywode : there is a senate which consists of forty or fifty members of the first Greek families ; from these four are chosen for Archons. If

* The passion of English travellers for inscribing their names on the ruins of Athens, has been happily ridiculed by an English officer, in the following Epigram, which is still current in the city :

Fair Albion smiling sees her son depart,
To trace the birth and nursery of art ;
Noble his object, glorious is his aim,
He comes to Athens, and he writes — *his Name !*

This Epigram was answered by Lord Byron, as follows :

This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own ;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His Name would sound much better than his verse.

their conduct be approved, they remain in office a long time, (one of the present ones has been Archon eighteen years); if not, the members of the senate address the people (recommending that one or more of them be changed, and detailing the misconduct complained of) at the end of a year, and out of the crowd select one from each trade to choose another Archon, or more than one, if thought advisable: the choice is made by a plurality of votes given verbally. The Waywode confirms the annual election, or re-election (for even, if approved of, they must be re-elected every year.) The Waywode is supposed to take their opinions before he decides on any question before him; and if he did so, this name of Archon, and this shew of authority, would sound very classically, and have at least the shadow of liberty; but the barbarian consults but his own will, and seeks after no seconding authority but that of his own soldiers. Indeed, the only use of the Archons is to do their utmost to content the people under an oppressive order, and in some measure to transfer the odium from the Waywode to themselves. The expenses of the Government, are supported by an annual tax (amounting in all to 200,000 piastres), which is gathered in two half-yearly collections, each citizen being charged according to his property, of which an account is kept and registered. The caratsch in Athens, for the richest Greek families, is twelve piastres a head per annum; for the middle and poorest classes, from four to six. A Greek who

has nine male children, is exempt from caratsch all through the empire, as long as they are all alive, and pays no taxes or rates of custom, &c., except what are paid by the Franks. Children are no where in Turkey liable to the caratsch till they are grown to a certain height, which is decided by a measure; generally, however, they begin paying it at the age of eight, especially if deformity keep their stature below the measure. The Waywode, who pays for his post (the present one gave 150,000 piastres for it) has the tenth part of the oil, corn, and every production of the soil, within his government, and from eight to ten paras on every vessel (about three okes) of honey; some convents, however, in the neighbourhood, of which Mendeli is one, are exempted from the tithe for a part of their ground, and, in lieu of it, send a present of part of their produce to the first Imazm of Constantinople. In the evening, T. and I walked to some gardens, north-east of the city, with a party consisting of the Consolinas, and a Roman family who have lately made Athens their residence: it was composed of the old lady, who was very polite and completely of the old school; her eldest daughter who was a very pretty widow and very sprightly, and her youngest, not equally endowed with the former quality, but by no means destitute of the latter, and fat withal. The gardens, which are half an hour distant from the city, are very pretty, but now neglected, having been laid out by a former Waywode, who was a great tyrant, and

was even besieged in Athens by a force sent by the Porte, that encamped under Mount Anchesmus, but which, having lost about twenty men in three shots from the cannon of the Acropolis, fled with great precipitation. The gardens contain a large basin of water, in oblong shape, about 130 feet by fifty; but the water being now neglected, is by no means clear. After returning, T. and I walked to look at the temple of Theseus by moonlight; and spent half an hour very pleasantly in admiring it.

Tuesday, May 31st.—In the morning we went to look at the ruins, by some supposed to be those of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which are in the middle of the city, close to the bazaar. There remains entire one wall, on which are six superb columns, which, by the projection of their capitals from the wall (to which they are joined), I supposed to have contained statues fixed on their top: of another side of the wall there remained nothing but one column that had been attached to it. Of this ruin there are two opinions: Lusieri, agreeing with Wheeler, calls it the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and the sixteen columns outside of the walls belonged, he contends, to the Pantheon of Adrian: but Fauvel (whose opinion is supported by that of Chandler) insists, that the sixteen columns were part of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. The point is very uncertain; but these two gentlemen are entitled to be quoted, as they are constantly studying on the spot the topography of the ancient city. See a disserta-

tion on the subject of these temples, at the end of the second volume of the Abbé Barthelemy's *Anacharsis*, where he owns himself unable to decide the question.

We called on M. Fauvel after dinner; and, on talking of the ruin which we had been visiting to-day, he told us, that the wall which we had seen was not the wall of the building itself, but one of the four that surrounded it. He confirmed our supposition, that statues had been placed on the columns; and told us that he had wished to dig within, but had been unable, as a Greek church now stood on what he supposed to have been the ancient site of the edifice; that Mr. North had excavated under the outer wall, and had found a few tombs containing vases, which, however, proved nothing, as they were evidently more ancient than the wall itself. On our mentioning the excursion which we had lately made to Marathon, Mr. F. told us, that when he was there some years ago, he found on the hill near Vrana, containing the six tumuli, a stone with an inscription, stating it to have formed part of the gate of a villa of Herodes Atticus, which this circumstance shows to have existed in that neighbourhood, as is very probable from its being the place of his birth. What a pity it is, that no author specifies the amount of the treasure which this fortunate and liberal inhabitant of Athens found in his house: it must have been enormous almost beyond calculation, to supply the sums that he so liberally expended in adorning his native city. How

much would modern travellers have lost, if, Adrian had been an avaricious emperor! Mr. Fauvel, talking of the discoveries that his long residence in Athens had enabled him to make, told us, that having heard that a spot on the road to Marathon at the foot of Anchesmus (*i. e.*, to the left of that mountain), was called *παραβόλι* (the garden), he had been struck with the coincidence, and fancied that the Temple of Venus in the gardens (*Ἀφροδίτης ἐν κήπῳ*) might have stood there: he dug and found several stumps of myrtle, which not being indigenous there, convinced him that the temple must have stood on this site and has preserved in translation its ancient name. As Chateaubriand says, one sees in Mr. F.'s house very little that shews the Consul, but a great deal that marks the antiquary: it is full of casts and vases and models, and genuine antiques, of which some are very fine. We particularly remarked a beautiful basso relievo in his garden, quite perfect, representing a figure (which an inscription below "*Χαλκοδαίδαλον*", shows to represent a brass-worker) sitting on a chair, with his right hand reclining on a round plate of metal placed upright below him. When the intelligence of Buonaparte's dethronement first arrived here, Fauvel believed it thoroughly, and gave orders in his church to discontinue the prayer for him, &c.; but having since observed a slight difference in the reports from Zante and Messina, (owing to the gazettes of the latter giving the official intelligence, while those of the former can only retail, in the first

moment, the rumours which it receives), he last Sunday repented of his hastiness, and ordered the priest to repeat again the prayer for Buonaparte, and after the service, he encouraged, by beginning himself, the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" His language now is—"*Nous avons été trompés, Monsieur, par le caractère de cet homme là,*" and he is quite disposed to revile the character of him, whom, a week ago, he professed to consider the first of men. Old Monsieur Roque is very willing to curse Buonaparte, but cannot bear the idea that the "grande nation" should be so obliged to England, as to make it probable that English councils will have weight in its cabinet; and he always ends his lamentations, by "*C'est ce Coquin Talley-rand qui a fait tout cela.*"

Wednesday, June 1st.—The Consul calling in the morning gave me the following account of the winds that generally blow in Athens, and of their effect on the temperature of the air. The north wind, he said, was very rare except in winter; but, when it came, always brought great cold: their winters are generally mild, though the last two have been unusually severe: in the last, snow fell incessantly for eight days and nights, the months of December and January are generally attended with heavy and continued rains: in summer, the most frequent is the south-west wind, which brings great heat, and the east wind is very frequent also in the same season; this is usually attended with rain: the south-east wind (sirocco) is not very frequent. During my stay

here, the heat has on some days been very intense, and my ordinary habit has necessarily been to stop within doors from eleven till five, reading and writing: I have not seen a drop of rain fall here, nor is any worth mentioning expected till the month of October. Indeed, the best time for the traveller, who is only an *observer*, to stop in Athens, is from October to March, when the heat is moderate, and the climate healthy; not so for the draftsman, whose labour will in this season be almost every day impeded by high winds or rain, or a cloudy sky. In the evening T. and I walked to the Acropolis, where I seated myself on the top of the Parthenon, to enjoy the enchanting prospect which it affords: this, I thought, without any exception, the highest pleasure Athens could afford. It was a clear evening, and my eye commanded with ease, from this elevated point, every prominent feature of this memorable city, whose natural beauty, even without the advantage of its ancient glory, would eminently entitle it to the admiration of the beholder*. I took this opportunity to set down the positions of its antiquities, making a compass of the setting sun. I found them bearing as follows from the Acropolis:

The Ilyssus, south-east and south; flows between the sixteen columns and Callirhoe;

* Those who have seen the panorama of Athens, have as accurate an idea of the city as those who have visited it. Those who have not, may see an exact drawing of it in Hobhouse's work, taken from the foot of Mount Anchesmus,—fronting page 292.

Herodes Atticus's Stadium and Bridge on the banks of Ilyssus,—south east ;

Temple of Muses, on a small island in the Ilyssus,—south-east ;

Sixteen columns; Fountain of Callirhoe ; site of Temple of Ceres,—south-east ;

Monument of Thrasyllus ; Theatre of Bacchus, close under Acropolis,—south-east of it ;

Mount Hymettus (which, though two miles distant, looks nearer from its height),—south-east ;

Mount Anchesmus ; north-east, about half a mile distant ;

Monument of Philopapus on Mount Museum, at foot of which prisons—south-west ;

Piræus ; Salamis ; Xerxes's Mountain ; tomb of Themistocles ; distant,—south-west ;

Pnyx ; Tribunal of Alcibiades ; near,—south-west ;

Academy, north-west ; Prytaneum (site now supposed to be occupied by Signor Lusieri's house),—north ;

Tomb of Pericles ; River Cephissus ; Temple of Theseus (within modern walls),—north-west ;

Sliding Stone, near Sacra Via,—west ;

Mount Parnes, five miles distant,—north-west ;

Entrance to Acropolis,—west.

The Acropolis contains, on its top, the Parthenon, the Propyleum, the temple of Neptune Erechtheus, of Minerva Polias, of Victory without wings, and the Pandrosos : at its foot, the Odeum, the monument of Thrasyllus, the theatre of Bacchus, and the cave of Creusa, the latter near the top.

What a glorious scene did these present! What is there that might not have entered into one's imagination while gazing on them,—if the Turks had not destroyed the illusion by calling from their mosques, and reminding us that, it being sun-set, we must leave the Acropolis, and suffer the guards to shut its gates upon us.

Thursday, June 2d.—In the morning the Consul received an answer from Zea, stating, that my letter had been sent to Captain Clavell, of the *Orlando*, which was off Syra, but by no means recommending me to risk the passage to Zea, as there were several pirates off Zea and Cape Colonna, who had lately taken two Greek boats, and indeed near the cape they had pursued the janizary who brought the answer, and he had only escaped them by hard running: I therefore gave up the idea of leaving Athens, till I could find a safe opportunity in a well-armed and well-manned vessel. In the evening we walked to the Odeum, and to the Tribunal, from which Alcibiades is said to have encouraged the Athenian people to the war in Sicily, by shewing them their army on the fine plain below. After this we walked round the wall on the outside of the sixteen columns. This was by far the largest and finest temple in Athens: the inclosing wall was six hundred feet long; the west side of it extends to the modern walls of the city, of which it forms a part; and the temple itself was four hundred feet in length, while the Parthenon was no more than two hundred and seventeen, and the temple of Theseus only one hundred. Indeed the co-

lunns that remain, which in all are about fifty-two feet high, with the proportionable breadth of eight diameters to the height, sufficiently attest the astonishing magnificence of this building. On a piece of the architrave between two of them, a Greek, in the time, as I was told, of a terrible plague that infested Athens, built a small chamber of brick, to which he ascended with cords, drawing them up after him.

Friday, June 3rd.—The heat was so excessive this morning, that we gave up all idea of stirring out till half-past two, when a surigee came with two post-horses, which we had ordered for an excursion to the Piræus. We rode, with a feeling something like roasting, over the plain, till we came to the fine olive-grove, which gave us a very acceptable shade. The olive-trees here are of a very respectable height, and indeed it is pretended, that they are loftier here than in the other parts of Greece. On coming out of the grove, we saw to our left some foundations of walls, and to our right a large tumulus, which has been excavated by Signior Lusieri, who found in it a large vase, that gave him, however, no light as to whose ashes it contained. We had not seen these before, as they are not on the road to the Piræus, which was on our left, not being the immediate object of our excursion. After leaving the plain, we ascended for half an hour among mountains entirely overgrown with trees, shrubs, and heath, which gave a delightful wildness to their scenery. At half-past five we reached the mountain-top, on which, it is

said, Xerxes sat to view the battle of Salamis*: it is a small stony peak, which overtops all the heights round it, and affords the following delightful prospect:—Before us was the glorious Salamis, which is about two miles distant from the coast: our situation above it made it look very small, but it is well cultivated, and very verdant. Its villages, with the exception of two, were hid from us by its mountains. On the north of it is a long neck of land projecting into the sea. It is in the shape of an hour-glass, and the very narrow Isthmus in the centre of it, has on each side a bay that would form an excellent port. In view to our left was the Piræus, Egina, Thermia, and a part of Macronisi. To our right was the Saronicus Sinus, in which we saw Eleusis looking like (as it now is) a village, in a deep bay at the top (north extremity) of the Sinus, the mountains that hid Megara, the height of Acro-Corinth, and the mountains of the Morea. After sitting an hour to enjoy and talk over this magnificent and immortal scenery, we rose to return, and roused all the echoes of the mountains in calling for the surigee whom we could nowhere find. We began walking, or rather clambering down the mountain, which was excessively steep and stony, so that it was every moment necessary to jump down a stone from four to eight feet long, and trust for support to a shrub growing near

* The appropriation of this mountain can hardly be correct; for Herodotus expressly says, that Xerxes sat *under* a mountain ὑπὸ τῷ ὄρει τῷ αἰεῖν Σαλαμῖνος.—(Book viii. chap. 90.)

the lower end of it. In this capering expedition I got two severe falls, in one of which I cut my hand deeply. T., who descended at a little distance from me, called out twice that he saw a large snake, which however instantly on being disturbed, slunk into his hole. At length, when we had reached the bottom of the mountain, we saw the surigee descending with his horses. He had taken them behind a height, for the sake of shade, where he had fallen asleep. We were heartily glad to see him, as we had not enjoyed the idea of walking to the city from which we were at least seven miles distant. Had it not been so late, I should have tried to swim from the coast to Salamis. We now galloped *ventre à terre* to the Piræus, where I went on board a boat which was bound to Constantinople, and began bargaining with the captain for a passage to Tinó. It was armed with two 3-pounders, and was to have between twenty and thirty men (including passengers) on board, for each of whom there was a musket and sabre. This made it a very desirable opportunity, but, as the Greek who commanded it insisted on an exorbitant sum for carrying me, I reproached him for his rapacity, and gave up the idea of going with him. Leaving the port, we galloped towards the city as fast as our horses could carry us. The moon was shining brightly, and it was delightful to catch glimpses of it through the trees as we scoured through the olive grove. On reaching Athens at half-past eight, I fired my pistols as I was generally accustomed to do, in spite of orders to the

contrary being in force through the city, because it is a bad thing to leave them long loaded. The Waywode hearing the report did not send his myrmidons to remonstrate with me as he had two or three times, but sent for the Consul whom he charged to order me to desist from the practice. On the Consul's declining this exercise of his authority, the W. asked him if he were not stationed here to preserve order among English subjects. The Consul replied that with the lower order of English subjects he should not hesitate to interfere, but that he would not attempt an insolent exertion of his authority over "Signori," and then advised the Waywode to reprove me himself, only reminding him that I was on my way to Constantinople, and that I should not fail to make there proper representations on his conduct. This hint effectually silenced the barbarian, and he requested that nothing might be said to me on the subject. I was determined not to give up the practice, partly from unwillingness to submit to commands so unceremoniously expressed, and partly because these are the privileges that distinguish the Frank from the slavish Rayah.

I have stated that I did not stir out in the morning: I do not know how I came to forget a visit which T. and I made with Signor Lusieri and the Consul, to the Greek archbishop, in consequence of that prelate's having sent me a message, saying that he regretted we had not entered his house on Saturday after visiting his church; and that he should be very happy to see us. We went accordingly at half-past ten, and found

him in a good room, surrounded by several Greeks, among whom I saw the English Vice-consul's father. He was dressed very plainly, with a piece of crape (the prelatical distinction) on his calpac, and was a vulgar looking man of about forty-five with dark features, and teeth of ebony*. I observed the Sultan's tourah (signature) in gilding, placed conspicuously at the head of the room. A Διάκονος (Deacon) served us with sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee. As I had heard that the archbishop was French in heart, I took care to detail to him amply all the news, and to paint in strong colours the character of his favourite Buonaparte. After staying half an hour, we left him, and on going out observed that he had a very pretty little garden before his house.

At my request, the Consul this morning begged the Waywode to speak with the captain of the boat I visited in the evening, recommending to him to carry me to Tino, which was promised. I thought this would be a safe opportunity, as the priests, archons, &c., were to send in it their annual presents to Constantinople, and the Waywode had embarked in it

* A tooth-brush is an article of toilette unknown to an inhabitant of the Levant, Mahometan, Christian, or Jew. I never knew any of them make any other attempt to clean their teeth than abstersion after meals, and sometimes chewing mastick; few even of the young ladies of the country, who formed the European society of Pera, ever did it. Wherever I traversed in the Levant, the inhabitants always looked on me with astonishment while I used my tooth-brush.

effects of his own to a considerable amount: add to this that there were to be several passengers on board, each of whom would have some baggage to watch over and fight for if necessary. It was a good sized boat, being in burden about twenty tons.

Saturday, June 4th.—To-day Signor Lusieri, the Consul, and his brother, dined with us to drink the King's health. We had intended to give a ball, under the idea that some other Englishmen who were daily expected would arrive before the day, but we were disappointed, and obliged to give up the intention. After dinner we fired all our pistols; the Consul having, at my request, given notice to the Belou-bashi (captain of the city guard) in the morning. We intended to fire one-and-twenty shots, but did not accomplish more than sixteen, at the last of which my pistol broke in the stock, and gave me a deep cut in the hand.

After dinner I was asking the Consul why such pretty and agreeable girls as the Consolinas were not married; when he gave me in answer the following information as to the state of society in Greece. There seems to be no such thing as love among the Greeks. A disinterested love-match is a thing almost unheard of. If Helen were to revisit her country, no one would marry her without a dowry. This must amount to at least 10,000 piastres, part of which must be derived from landed property, or from at least 300 olive trees, which are worth from twenty to fifty piastres each: the whole wealth of the Consolinas

consists, he told me, in sixty olive trees*. On my reproaching the Greeks for their mercenary spirit, he said, that in this case it was justified by necessity, for that the Greek women (of Athens particularly) of all ranks were very expensive in dress, and excessively quarrelsome for precedence, about which the lower and higher orders would frequently quarrel in the bath till they beat each other very seriously about the head and breasts with the tin cups and wooden pattens used in it. That the Athenian women in particular were "*cattivissime*," being desperately given to gossiping, scandal, idleness, &c. in which they have not at all degenerated from their classical ancestors. The Greeks still seem to preserve some spirit in Athens. Four years ago, he told me, a Turk having murdered a Greek here, his countrymen all assembled in crowds, and armed, and blockaded the houses of the Archons, whom they were with the utmost difficulty dissuaded from killing because they had not obtained justice for the murder from the Waywode. After having sought for the murderer long and closely, but without success, they at length dispersed, to the great joy of the Turks, who had trembled before the momentary fury of the slaves whom they profess to despise. The murderer succeeded in escaping to Thebes, where he lived two years, and then returned to Athens, and bought his pardon with 600 piastres, which he paid to the wife of his victim. Soon after the same man murdered

* Trees appear to have been the criterion of wealth among the ancient Greeks. See Thucydides, Book ii. chap. 72.

one of the primates of Athens, and again fled the city. To this last outrage he was supposed to have been incited (by money) by some Greek, who sought preferment by removing his rival. By a law of Athens, a Turk who murders a Greek is liable to a fine of forty purses (20,000 piastres) but even this miserable compensation the abject Greeks have scarcely ever the power to enforce.

Next to the pleasure enjoyed by the traveller in contemplating the ruins of Greece must be ranked that of observing the similarity of the manners of the present inhabitants with those of the ancients. In many of the ordinary practices of life this resemblance is striking. The hottest hours of the day are still devoted to sleep as they were in the times recorded by Xenophon, when Conon attempted to escape from the Lacedæmonians at Lesbos, and when Phœbidas surprised the citadel of Thebes. The Greeks still feed chiefly on vegetables, and salted or pickled provisions, and the women still seldom stir abroad, and when they do, conceal the face. The eyebrows of the Greek women are still blackened by art, and their cheeks, painted occasionally with red and white, as described by Xenophon, (*Memorabilia*, Book v.) This latter custom in particular is universal in Zante among the upper classes. The laver, from which water is poured upon the hand previous to eating, (which is now of pewter among all classes,) appears by many passages in the *Odyssey* to have been a common utensil in the age of Homer, and

something like the small moveable table (composed among the modern Levantines of a round plate of tin laid on a reversed stool) universally used in the Levant, seems to have been common among the ancient Greeks*.

As Alexander Logotheti had persuaded me to send for the Turkish musick, as the most public manner of celebrating the day, to escape its noise, T. and I walked with Signor Lusieri to the Pnyx, and to a rock near the city on the west, where we saw some beautiful specimens of Lumachella (veined stone). Looking at the temple of Theseus from this rock, we lamented that the wall of the city hid the base of it from view: Lusieri told us that a Herodes Anglicus was looked for by the Athenians in the person of Lord Sligo, who, at his next visit, was expected to remove the wall to a place where it would not obstruct the prospect, and to build an academy for the Philomusōn society. On our return, Alec told us that the Greeks had all flocked to the musick, and that he had given to each of them a tumbler of wine, over which he made them shout "Long life to the King of England."

* See Herodotus, Book ix., chap. 16th; where, at the banquet given by the Theban Attaginus to Mardonius, and the chiefs of the Persian army, two men, a Persian and a Theban, were placed at each table, it being particularly remarked, probably as a deviation from general custom, that each person had not a table to himself. Κλίση, it is true, means the sofa on which the guests reclined to eat, but Thiersandrus's Persian companion calls him *ἑμοτραπισζος*.

The consul now joined us and brought with him from the crowd a Greek boy, who said that he had been one of the crew in a Greek boat lately taken by pirates off Cape Colonna: that the pirates had murdered a passenger (a Zantiote) on his steady refusal to join them, but had set him free with two other boys. We threatened the boy strongly to punish him if we found he was telling us a falsehood, but as he persisted in his story, and said he had great reason to believe that four of the pirates were now in Athens, I went immediately with him, accompanied by T. and the Consul, to inform the Belou-bashi (captain of the guard) whom we found sitting and smoking on a small raised and covered kiosk (a wooden platform with benches for sitting round its four sides), in the Waywode's court. Both T. and myself were delighted with the romantick appearance of the scene. In the middle of the court, (a large quadrangle) was elevated a great torch, (in an open iron lantern raised on a pole stuck in the ground) which threw a partial and



unequal light on the groups of armed guards and other objects scattered round it. These torches are commonly used in the Levant, when a strong light is required in the open air. They are filled with pine-wood, which being very resinous burns most brightly. The subjoined cut is an exact representation of them. In one corner of the court were about thirty horses of the Waywode picketted; while in an opposite one, where was the stair-

case leading to the serai, the attendants and eunuchs of the Waywode, were stretched, some smoking, some sleeping. The wildness of the scene was completed by the trees in the court, which were half illuminated and half in the shade. We sat down in the little kiosk to smoke, while the Belou-bashi took the boy into a room and heard his story. On coming out, he consented to do his best to arrest the pirates, the more willingly as he gets a premium from the Waywode for every robber he apprehends. He immediately sent two soldiers to each gate of the city to watch that no one escaped out of it, and went himself with twelve others to search all suspected houses. First, at the suggestion of the boy we went to the house of a woman with whom the Zantiote had left some linen to be washed : and on this the Turk put his seal and delivered it into the custody of the Consul. We then left him to examine, with his soldiers and the boy, the houses which he suspected, and returned to supper, in which the Consul joined us. As the boy had described the pirates to be most desperate villains, we had taken Hassan and Mustapha with us, and had taken care to be well armed ourselves.

Sunday, June 5th.—*The government of Athens, I was this morning informed, is bounded on the south by Cape Colonna, on the north it extends a little beyond Marathon, on the east to the sea, and on the

* The government of Athens has, since I left Greece, been transferred to the Pasha of Negropont.

west to Eleusis, at which town begins the department of the Morea, but one half of Eleusis (that to the west) is the private property of the Bey of Corinth. In the morning the Belou-bashi reported that he had nowhere been able to find the pirates, and indeed well he might, for two days afterwards an Athenian told the Consul that he had seen the Zantiote living and acting with the pirates. It seems that he had by their threats been frightened into joining them, but had requested them to tell the boys that they had killed him in order to conceal the better his having consented to their proposals.

In the evening I walked with T. to the site of the academy, being anxious to cut a stick from one of the trees that grew on this famous spot. We entered one of the beautiful gardens which now occupy the school of Plato, and found some Greeks working in it, who very civilly offered us white mulberries (the only fruit now in season here) and cut us sticks from those trees, saying that wood was the strongest. After stopping there an hour and greatly admiring the extraordinary beauty of the gardener's children, eight in number, we returned to Athens where we did not arrive till it was dark, having two miles to return over the plain. It was not light enough for us to examine again the supposed tomb of Pericles, and we had been too much hurried to do so in going.

Monday, June 6th.—The heat rendered it impossible, or at least dangerous to move out of the house in the morning. In the evening we walked to the

Pnyx, which T. made a vain attempt to draw, and to the rock of Lumachella, from which we knocked off some beautiful specimens, and returned to our lodgings by the Odeum, and the monument of Lysicrates (alias, the lantern of Demosthenes). Between Licabettus (the Pnyx) and Mount Museum, is excavated into the rock, a tomb containing two sarcophagi. It is unknown whose ashes they contained; there are faint and wavering whispers about Pericles and Aspasia: how interesting would be the appropriation of these names, if it were certain, but unfortunately there is no ancient authority for it. The heat for the last ten days has been terrible. I have here no thermometer, but I am certain that it would have mounted to at least ninety in the shade.

Tuesday, June 7th.—Being anxious to see something of Mount Hymettus before I left Athens, we set off with post-horses at half-past eight this morning. Leaving Anchesmus on our left, we rode for nearly an hour along the lovely plain; the last quarter of the hour was shaded by olive trees and rendered gay by many very fine olianders. We then came to a convent, completely hid from a distant view by the trees that surround it. It stands at the bottom of the mountain, and is very small, being tenanted by only two Greek monks, who employ, and partly support, themselves by preparing oil and honey. In this convent we found two French ladies (Mesdames Gaspari) who were stopping there for two or three months with their children, having fled from Alexandria to avoid the

plague. We introduced ourselves, and took coffee with them. One was about five and thirty, and showed great remains of beauty: the other was not above four and twenty, and was very pretty. After making compliments and conversing here a quarter of an hour, we left them to ascend the mountain. We began to mount on horseback, but the steepness and the want of a path soon forced us to alight. The bottom of the mountain is choked with furze and thorns, but towards the top it becomes naked rock. I mounted about half an hour up, but as the day was thick and foggy, T. staid below. There is great quantity of marble on the mountain, but it is grey and very coarse, not unlike that of the island of Marmora. The view from the mountain includes every object near Athens, and the country round it to a vast extent; but unfortunately the atmosphere was so thick that I did not see half so much as I had on Friday from a much lower position. The bees were very numerous, and stung us once or twice, as if angry that we should dare to "invade their ancient solitary reign." After sitting half an hour on one of the heights, we returned to Athens full gallop, and arrived at half after twelve. On looking back at the mountain, the height to which we had ascended, looked very contemptible, not being half way to the top. In the evening the Consul told me that the Waywode had spoken to the captain of the boat, and had somewhat reduced his demand, and that he was to sail next day: seeing no other chance of getting away, I consented to his price, and staid

at home in the evening to pack up. At half-past eight I went to the bath with T., and Lusieri supped with us.

Wednesday, June 8th.—This morning 200 soldiers arrived here from Thebes. It seems that the Pasha of Satalia has rebelled, and has shut himself up in the strong fort of that place which the captain Pasha is besieging*. Soldiers are therefore taken from Thebes, Athens, and indeed almost every town in Greece, to reduce him to obedience. As 200 men would be able to take possession of Athens, the Waywode gave orders that no rackee or wine should be sold in the city till they were gone, that they might not be rendered disorderly by drunkenness. This was the more necessary, as most of them were Albanian Turks, the generality of the lower order of whom have no God but money, and no trade but plunder. We went to the bazaar to look at them. They were miserable half-starved wretches, armed only with bad pistols and short swords. I could not help viewing them with an eye of compassion as they will most probably all perish miserably. At half-past three, Signor Lusieri, the Consul, and Alecco, came to dine with us: the latter brought me a potent, constituting me a procuratore (ΕΠΙΤΡΟΠΟΝ) of the school of the Philomousōn. After dinner I sent off

* He has since taken it, after a long siege, by starvation. The Pasha of it was offered his life for a certain sum; but as he could not muster so much, they seized what he had, and his head arrived here salted a few weeks ago. Written in Constantinople, September, 1814.

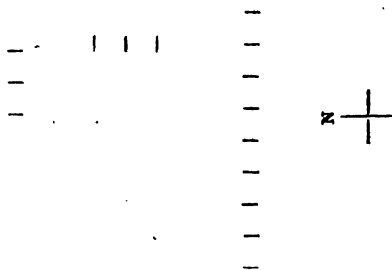
Antonio and Hassan with the baggage to the boat, and at six o'clock, having shaken hands with my friends, I set off for the Piræus, with a heart not quite so light as it had been when I left other scenes. T. accompanied me the whole, and Alecco a part, of the way. We began our expedition on donkeys, but were soon glad to get down and walk. After passing through the olive grove, I stopt a few minutes to contemplate for the last time the delightful view of the Parthenon. When we came in sight of the Piræus, I again stopt to look round me. The prospect was rendered more delightful to me by the thought that I was now gazing on it for the last time. The evening was perfectly calm and cloudless, and the beautiful Mount Helicon was majestically soaring before us in the distance. My enthusiasm got afloat, and sitting down to survey this classical scenery, eternally the same, I almost fancied that I was among ancient Greeks; an idea which was encouraged by the smallness and simple construction of the few boats in the Piræus. It was, however, soon dissipated by the report of a gun which was fired from the boat I was going in. We immediately rose and hurried to the shore, where I took an affectionate leave of T., whom I charged with my remembrances to my friends in the city, and went immediately on board. I found the boat filled with the friends of the passengers, who were staying to the last moment, so that there were nearly 100 people on board. They invited me to partake of their supper, to which I consented. (The wind was blowing directly fair for us *out of* the port,

and when I asked why we did not get under weigh, the captain told me that it was necessary to wait for the land breeze at night to get out, so that we lost considerable way by his not having taken the boat out during the day.) In the conversation that ensued, I was astonished to hear a Papas talking to me correctly about Herschel and the Georgium Sidus. After supper they began singing, one taking up a verse, and being followed by the others, which produced no unpleasant harmony. At nine I went down into the miserable cabin to sleep; but 'as it was too low there to stand, and too hot to lie down, I had my blankets spread on the deck, where I soon fell asleep. At half-past nine all but the passengers and crew went ashore, and we sailed out of the Piræus with the land breeze.

Thursday, June 9th.—On waking at sunrise, I found that we had Athens still in view, and could clearly distinguish Anchesmus (to the right), the Acropolis (in the centre), and Museum (to the left); Hymettus was behind. I now saw that we were about thirty in the boat; all very well inclined to be cheerful; most of the passengers were Greeks, and all the crew: there were three Turks, but the Turks in Athens are very civilized, respect Franks, like the English, (whose passion for Athens is very gainful to them) and drink wine freely. At half-past six, we were opposite the small island of Φληγες (Phleges) (as the Greeks call it), which is uninhabited and low. The Greeks now began breakfasting; and I observed, that before eating they crossed themselves very frequently.

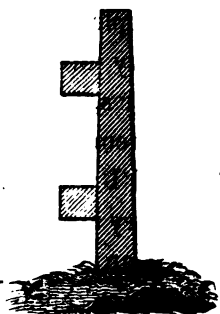
and devoutly. Their provisions consisted of rusks and jars full of olives, which were quite black, not being pickled till they were ripe, and full of oil. This was the general provision for the ancient Greek navies. At nine, we saw at a great distance Cape Sunium, with its columns ; and I lost sight, and again took leave, of immortal Athens. Off Cape Sunium are two small islands, called by the Greeks, that nearest the shore; Γαθάρων-νησι (Gatharonesi, the island of asses); and the distant one, Γεώργιαι (Georgie). At nine, too, we saw Idra and Poros to our right, at a great distance, for we were sailing along the coast of Attica. My captain, who was a Poriot, told me, that he had from 3 to 4,000 compatriots, of whom none were Turks ; that they built very large strong boats in Poros, and in Idra, very large ships. At four in the afternoon, the wind, which had been north-west all day, changed to south, so that we were forced to beat up to Cape Sunium, off which we arrived at a quarter before five ; and I immediately went on shore : I was ten minutes walking up the promontory, the path being a very rapid ascent, but not rugged, nor impeded by shrubs, though there was a great deal of wood in the neighbourhood. In mounting (by the west), I saw several ruined foundations of buildings in the rock, and near it in that direction is a very small island, or rather rock. The elevation of the site, on which stands the temple of Minerva Sunias, is about 200 feet, and affords a most commanding and magnificent view : I counted seven islands, (and, if the atmosphere had been clear, should have seen many more), viz., Zea, Macronesi,

Thermia, Jura, Serpho, Milo, and St. Georgio. To the east of the cape was a small bay. This was a superb situation for a temple, as it was seen from an immense distance in every direction. Of the temple there remain fifteen columns, all supporting a part of the Architrave which still remains: they are Dorick and of Pentelick marble; and I was surprised to see, that, unlike those in Athens, they are perfectly white, which has by no means so fine an effect. I have described their situation, as well as I could, below: the height of them was about thirty feet. The temple, probably, faced the east, both because that was the general position of the Greek temples, and from its actual appearance. There is in that direction a small flat space of ground near the edge of the precipice, which, I supposed, must have been the spot where Plato taught, and in that idea I paced up and down it with great interest, repeating as many lines as I could remember of Falconer's *Shipwreck*, of which the scene lies here. There are fifteen columns situated as here described:—



Near the last column, to the west, on the south

side of the temple, inside of it is a sort of buttress, shaped thus,



On the columns several names were written with pitch, and amongst others I was surprised to read "Principe Leopoldo Borbone" of Sicily, who passed last year, with his mother the Queen of Naples, on their way from Sicily to Constantinople. I remarked those of several naval officers, my countrymen, and one of them, who thought, perhaps, that he was looking at the remains of a temple of Venus, had written the names of several of his flames, and at the bottom of them, "and all the rest of the pretty girls, adieu!" Partly from the impatience of my companions, and chiefly from the fear of pirates who infest this cape in great numbers, I could stay only a quarter of an hour to admire this magnificent ruin and the view from its site. We descended by a steep break-neck path on the south, the rock round which had exactly the appearance of fine-grained wood. When we reached the bottom we found a fishing-boat coming, which carried us on board, and sold us some salt fish. One of the

Greek sailors in it surprised me, by addressing me in broken English, and telling me he had been in London. At a quarter before six a slight breeze sprung up, and deprived me of the view of the columns from the sea, which was strikingly beautiful. At sun-set the Greeks all went to the head of the boat with a papas, who was passenger, and sung their prayers. We were forced to eat our supper without a light, which it was feared would expose us to the pirates. When I lay down to sleep at nine, we were between Cape Colonna and Macronesi.

Friday, June 10th.—Waking at sun-rise, I found that we were off Zea, and surrounded by the following islands, Macronesi*, Zea, Jura, Syra, Tino, Andro, and Mycone. Zea was the birth-place of Simonides: its coast, instead of being bordered by pointed rocks and precipices, like that of the other islands, presents to the eye a number of small round hills, with high smooth mountains in the back-ground. The town, which seemed to contain about 400 houses, stands at the bottom of a high mountain a small distance from the sea. On this mountain I counted twenty-five wind-mills. The harbour is excellent, though small, and is defended by a natural mole, which is admirably calculated to shelter and hide small vessels; accordingly Zea, during this war, has been the greatest refuge for the French privateers in the Archipelago. A dead calm kept us off this

* Macronesi is said by some to be the ancient Cranae, celebrated in Paris's speech to Helen; Iliad, iii. 445. Chandler however doubts this.

island all day: at evening there sprung up a breeze in our favour, that carried us from four to five knots an hour. I remember I was conversing with a Greek this evening, on the difference of our religions (a favourite subject of theirs), when, on my stating that we did not hang pictures in our churches, and indeed were astonished how the Greeks could pay them such marks of adoration, in express violation of the second commandment, he justified this practice, by quoting to me the picture of the Virgin Mary painted by St. Luke, and was totally horrified, when I expressed an entire disbelief of St. Luke's having ever been an artist. He seemed perfectly well acquainted with the history of Henry the VIIIth. and Anna Boleyn; and insisted, that it was the more immediate cause of our Reformation. At half-past eight I lay down, but could not sleep all night. On looking up an hour after midnight, I saw that we were off Jura,—the Botany Bay, according to Juvenal, of the Romans; *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum*.—

Saturday, June 11th.—At sun-rise, I found that we had been becalmed best part of the night, and were still off Jura. I began to fear that we should be kept there all day, when at six o'clock a very fresh north breeze sprung up, which carried us ten knots an hour: it made the vessel heel so much, and the water poured in at the gunnel so quickly, that the Greeks crossed themselves in great trepidation; and indeed once a sudden puff of wind would most assuredly have upset us, if fortunately a sailor had not

been aloft and lowered the top-sail instantly. As we sailed along the mountainous coast of Tino, we saw some beautiful villages on the heights, surrounded by the richest woods: every inch of ground seemed (and, as I was afterwards informed, is) cultivated,—a rare instance of industry in these countries. At nine, A. M. we anchored in the port: the town at a little distance looked clean and pretty. We got pratique immediately, and on my sending for Signor Vitali, the English Vice-Consul, and giving him my letter of introduction from the Consul at Athens, he welcomed me to his house, which was comfortable and clean, and decorated in the Venetian style, with looking-glasses and pictures. As he could not give me a bed, he got me one in a Catholick convent (where, he told me, all Englishmen lodged), inhabited by only one Capuchin friar. Before dinner, which I took *tête-à-tête* with the Consul, the north wind drove into the port two Cephaloniot vessels from Zante, with Russian colours, bound for the Black Sea. After dinner Signor Vitali introduced me to his sister, an old hump-backed maiden, who wore the old-fashioned dress of the island, *viz.*, a green gown, a dark blue mantle embroidered with gold, and high-heeled shoes; her head was covered with white linen, and her gown was laced with green silk at the bosom. What a figure!

Yesterday I felt a pain at the left side of my mouth, and to-day found to my great horror, that my face was very unnecessarily swelled to twice its usual

size. I sent for a little Italian doctor in the island, who applied remedies to it every night, and succeeded at last in reducing it. But the pain it gave me, and the tempestuousness of the north wind, kept me in-doors all the time I staid in the island.

Sunday, June 12th.—To-day I changed my intention of going to Smyrna, owing to the representations of our Vice-Consul. He told me, that the plague was raging there to a dreadful extent, and that there died of it from 4 to 500 a day; that it had spread into all the villages round, which was never known before; that a famous Jew plague-doctor had been attacked, who had hitherto always escaped; that the houses and shops were all shut up, and that none of the inhabitants, Franks or Greeks, had the least communication or intercourse with each other. As my object in visiting Smyrna would of course be to see the city and its environs and antiquities,—this information changed my route, and determined me to go direct to Constantinople in one of the ships that came in yesterday: I accordingly sent for the Captain of the largest, who willingly consented, with many compliments, to carry me and mine. The north wind still continued to blow very tempestuously, and in the morning forced into the port an Idriote ship bound for Constantinople.

The town of St. Nicolas (which stands on the southerly side of the island, and occupies the site of its ancient capital) contains about five hundred houses, which, as well as the dresses of the women, still

retain a very Venetian appearance. To-day I saw the Consul's mother, an old lady, dressed in a light blue mantle and gown, laced with cord of the same colour, a red cap and a yellow scarf. The Consul has seven children, of which two girls are twins, and so exactly like each other, that I could not at all, and the father could hardly, distinguish one from the other. To go on with Tino:—it contains sixty-four villages, and 20,000 inhabitants; it pays annually to the Porte 50,000 piastres, but the allowance to the Turkish Waywode appointed over it, (who is almost the only Turk residing in the island,) the presents necessary to conciliate favour, &c. &c., swell this sum to 70 or 80,000. It manufactures a great quantity of silk grown in the island, and the silk gloves and stockings which are made in it are of excellent workmanship, being of very close texture, and uniting strength with fineness. The price of the gloves was from five to ten piastres the pair, according to their quality. It produces a great deal of corn and barley, of which the inhabitants are forced to send the greatest part to Constantinople at a low price. The sweet white wine of Tino is famous through the Levant, and it also produces a red wine, which has an agreeable taste and a good body: I saw this evening (and heard that he was twelve days from Zante, having come in the Cephaloniote ship,) a man whom I had known in Yoannina, where he was cook to the British resident, and who was cook to Mr. Foresti, when he was English minister in Corfu.

He gave me intelligence of the murderers, whom I had sought at Tripolizza, and whom I stated (in page 337) to have been sent to Zante, two alive, and the head of the third. He told me, that the General had immediately on their arrival stuck up in the city the head of one, and hung the other. That a few days after he flogged through the city the third, crowned with the leaves of the olive-tree, on which he had shot his victim, and at last hanged him, without allowing him a confessor, to the great horror of his countrymen, who did not at all reflect, that he did not allow a moment for confession or prayer to the poor boys whom he assisted to murder. Indeed confession among this people deprives death of its sting, and considerably lessens the beneficial terror which the sight of an execution is calculated to inspire; for the priests assure them, that death will immediately lead them to the joys of paradise: but what pleased me most was, the information that this last man had delivered to the Government the names of his accomplices and employers in the murder, who, to the number of twelve, were imprisoned, and some, it is thought, would be hanged, as the gallows were still kept ready: one of these last was a papas, who was banished to hard labour for life in the works of Cerigo. The bodies of the murderers were hung up on the hills and elevated places near the city. Three of them are thus accounted for; the fourth being in prison at Gastouni, the General had sent there to try and bring him to Zante,

but the Turks refused to give him up, intending to put him to death themselves, for a murder he had committed there. I have mentioned this in page 337, but my information that he was already put to death was premature. Michéli added, that the Zantiotes were so incensed against the General for not permitting them to murder one another, that four of their primates were preparing for a voyage to London to complain of his conduct. *Risum teneatis?*

Monday, June 13th.—Being still confined by my swelled face, I could do nothing but read, and ask questions. I was to-day told, that the commerce of Tino employs only fifteen small ships; that on the other (east) side of the island, there was an excellent port, and a city (both called “Palermo”), larger than this of St. Nicolas; that most of the inhabitants of the higher order in this city (St. N.) are Catholicks; that Constantinople and Smyrna contain and employ twelve hundred of the inhabitants of the island, who are the best cooks and the most esteemed female servants in the Levant, and in that capacity are almost exclusively employed by the Franks in those cities. The north wind still blew a gale, and has destroyed all the fruits of the island that were exposed to it.

Tuesday, June 14th.—I did not stir out in the morning, there being no diminution either in the north wind, or in my face. In the evening I went to the shore to visit the son of our Consul in Spezia. The ambassador on receiving my Tatar from Tripolizza,

who brought the intelligence mentioned in pages 251, *et seq.*, immediately procured a firman from the Porte, and sent to the captain Pasha in Satalia, a Tatar accompanied by a Turkish Mubashee (as they call any special commissioner) who was to receive the captain Pasha's orders, and bringing the Consul with him, join the son in Tino, where he had come from Constantinople, and was to wait for his father; thence they were all to go to Spezia with an order obtained for them by the ambassador to restore the cargo of the prize (which had been deposited in the government warehouses of that island till they should hear from the Turkish government) and the vessel, and to carry back the governor of Spezia to Constantinople. With the son of the Consul was the supercargo of the Maltese vessel who had joined him in his representation to the ambassador, and who told me that his captain and the crew had been carried off by the privateer's men, and he did not know where they were. This accounts for its having been reported in Tripolizza that they had carried off the Consul. It was not true that a man had been killed.

Wednesday, June 15th.—The Consul told me that Tino was formerly governed under the Turkish Waywode, by four primates chosen from the principal families of the island, but that three months ago the people discontented with their administration, took the government into their own hands, and that now, this change having been approved at Constantinople, the four primates were chosen from among them.

The island lately belonged to a rich Turk named Vidé Effendi, but he having died without children, it devolved to the Sultan.

To-day I walked a little about the town, but had little pleasure in my ramble, as the streets are very narrow and dirty. There are, however, many good houses (they are almost all built of stone) and now and then I passed one painted green, which has a very gay effect. In the evening I strolled along the sea-shore, north of the town by a path in the rock that hung over the sea, and was delighted with the wild scenery and the combination of green fields, rocks and sea. There were several Turks in quarantine come out of their boats to sit a little while on shore. These people are certainly relaxing considerably from their rigid doctrine of predestination, and it is no inconsiderable mark of it that they admit quarantine within their dominions. Ali Pasha and his son Vely both enforce it, and it is observed at Patras though not rigorously. The father of the Consul told me this evening that when Tino was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, his grandfather was killed, and his father received three wounds in defending a fort.

Thursday, June 16th.—This evening there was a great crowd of catholicks at the convent celebrating the festival of the Corpus Domini, which they carried in procession to the church. After the ceremony, the bells* in the churches were rung, and all the cannons,

* The annexation of bells to churches in the Levant is a great privilege, the Turks rigorously prohibiting them, because Ma-

guns, and pistols in the town were repeatedly fired in honour of the occasion. And the Consul told me that all the catholick villages in Tino, of which there are above twenty, contend which shall fire the most powder on this occasion. The north-wind still continued most violent: indeed it is much more so here than elsewhere, owing to two immensely high mountains overhanging the town, between which it pours down in such a torrent that many people told me they wanted very much to go to the villages above, but dare not climb the mountains for fear of being blown down by the wind, which has frequently happened to peasants.

Friday, June 17th.—The wind and my face having this morning considerably subsided, I took leave of the Consul and his family, and went with the captain who had agreed to carry me, on board his ship, which I found very comfortable, though, being new, its cabin was not yet fitted up. The captain has lately bought it for 5,500 Spanish dollars at Zante, now (for the value of a dollar is constantly changing) in our money about 1,650*l*. She was Russian built, and hav-

homet rejected them from his religion, as being too like the ceremonies of the Christians. It is only therefore in the islands, or in places where there are few or no Turks residing, that the Greeks can enjoy the privilege of having bells, which they esteem as a very valuable one. In all other places, the summons to prayer is given by the priest's striking with a small iron hammer on iron bars suspended on trees; of these a very accurate drawing is given by Tournefort, in his first volume, opposite to page 137 of the old octavo edition.

ing too much ballast in her, sailed very badly. At half-past eight we got under weigh, and proceeding eastwards, had to our right at eleven o'clock Mycone; and Nicaria at four, at which latter hour we had Scio in sight. Our object was to get under Scio, where we expected a land breeze, which would carry us northward. The north wind being still very violent, our ship rolled unmercifully, and I had uncomfortable reason to lament the having lost my sea legs.

I carried away with me from Tino a few medals and several antique intaglios which I bought from inhabitants of the island who wore them mounted as rings. Among the latter were two or three of superior excellence, but all were very dear for the Levant, Englishmen being too well known in Tino to admit of their making cheap purchases.

Saturday, June 18th.—When I went on deck at eight in the morning, we were off Samos. This island is very high, and the coast appears barren. We were lying between Cape Blanc and Scio at half-past ten, A. M., with a north-east wind which continued blowing all day, so that in the evening we had gained but little, and were lying off the southern coast of Scio.

Sunday, June 19th.—Not being able to sleep all night on account of the terrible myriads of vermin that infested the cabin, I went on deck at day-break, and found the wind still north-east. I went up again to see sun-rise, of which I thought the beauty a full compensation for my want of sleep, and was glad.

to find that the wind had changed to south-east. While I was stopping to admire the sun-rise, the captain was telling to one of the passengers (a Capuchin friar of Naples, whose post had been changed from Tunis to Zante, and, after six months' residence in that island, from Zante to Constantinople) a miracle which had been lately performed by a picture of the Panagia at Vostizza in the Morea ; " A Turk was proceeding to murder a Greek, who, " for protection, flew into a church and threw himself " at the foot of this picture: immediately the uplifted " arm of the Turk, with the knife in its hand, was arrested in that position, and would have remained so " for ever, if the Greek priests had not (of course " successfully) at his request prayed the Panagia to " restore the flexibility of his limb." The captain and some Greeks of his crew round him were much provoked by the evident incredulity of the friar whom they reproached with an unwillingness to believe in any miracles but those of his own church. I went below again, and slept till ten, when going on deck, I found that we were in the strait of Scio with nearly a dead calm, but what little wind there was, was south. The calm continued from noon till the evening, leaving us always in the same place, but our situation afforded us such a delightful view that I could not repine. To our left was the town of Scio, which, in itself, pretty and thick with trees, is surrounded by villages and gardens of inexpressible beauty and richness, producing in the greatest profusion lemons, oranges, olives,

and every sort of fruit; though the last two severe winters have cut off their garden crops, they have not diminished the beauty of the trees. Behind the town rise very high mountains, which must add considerably to the heat, but give an admirable finish to the prospect. The town, with these villages and gardens, extends between four and five miles in length along the coast; exclusive of them, it contains about 5,000 houses. The population of the island is computed at 80,000, of which very few are Turks; but the plague which is now, and for the last four months has been, raging there most fiercely, has considerably diminished it. To our right on the Asiatick coast was the small town and bay of Chestné, famous for having witnessed forty years ago the burning of the Turkish fleet by the Russians. It is a small town, but the inhabitants (mostly Greeks) are, I am told, very rich from the fruitfulness of the surrounding soil which permits them to cut grapes more than once a year. All the Asiatick coast looks very barren, but the interior is very fruitful, though not well cultivated. The passage across from Scio to the Continent is in the narrowest places, about three miles wide. We should have liked to get on board some of the wine of Scio, so famous in ancient, and superior to most other Greek wines in modern times (it is a sweet white wine) but the fears of the plague deterred us from going on shore, or having any communication with it. In the evening the wind shifted to north-east by north, an unfortunate change for us, as the narrow-

ness of the channel made tacking a slow and tedious process.

Monday, June 20th.—Not a wink of sleep all night for the same reason as I mentioned yesterday, and as I was harassed by the same privation every night during the voyage, my way of life on board was this;—when after a tedious five hours, my watch told me that it was three in the morning; I used to go on deck, and walk it till five, to enjoy the dawn and sunrise, which delighted me by their surprising beauty and softness. For a quarter of an hour before the sun appears, its rays are reflected in the sky in all the colours of the rainbow, though not so vivid. This morning the wind still continued the same, but nearly calm, so that we were still off the town of Scio, whose beauty, so happily contrasted with the barrenness of the Asiatick coast, gave me new delight. At half-past one, the wind being a little freshened, we passed the northern mouth of the canal between the coast and the island, at the point of which are three isolated rocks, and a shoal. At four o'clock we found ourselves in a dead calm. At eight o'clock it was still nearly calm, but the little wind there was had changed to south. The south wind, or rather the calm, continued the whole of the next day and evening, and we remained off Mitylen.

On the 22nd we were off Cape Sigri, all day, though by our apparent nearness to it I was led to hope that we should pass it at noon. The evening being clear, we plainly saw the immense Mount

Athos, which bore to us the form of an equilateral triangle. This mountain, of which, towering as it is, the ancients have given such exaggerated descriptions has long been the nursery of the Greek priesthood, and is therefore called by the Italians "Monte Santo;" it contains, I am told, twenty-four convents, all very extensive, and well endowed, which abound in ancient monuments and manuscripts. Many of these convents are ancient. At midnight we cleared Cape Sigri, and the wind changed to north, as it remained the whole of the next day, when we still saw Athos, and the following islands, St. Strati, Lemnos, Imbros, Samothraki, Mitylen, Scio, and Tenedos, from which latter, at three P. M. we were distant about ten leagues. It then bore the shape of an equilateral triangle, but one cannot judge well of the form of the island, as it is surrounded by shoals, parts of which rise high out of the water. At sun-set we had Lemnos five leagues to the west of us, with Mount Athos towering behind it. As Lemnos is not such high land as the other islands, the height of that mountain above it is more striking, and this may have given rise to the idea of its being over-shadowed by it. It was on Lemnos that Vulcan fell from Heaven. May not this fable of the forceful descent of the God of fire, have originated in the island's having been devastated by a thunderstorm? The wind having changed three times to-day, in the evening settled at north.

The next day we had a dead calm, and were lying between Tenedos and Imbros, both which islands are

high and mountainous. In the evening I observed the stars falling round us with excessive rapidity and frequency.

As the calm rendered it impossible for the ship to resist the current, which carried it backwards, when I woke the next morning, I found that we were anchored under Imbros, as were four other ships that had been within sight of us all the voyage. As our provision of meat had been at an end for two days, some of the sailors went ashore to buy some in the island, at the eastern extremity of which we lay; but the inhabitants fled on all sides at their approach, being taught to dread the appearance of a stranger by the cruelty and rapacity of the Turks, who, on that account, contemptuously call the Greeks hares. Imbros appeared from the ship very fertile. It contains no port or town, but the villages are numerous. I wished to go on shore, but the intenseness of the heat deterred me. A boat came off and sold us some fish and wine, which latter the sailors thought very unreasonable at fifteen paras an oke (something more than a bottle) because at Lemnos, to which island the boat belonged, it is sold at five paras. It was a red wine, with an agreeable taste and a tolerable body.

At three o'clock a south-west breeze springing up, we got under weigh, and at sun-set arrived under the shore, near the European castle at the mouth of the Dardanelles. A quarter of an hour before we stopt, a dead calm had ensued, so that to reach the shore we had been forced to tow the ship a-head by the boat,

and within fifty yards of the spot where we anchored, the plummet could find no bottom.

Sunday, June 26th.—We had a dead calm all the morning, and the heat was insufferable. As I saw no chance of a fair wind strong enough to carry the ship up the straits against the strong current, I sent Hassan ashore to the European village at half-past eleven to hire a boat for Constantinople. At noon, however, before he returned, there sprung up a west breeze which carried us into the straits. I need not repeat what has been so often described, by dwelling on the grandeur of the scenery that here surrounded us. At one o'clock it calmed again, and while we were stopped at the mouth of the strait, Hassan came on board in a shore boat with some provisions, and said he had found a boat for our expedition. As the captain was very much afraid of the plague, he was put in quarantine in the ship's boat astern. I was on the point of telling him to go ashore again and bring off the shore boat, when the breeze freshened and carried us about two miles further, where a dead calm stopped us, and as the violent current began to carry the ship backwards, we dropped the anchor opposite the old European castle. This is a miserable building, situated on a hill, with wretched walls, about eighteen inches thick, which look as if they would immediately fall down if the guns on them were fired. After the calm had lasted an hour, I began to be impatient, and sent Hassan on shore for the boat, with which he returned at half-past six. It was tolerably large, and

had three pair of oars, with four men and the pilot, who was master of it. As I was going off, the passengers crowded round me begging I would take them with me. As they seemed very miserable at the thought of staying in the ship, and the boat's being full or empty would make but little difference in the length of my passage, I calculated how many the boat would hold, exclusive of myself, Antonio and Hassan, and having settled that question, chose seven out of my numerous petitioners to go with me. The first of these was the Neapolitan friar, a man whose manners and conversation spoke him to have known better days. He had studied, he told me, seven years under a famous Italian physician in Naples, and once possessed a property of from 12 to 1,400 sequins, all which he had lost, being twice plundered by pirates (French privateers, then the same thing) in the Mediterranean: he then made himself a Capuchin "*per amore di una donna*," in which post he had since been allowed by his convent in Naples six dollars a month for board, lodging, and clothing. Like most monks he had quite forgotten his vow of poverty, for he was constantly expressing his hopes of making a fortune by his knowledge of medicine. As he was a sensible entertaining man, was no bigot, and had the irresistible recommendation of misfortune, he had messed with me during the voyage. The next were Michéli and his wife, both Milanese, who had served me when I was at Yoannina, and who were now going to seek a situation at Pera: then came a tailor and his

wife, both Piedmontese, who hoped to find good employment at Pera. The wife was eight months gone, and was terribly alarmed lest the latter part of her voyage should be as slow as the first, in which case her accouchement would take place on board. There were also a Milanese jack of all trades, whose immediate hope was to set up in Pera a manufacture of Venetian wax candles; and a Greek servant of a Greek merchant in Pera. I made it a condition with all the men, except the Capuchin, that on occasion they should all take an oar, or exert themselves in any way necessary to advance our progress, and with the captain of the boat I insisted that we should go day and night; and that the Franks should labour while he and his Turks rested. At half-past six we left the ship, and after the Turks had rowed an hour, they wanted to go on shore to sup and smoke. This I would not permit, and while they ate in the boat, I, with five other Franks, took the oars, and Hassan the helm. At ten we passed close to the European castle. At one in the morning we had a strong breeze from the north-east, and being in a large bay on the side of Europe, made good way by crossing over to Asia. At half-past two we reached, by sailing, the small Asiatic town of Nara, and stopped opposite a small mosque and convent of Dervishes; for the Turks to buy some bread in the *town*, which does not deserve that name as it contains only ten or twelve houses. Near it is the old castle of Abydos, now in ruins, and, opposite to it, in Europe, is the small town

(built on the coast of a large bay) of Maito, the ancient Madytus, celebrated as the naval station of the Athenians, by the side of which is the old castle of Sestos, also in ruins; we carefully steered clear of Maito, as the plague was raging there terribly. The coasts of the Dardanelles are much less inhabited and worse cultivated than those of the Bosphorus. Indeed, in the former one is mostly surrounded by naked hills (with the interval of now and then a rich and beautiful glen, through which the water pours down from the mountains) except in the vicinity of a town or village.

Monday, June 27th.—After stopping half an hour we left Nara, and as, in going to Constantinople, the canal here turns to the east, the north-east wind still served us. In the bay of Maito we saw several ships anchored, which were detained by calms and contrary winds. At sun-rise we left Maito to the left, and turned to the right tacking up the canal. At six o'clock the wind became so boisterous, that our boat was as nearly as possible upset, and we thought it dangerous to proceed in her by sailing, the sail being much too large in proportion: we therefore stopped on the European coast, collected wood, and Michéli, who was an excellent cook, roasted for us a large lamb whole, which Hassan had bought the day before, for three piastres and a half. On the grass we made a delightful breakfast, which was enlivened by a view of the castles of the Dardanelles. We stopped here till half-past eight, in hopes the wind would abate;

but as it seemed, on the contrary, to increase, we got into the boat, and had it towed along the shore, Turks and Franks dragging it alternately; and as it continued always to blow hard, we proceeded in this way nearly the whole of the day. Twelve miles below Gallipoli, we came to a village which was extremely pretty, from the abundance of trees by which it was surrounded, and numerous plants of cotton (here manufactured), growing on an extensive meadow before it, well watered by little rivulets cut in it, which also turn water-mills: behind are hills covered with trees that hide the village. We were told, that there was a great deal of plague in the village, so that, had it been on the banks of the sea, from which it was at a little distance, I would not have consented to land; as it was, I was rather alarmed at seeing the captain talking with, and buying bread from, several peasants, by whom he was surrounded. After stopping here half an hour, during which none of the Franks went ashore, we rowed about six miles further; then we crossed over to the Asiatic side, and tacking and rowing arrived at half-past nine at Lampsaca. Here we anchored the boat and stopt to sleep for a few hours: I did all I could to avoid the shore from fear of the plague.

Tuesday, June 28th.—When I awoke in the morning, my first inquiries were about plague. I was told that a man had died of it here twenty days ago, but that there had been no accident since. I was glad to

hear this, for my Turks had all been ashore before I awoke, and, indeed, no remonstrances could make them take precautions. Lampsacus is now reduced to a miserable village, which stands at a short distance from the sea, and on the banks are a *café* and a few huts. Its wine is no longer famous, yet its vines are abundant, as well as its other fruits ; and its environs display all the beauty which Nature lavishes almost spontaneously in this happy climate. Having laid in a stock of provisions and fruit, we set off again at half-past five. The wind, though still northerly, being moderated, we made good progress. As we passed Gallipoli, which is nearly opposite to Lampsaki, the master of the boat told me, that it contained 12,000 houses ; but I thought his account an exaggeration. This master was a complete Turk, i. e., surly and obstinate ; but the four sailors were cheerful, good-natured fellows : Mahomet, the youngest of them, was a very handsome brunet. During all the voyage we could not persuade one of them to taste a drop of our wine or liquors ; probably they were afraid of each other. At half-past three, we stopt half an hour for the Turks to eat : the place which they chose for their dining-room, was a most lovely spot, where the water was trickling down from the mountains through a dell abounding in trees and vegetation, and the water was cold and pleasant. We went on tacking and towing, and an hour after sun-set were in the sea of Marmora, of which we were very glad, as there is no current

near the shore, and we therefore hoped to get on faster. The country in the neighbourhood here was well cultivated and beautiful.

Wednesday, June 29th.—Half an hour before sunrise, we were opposite Shart-kuy (having gone fifteen miles in the night), a small village of wooden houses, with beautiful gardens round it. At half-past seven we passed a small village, named Eric-Leger; and at half-past nine we came to a few houses on the shore, near which I consented to land, as, from the fewness of the inhabitants, I did not suspect plague: we found a few Greeks there making tiles, for which the clay in the neighbourhood was well calculated, under the inspection of a Turk, who was armed to the teeth: they had proper instruments, which, they said, came from a great distance (*ἀπὸ μακρὰ*), and told me, that three of them (supposing the materials at hand) could make from four to five thousand a day, and were allowed twelve piastres a thousand. As these people could not provide the boatmen with bread, we soon left them. At noon we passed the village of Muriofdi, which may contain about 150 houses, and is miserably dirty: my Turks wanted to go on shore here, but this I would not permit. The neighbourhood of this village is thickly planted with vines, and indeed most of the wine that is imported in Constantinople is made here, though it all goes by the name of Dardanelles' wine: they were here building a large boat, and seemed to be better ship-carpenters than I should have expected to find in this country. At

half-past two we came to another village, (named Hora), which contained about the same number of houses as the last-mentioned. Here the Turkish captain swore he would go on shore, and I protested he should not. I seized the helm to prevent him; and after a great deal of calling names and mobbing, I prevailed, as a disputant almost always does with a Turk, if he persist. Except they are greatly superior in numbers, these people generally conform to Ovid's prudent rule, *In audaces non est audacia tuta*. However, when the boat was opposite the shore, I inquired of a Greek, who told me that there was no plague, as the inhabitants were almost all fled into the country, and those in the village enforced quarantine, as well as they could; I therefore consented to land, and we bought some provisions; but we could get no meat, as the Greeks were observing a fast of 36 days, in honour of the twelve apostles: the shops and houses were all shut, and not a soul appeared in the streets; Antonio, however, managed to buy some excellent white wine, at ten paras the oke. As we had not much temptation to stop in this scene of desolation, (in which, by the bye, there is a small earthen manufactory), we left it, after stopping half an hour, and pushed off again at five o'clock. About a mile from Hora, we stopt to dine under shelter of the hedge of a vineyard, for the heat to-day was intolerable, though the sun was covered with clouds in the morning, and made us hope for cool weather. As I was the more impatient to get on, as I drew

nearer Constantinople, we very soon pushed off again. At six we passed the small village of Karnos, romantically situated on the peak of a mountain near the sea. The scenery round us here was most magnificent, consisting of giant mountains and rocks, which sometimes hung over the sea, casting on it a deep dark shade to a considerable distance, and sometimes retired behind a rich and fertile valley, surrounded by them on the land side, and open only to the sea. Among these mountains was the small village of Daoukda, which we passed by rowing at sun-set; when there sprung up a land-breeze from the north-west, which took us on cheerily, at the rate of four miles an hour. When I lay down to sleep, we were opposite the northernmost point of the island of Marmora.

Thursday, June 30th.—At sun-rise when I woke, we were opposite the small village of Menarali-kuy, (*kuy* in Turkish means a village,) a little beyond which is Rhodostow, which I could hardly recognise under the Turkish name of Tekerda. In the early part of the morning we had a good land-breeze completely aft, but afterwards it calmed, and we got on by rowing. I was woke out of a nap at noon by the noise of my companions, and on looking up, I found we were a long way off the shore, with a terrible squall from the south-west, which was carrying us ten knots an hour. The padre was ejaculating most piously, and my servant was stripping to prepare himself for a swim; as the Turks insisted there was no

danger when the first gust was over, I wanted to go on, and take advantage of the fair wind: the fright, however, being too general to allow of a willing consent to this, we made for the nearest shore, and landed on a cape on the coast of Europe, where there were two tumuli, exactly like those in the Troad. After staying here a few minutes till the squall was over, we pushed off again, and sailed on smoothly, about four knots an hour. At two o'clock we passed the village of Erecl*; it is very insignificant, but contains some ancient ruins of walls, and near it are three tumuli, of which the centre one is unusually little: the country round it is barren, and without trees. On the north side of the cape on which it stands, is a deep bay, which would form an admirable port; into this we entered to avoid another squall, which we saw coming, at three o'clock: there were three or four fields of corn near the shore where we stopped. At a quarter before four, the storm having past, we put out again; but at four, unfortunately the wind changed to north-west: we beat round two other capes, and got on by tacking and rowing. At half-past five we passed a village, which the captain told me was named Sultan Chifflick (Sultan's farm), and five miles further on was another of the same name: I did not envy his Highness this property; for both of them contained but a very few miserable huts, and the ground in their neighbourhood appeared very

* The ancient Heraclea.

barren and uncultivated ; they stand in an immense bay about 25 miles in circumference. At eight o'clock I lay down to sleep, and was awoke at midnight by the boat stopping in the bay, close to the village of Silivria, of which the port is excellent for small boats. The Padre told me that we had been brought there by a borasca (accompanied with rain) so violent, that he wanted to stop the boat, but did not like to wake me.

Friday, July 1st.—I could not close my eyes in the night from my extreme anxiety to reach Constantinople, now that I was so near it. Well, indeed, might I feel impatient for rest, my limbs being sore with sleeping on boards, while my face was all blistered by the sun, and my hands by the exercise of rowing. At two o'clock, therefore, just as the Turks were calling to prayers from the mosques, seeing that the wind had changed again to south-west, I roused the boatmen, and we set off. For the first three hours we went at the rate of three knots, but at five o'clock the wind swelled into a gale, which swept us along at ten knots an hour. I was lying down when it began, and lifting up my head I saw Antonio pale as ashes ; and he began, begging me, "*O per l'amor di Dio, Signor, andiamo a terra :*" I was now however too impatient to listen to his fears. After passing six small villages, at half-past six we left behind us the cape and village of Saint Stephano, and an hour after anchored off the great city. The pleasure which the magnificent view of Constantinople always inspires was doubled to me by the hope

of settling in a home, after having been so long a vagabond. I had enjoyed fine clear weather during my voyage from Athens, with scarcely any rain, but as is common in the Levant, the nightly dews had been so heavy, that the decks in the morning were as completely wetted, as if it had rained all night.

The captain of the boat refused to set me ashore at Topehana, because if his boat were seen, he would be forced to pay at the custom-house an entrance-duty of fifteen piastres ; (for this, by the bye, he was imprisoned the next day, but liberated at my request by Frederick Pisani, our first *Giovane di lingua*;) I was therefore forced to take a small Turkish boat from a point of the city at a considerable distance, and the sea was so rough that it could hardly cross the Golden Horn. At half-past nine I arrived at the palace, where I found my friends all well, and had the happiness of being most affectionately received. So ends my tour in Greece, which in spite of all I have suffered in it, has afforded me such delight, that I would willingly set out on it again in a week.

On looking at the route which I made before setting out, I find it stands as follows:—

Zante :

Pirgo, in the ancient province of Elis ;

Mistra, (Sparta) ;

Leondari, in Arcadia ;

Tripolizza ;

Argos ;

Corinth ;

Salona, (Delphi) ;
Corinth ;
Megara ;
Athens ;
Platæa ;
Thebes ;
Thermopylæ ;
Kitro (Pydna), in Macedonia ;
Salonica ;
Smyrna ;
Troy ;
Mount Ida ;
Constantinople.

But of this route I am sorry that circumstances have enabled me to pass but a very inconsiderable part.

The first obstacle I met with was my illness at Zante, which detained me (together with my sea-voyage, to which it gave rise) a much longer time in that island, than I had in anticipation devoted to my whole tour, having originally intended to return to Constantinople by the end of October. When I set out from Zante in March, therefore, having already exceeded the time which I had fixed for my return, I must even, without the commission, which General Campbell intrusted to me, have given up the idea of beginning my tour by the excursion to Sparta ; and on proposing to make that excursion from Tripolizza, the Pasha's apprehensions of robbers convinced me that I had done well to relinquish it. I shall ever

regret not having seen the site of that glorious republic ; for if the ancient fame of Athens conduct the traveller to its ruins, in spite of the privations to which travelling in Greece subjects him, he ought to feel a desire, at least equally enthusiastick, to visit the land of its conquerors.

Between Athens and Salonica there were seven hundred Albanian pirates who, while they committed depredations at sea (where, as I have mentioned, they took a Maltese ship, while I was in Athens) always left a party on shore to surprise a rich Greek or traveller; this prevented me from visiting what I most desired to see, the pass of Thermopylæ, and the other interesting objects in that quarter, for these thieves are not contented with present pillage which I would have prepared for and willingly encountered; but I should most assuredly have suffered the fate of Baron Stackelberg, the relation of whose adventure will give an accurate idea of their usual practices. This gentleman (a student in architecture) having staid three years in Greece to pursue his studies during which he had taken several views of the country and plans of the temples, hired a Greek boat to convey him from Athens to Salonica on his return to Vienna. The morning after he sailed, his boat being off Skyro, the Greek captain (no doubt an accomplice of the pirates) entered his cabin, and woke him to tell him he was a prisoner. The pirates immediately ransacked and plundered his baggage, and wantonly tore and spoiled nearly the whole of his drawings, the valued

produce of his three years' labours. They then took him to their haunts near Salonica, dragged him with them through the mountains, nearly killing him with fatigue, and feeding him only with bran and water, and told him that he could not get out of their hands till he had given them a ransom of 60,000 piastres, to induce him to pay which, with more willingness, they confined him in a dungeon. He sent by one of the thieves a letter to his *Camarade de voyage*, Baron Haller, in Athens, requesting him if possible to raise the sum, and he would see it repaid. Haller did try, but in vain, for not one of those in the city who had shewn such civility and respect to S., would advance such a sum to deliver him. At length Haller found a Greek (a Speziote of the name of Petraiki) who agreed to assist him, and with that design, dressed himself as a pirate. With this man, Haller set out on an expedition, the disinterested friendliness of which would have done credit to the better days of Athens. Guided by the thief, who had brought him the letter, he went to the haunt of the pirates and offered 12,000 piastres, all he had been able to collect, and at the same time his Greek companion stated himself to be the captain of another band, and threatened that if they refused, he had taken care they should be apprehended. The artifice succeeded: Stackelberg was liberated, not too soon, for he was so reduced and emaciated by the severities he had undergone, that in two days more assistance would have been useless to him. Being a Russian subject, he

drew on the Russian envoy in Constantinople for the 12,000 piastres to repay Haller, which were advanced to him as a loan: he is since returned to Vienna. The dread of this treatment deterred me from going to Salonica; and my intended visit to Smyrna and to Troy was prevented by the ravages of the plague.

In the foregoing pages I have not attempted to describe as an architect, or to investigate as an antiquary, the magnificent remnants of antiquity, the view of which has so delighted me during my voyage, because I should only wrong them by attempts which, even if successful, would be useless, from the accurate and laboured descriptions which have been given of them by former travellers. The little I knew of their history has enabled me to contemplate them with the pleasure of enthusiasm, but not to observe them with the eye of science. If indeed a traveller quit England without enthusiasm, in this country, he will be most wretched, for he will be constantly fretting at the thought that he finds nothing to compensate for the want of those comforts which his country so amply affords. It is well observed, I believe by Gibbon, that an English gentleman in possession of a competence, enjoys more real comfort than the richest Pashas of the East. The Turks can purchase ornaments and luxuries, but not comforts. Their cookery is wretched, their drink is bad, being either plain water or sherbet, made with raisins or other fruits, and those who drink wine seldom procure it good,

and their accommodations for sleeping are most uncomfortable ; indeed few of them take off their clothes at night.

For my part I thought of nothing but the delightful scenery, and the interesting ruins by which I was surrounded. The Morea under a good government would certainly be the richest and most beautiful country in the world, for there is no production of nature which might not be brought to flourish in it. All her features that command our admiration, the mountain, the valley, and the forest, are here to be seen in perfection. Though the cultivation of it is impeded by the insecurity of property that naturally arises from the rapacious tyranny of the Turks, even now it produces a great overplus, for exportation, of corn and cattle, oil and wine. Invaluable treasures of antiquity are no doubt concealed in its soil, where the inhabitants are afraid to seek them, because when any thing is discovered, the Turkish government immediately suspects that the finder has obtained a treasure, and suppose the amount of it (generally an exorbitant sum) which they compel him to pay. The Greek population here are much happier than in Turkey. Their masters speaking their language, indeed most of them no other, bow to, and not unfrequently adopt, their customs. It may perhaps be a question whether a Greek can be happy without riches, and in a pecuniary light the Moriotes are more oppressed than their countrymen elsewhere, from the employment of the higher sort of Greeks as agents between the govern-

ment and the people, by which the latter are obliged to submit to two extortions and make two presents, to conciliate favour, instead of one ; yet the capitulation tax (which in the environs of Constantinople is generally after a plague increased upon the survivors, that its whole amount may not be diminished by the decrease of the population) is very rarely augmented in Greece where that disease is less frequent. And when I was in the Morea, Achmet Pasha, its governor, was moved to moderation (though very avaricious and poor) by the example of his predecessor Vely Pasha (son of Ali) who had been removed from the government at the petition of the Greeks on account of his extortions. They must indeed have been excessive, when this spiritless degraded people were roused to incur the danger of remonstrating against them. Certainly the horrible murders committed by the Turks on the Greeks, and dignified by these barbarians with the name either of justice or of religious zeal, are seldom to be met with in Greece, where the similarity of language and of habits renders it frequently difficult to distinguish by appearance, when unmarked by dress, the oppressor from the slave. This is an incalculable advantage, and whatever may be said of the avarice of the Greeks, it will never be believed that they prefer the possession of money to the existence and the freedom by which alone it can be rendered capable of procuring enjoyment.

But in fact I do not believe the Greeks to be avaricious: that they think riches are the *summum bonum*

I am most willing to allow, but the desire of wealth must be distinguished from avarice in a people who see that wealth is the only means of securing independence or obtaining honours. Many a traveller who repines at the exorbitant price which a Greek demands for antiquities or provisions, is little aware perhaps that the half of that price must be given to his tyrants as the purchase money of permission to sell. I remember having had in Corinth the greatest difficulty in persuading a Greek to shew me what intaglios he had, and he consented to sell me one, only on a solemn promise not to say that I had bought it in that city as long as I staid in it.

The Greeks have vices in a greater degree than most other nations; but they are the vices of a slave; and if the other kingdoms of Europe would attempt (and they would most assuredly be able) to emancipate the Greeks, Europe would be an incalculable gainer, and the Greeks in the course of two or three generations (for time would be necessary to eradicate their long habits of baseness and slavery) would become a very fine nation. Would to God I could see the experiment tried!

One very common manner of oppressing the Greeks throughout all the empire, is by allowing to a visitor on business, or a distinguished traveller, a superfluous quantity of provisions which is levied from the neighbouring villages. This is called a *Tahhyn*, and was furnished to me at Tripolizza as I had business with the Pasha. I naturally wished to avoid receiving it,

but was told that I could not with decency reject it, and that even if I did, it would still be levied to the specified amount (for which see page 227.) There were great abuses in delivering it, for I often did not get above half of it, the rest went to the dragoman or to the Greeks employed in levying it.

The climate of Greece is most delightful when one has learned to bear heat with patience. All the time I was in it I had only two days of rain,—once very heavy off Calavrita, and again very slight in Argos: not so in the Ionian islands where the cold of winter dissolves in rain, from which I hardly saw a day free during that season in Zante, and off Corfu, it poured incessantly for nine days in December. But in Greece the autumnal rains are very heavy. The wine of the Morea is positively undrinkable, for there (and indeed generally more or less through Greece) they mix with it such a quantity of rosin, without which they say it will not keep, that the bitter taste of that bituminous matter is completely substituted for the original flavour. The population of the Morea, by all the information I could obtain, may be computed at 300,000 Greeks and 20,000 Turks.

The winters of Greece are in general very mild; but the last two, so severe every where, must be excepted; indeed their rigour destroyed great numbers (60,000) of cattle in the Morea, and of bees on Mount Hymettus. The honey of this mountain is said by most travellers to be disagreeable from its strong taste

of thyme, on which the bees principally feed. I liked it very much, so did a friend, to whom I carried some, and I think that it would not be easy to find a country "*ubi non Hymetto mella decedunt.*"—I was out of season to taste the comb honey, which I think I was told is gathered in July.

Athens—glorious, delightful Athens! would still be a most enchanting residence,—if one were not in danger of being starved to death in it. But the cultivation of its vicinity is so imperfect, that it is difficult to find any thing in the shape of an eatable, for which there is always a scramble in the bazaars who shall be earliest; indeed all the month that I staid there I ate nothing but fowls, fowls, fowls, till I do not think that I shall ever relish a fowl again. These are two strong proofs of the wretched nature of the Turkish government,—the causing by extortion such scarcity in a soil that might be rendered so plentiful, and the tolerating from weakness the incursions of robbers and pirates in a country so well worth defending. Another great cause of the scarcity of meat in Greece, is the strict observance by the Greeks of the fasts of their religion. In some of these they eat nothing but vegetables, oil and bread, so that they have no interest in securing a provision of fish or flesh; and the Frank population, to whom these are real wants, are not so numerous or rich as to be able to pay the increased price incurred by bespeaking this provision.

The population of Athens are happier than their

neighbours from the protection of the Kislär Aga*, who is always ready to receive their money and listen to their complaints; so that their Waywode dares not capriciously reduce them to poverty by his avarice, or to despair by his cruelty. They are defended from robbers by the walls of their city, and it is lucky for them that they are so, for the Waywode's soldiers who guard them (half Turks and half Greeks) are so easily corrupted, that last year, in the time of their strictest quarantine, any one passed them who could afford to bribe them with a sequin or two. The Athenians too must have a vast field of happiness in the splendid beauties of nature that surround them on every side.

In Thebes the Greeks are kept under excessive restraint; but the Turks dare seldom treat them with cruelty in any part of Greece, owing to the superiority of their number. From this statement however must be excepted the dominions of 'Ali Pasha who makes cunning a substitute for strength, of which latter also he has more.

The whole country of Maina is almost entirely independent of the Porte: they permit indeed a Bey to live among them who is appointed from Constantinople; but he has hardly a shadow of authority, and exclusive of his maintenance, I was told in the Morea that the whole of the taxes they

* In 1815, Athens was transferred to the government of Negropont, to the great disappointment of Ali Pasha, who has long coveted it.

pay amount to thirty paras a head for the *kharatsch**, and that is imperfectly collected. This independence is secured to them by their native valour†, and the impassable fastnesses of their lofty mountains, from which there frequently issue robbers who penetrate even into the towns of the Turks, to whom they are bitter enemies.

The islands in the Archipelago have very few Turks among them, and therefore their cultivation and richness far surpass that of the continents around them. Yet there is no doubt that their value might be doubled if they had the advantage of good government and European improvements. How anxiously they look for the former, I had an opportunity of observing while I was at Tino. The Orlando frigate, Captain Clavell, being ordered to an European station, and having some men ill on board, who, it was feared might have the plague, which was then raging at Smyrna, went to Paros, where a few guns were landed on a hill, and tents put up, that the crew might perform a quarantine. This proceeding was universally and delightedly reported by all the Greeks in the Archipelago, to be preparatory to the English taking possession of all the islands in this sea.

Under all the circumstances it is evident to the least

* The first syllable of this word is pronounced by the Turks with the strong guttural sound of the Greek X, which I can find no better way of expressing in English than by kh. In some of the preceding pages, it is, I fear, incorrectly spelt.

† Cantemir says their name is derived from *μανία*, because they rush in battle upon their enemies as if they were mad.

observing eye, that the European dominions of the Grand Seignior are daily declining in riches and in strength. The reason of this decay may be best illustrated by Montesquieu's admirable metaphor of the Indian who cut down the tree to obtain the fruit.

I ought perhaps to say something of the janizaries who attended me in my tour: these men make themselves indispensable in travelling by so frightening and bullying the Greek peasants, that without them hardly any thing can be procured; and what little is given must be paid for most exorbitantly. Devrisch, the Pasha's Tatar, who accompanied me from Tripolizza to Athens, was a dirty drunken brute, who had wasted a very good patrimony by drinking, and reduced himself to such a state of poverty, that he had not even a pair of boots to ride in. I have already mentioned the manner in which he procured me fish at Argos (his native place), and I once or twice caught him beating Greek peasants, for which I reprov'd him severely: but it must be confessed, that this severity is frequently rendered necessary by the obstinacy of the peasants; as at Chialicheh Derwent, where an Albanian whom we saw said, that he understood neither Greek nor Turkish, and would do nothing for us, till a blow from Devrisch made him speak very good Greek, and converted him into a very useful attendant. This man gave me additional proof that his character was completely Turkish, by being discontented, when I paid him in Athens, at receiving, for his useless attendance, a dollar a day.

Hassan, Mr. Liston's Tatar, who brought me despatches from Mr. Strani to Athens, and accompanied me from that city to Constantinople, was a quiet contented creature, who was very willing to take an oar, or to perform any service I put him to.

But my treasure was Mustapha, Mr. Strani's janizary, who was with me from my leaving Patras to my leaving Athens. He was a Candiote, and had been in Italy, France, and Spain; he spoke Turkish, Greek, and what he called Italian; thus, if he wanted to express, "They cannot find him," he would say, "*Non posso trovarlo*;"—"I do not know," "*Mi non so*." He was a great politician; (indeed he knew more of the sovereigns, religion, and politicks of Europe, than most of the Pashas in the Sultan's dominions). He would often express his wonder, why the English did not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope thus "*Inglest non credo re di Papa?*" In the evening that I returned to Corinth, after walking across the Isthmus, I was explaining to Mustapha the possibility of the moon and planets containing inhabitants; to which he answered, "*Come, Signore, mangia, beve, andamo cavallo come noi?*" In short, every day did he put me in danger of dying with laughter at his conversation on politicks, or the expression of his just contempt at our consuls in Greece, "*Tutti, Rayahs, Signore, Metto capello, chiamo Console!*" Mr. North was his idol; but he would often ridicule that gentleman's cautious mode of travelling, and always

ended, "*Ma vecchio, vecchio, Signore, non posso.*" He was explaining to me the state to which Vely Pasha was reduced by a scorbutick complaint, "*Tutto l'asino* (meaning *naso*) *cascato basso.*" He had an utter contempt for his countrymen, Turks and Christians; and whenever I expressed any surprise at their ignorance or barbarism, would always say, "*Perchè bestie, Signore, bestie;*" and they, in their turn, never looked on him as a Turk, but every where called him "Franco Mustapha." Indeed, he drank wine and spirits openly, and without scruple, and excused himself from praying by the trouble of cleaning his clothes, which, before a good Mussulman can pray, must be pure from the least drop of wine or any other forbidden liquor; accordingly he never went to mosque. His addiction to European customs, and his partiality for Europeans, might have been dangerous to him, in any other part of the Turkish dominions than Greece. He stood in horror of the plague; and once, when I asked him what he would do if the plague visited Patras, he answered, "*Mi scapulato via Zante Cephalonia; mi molto amico Inglese.*" Nothing I could say would persuade him to set off with me for Smyrna, when the plague was raging. The only mark he had of being a Turk was his turban, and washing himself constantly after meals. He would turn his hand to any thing, and was quite as useful as a servant: indeed, he united the qualities of janizary, dragoman, and servant. It was amusing enough to see him mount his

horse, an operation which he could not perform alone, and which generally occupied him ten minutes.

Travelling in Greece is now expensive, from the foolish profusion of our travellers, which has made these people suppose, that every Englishman possesses inexhaustible wealth. One nobleman, when a Greek asked him twenty dollars for an antique, &c., that might be worth five, would give him thirty to *surprise* him. It cannot then be wondered at, that an Englishman should invariably be asked for every thing treble the sum that another would pay. The argument always is "a Milordo gave me a greater price for another of the same kind." My tour has cost me 250*l.*, not an unreasonable sum, when it is remembered how immediately the sight of an Englishman increases the price of every thing which he purchases.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PLAGUE,

BY COLONEL ROURKE.

A SUPERSTITIOUS idea prevails among the Greeks, that the plague never rages in a time of war; for this they assign a moral cause, deduced from the Divine clemency, which out of compassion to mortals, will not accumulate evils on their heads. I do not know whether they are deserving of such compassion, and therefore, as no physical cause can be assigned, I suppose, from having accidentally happened so once or twice, it is become a matter of belief and popular error. It is true, that the present instance coincides with that prejudice. During the last war with Russia, the Levant was free from this contagious disorder, and it broke out last year (1812) about the time of making the peace; at which period it began to manifest itself in the Ottoman capital, with a degree of fury rarely experienced, and swept off, in the course of the summer and autumn, till the severity of the winter checked it, three hundred and

fifty thousand souls. From the capital on one side, and Egypt on the other, it has been diffused over all the coast of Asia Minor, and the islands most contiguous. The Cyclades and others of the Egean Sea have hitherto escaped, partly from the precautions taken, and partly perhaps from the quality of the air*, less calculated than that of the continent of Asia to serve as a vehicle thereto. The writer having been in different places where it raged, and having endeavoured to inform himself of the various symptoms and circumstances attending it, communicates herein the result of his observations on that subject:—

That the plague is a disorder putrid in the extreme, seems to be universally granted, and manifestly apparent. The symptoms and sufferings thereof are various; the degrees of its violence differ from a slight fever to a raging delirium; but the most common sort, although not the most fatal, is the inguinary pest, which particularly attacks the groin and sometimes the arm-pits: it begins by a nausea, or disposition to vomit, violent headach, and raging fever; the greater or less degree of violence observed in it may probably proceed from the habit of body of the person affected: with many the tumours of the groin, &c., or buboes, as they are commonly called, suppurate, break, and the patient escapes: some have black and livid spots on the body without buboes, and these generally die: others have it in so slight a degree as to bear no exterior marks in the counte-

* More probably from the infrequency of communication.—W. T.

nance, suffer very little diminution of strength, and, mixing with the world, keep it concealed, for fear of being sent to the hospital, or forsaken by every one, and it often passes off without much fever or confinement: these are the most dangerous to society, carrying with them and communicating the infection wherever they go.

The general idea is, that the plague can only be communicated by contact; but, from certain circumstances, it should appear, that it may be conveyed likewise through the medium of the air. It is a well-known fact, that those people who have recovered from the disorder, feel certain symptoms in subsequent times of plague; and, sometimes, before the disorder has manifested itself in a place, from pains in the groin, and other parts where they have had sores, forebode the evil. I learned two or three very curious anecdotes of these sympathetick sensations from Mr. D.— a very respectable Greek merchant, at Vathi, in the island of Samos. He informed me, that to withdraw from the scene of mortality last year at Constantinople, he retired to a small village in the neighbourhood, called St. Stephano, where he took a solitary half-ruined house. As he was reading in his balcony one afternoon, he suddenly felt a kind of twitching pain in his groin, which somewhat alarmed him, fearing that he might have taken the infection: at the same time he heard some men talking in the street just under his balcony, and, looking through the boards of the floor, which were broken, he discovered a group of Turks who belonged to the same

village, and who died two or three days after of the plague. He mentioned to me an anecdote of a Greek whom he knew, that was living last summer at the convent in the island of Chalce (one of the Princes islands) about twelve miles from Constantinople. He had formerly had the plague, and, before it was known that the disorder was in the village about a mile distant from the convent, he foretold it from pains he felt in his groin; and the following day it broke out. A young man, son-in-law of Mr. Emanuel Thouka, a merchant under the English protection, whom I likewise knew at Vathi, and who had once had the plague, felt the same symptoms before we knew that there was any plague in the place, but in a day or two after, it made its appearance.

There is a bizarrerie or contradiction in this disorder difficult to account for; so easy to catch, that a bit of wool or cotton can retain it for years, and convey it, with all its symptoms of horror. On the contrary, some are proof against the most violent contagion. It often happens that the wife is infected, and the husband escapes. The child at the breast will be free, and the mother die of it, and *vice versa*.

The great vehicles of the pest are furs, cotton and woollen; the great prophylactics, wine, spirits, and acids. The destroyers thereof, heat, cold, fumigation, moisture, and ventilation. The baneful virus seems to propagate itself in the first-mentioned materials, and will remain for years unextinguished, if excluded from the air. The opening of a trunk, where some infected article has been deposited, will revive

the infection many years after, for which reason it is constantly kept alive in Turkey, where the people cannot be persuaded to burn the clothes and furniture of those that die, and either take it themselves, or leave it as an heritage to their posterity. The English Consul at Vathi, who has been long resident in Egypt, confirmed this observation by an instance he related to me of a young woman at Cairo, who, on her marriage, took the plague from a ring with a small bit of cotton twisted round it, which had belonged to a former wife of her husband, who had died of the plague nine years before.

The plague is generally observed to break out after times of famine, as in the present case, since, for two years, preceding it, the great scarcity of corn, which has been up at fifteen shillings the bushel (or piastres the kiloe) has reduced the poorer sort to make use of all kinds of unwholesome food for their subsistence; and it is a well-known fact that those are most subject to it who live badly, and whose blood is in a low impoverished state, for which reason it may be considered rather as a disorder of the poor than of the rich.

The Turks are the greatest victims to it, on account of their religious tenets, and their abstinence from wine, although it is very rare to hear of a Pasha or rich Turk that dies of it; for many of these drink wine and spirits secretly, and all of them live upon substantial, wholesome, and nutritious food. The Greeks are more cautious, but die in great numbers, which may partly be attributed to their numerous fasts, which they observe for at least half the year, and during

those they live badly and upon unwholesome food: intemperance, therefore, in time of plague, appears excusable, and my countrymen who often suffer for this vice from the long train of evils and disorders which it occasions, would, in such a case, find it a sevenfold shield to protect them: instances occur where they have escaped in the midst of the contagion, as in one related to me by the English Consul of Tripoli in Syria, of an English ship of war detached from the squadron on the coast of Egypt to that port, on board of which he sent his Secretary, who was immediately struck by the appearance of some French officers (prisoners) on the quarter-deck, who had the plague; the English officers who were entirely free, seemed very easy at the observation he made upon the danger of their situation; but he, more prudent and cautious, immediately jumped into the boat, and did not find himself easy for many days.

But without launching into excess, a person in this country, during the time of plague, should not be too scrupulous an observer of the rules of temperance; and the use of spirits is adopted by many as a sure preservative: a fact notorious at Constantinople during the plague of last year* is that the vintners, or tagern-keepers, in Pera and Galata, who sell wine from morning to night, and live constantly in the fumes, and under the influence thereof, escaped to a man, although many infected people must daily have resorted to their houses; we may infer from this that wine is a powerful

* 1812.

prophylactic; it must not, however, be supposed that wine, spirits, acids, and generous living, will entirely prevent a person from taking the infection, but it is no less incontestable that they will tend very much to prevent it, or by the tone which they give to the machine, render it more capable to combat therewith, if attacked.

But although rules may be prescribed for guarding against the contagion, yet no certain ones can be given for the treatment of the disorder when it breaks out, as no medicine has been discovered competent to the cure thereof; the cause of which, most probably, is that it has not fallen sufficiently under the notice and observation of scientifick men, as the dangerous nature of this disorder keeps physicians at a distance; there have, indeed, been some of the faculty who from a philanthropick zeal, have boldly ventured to stare it in the face; but the skill of these men not having kept pace with their courage, they have fallen victims to it themselves without making any discovery: such was the case of an English empirick at Alexandria, who imagined that inoculation would succeed, as in the small-pox, and not finding any one mad enough to let him try the experiment upon him, tried it on himself, and died in three days: if he had been more conversant with the nature of the disorder, he would have known that people are to be met with in this country who have had it six or seven times; it is, however, observed that they do not take it so easily as others, and have it each time with a less degree of virulence.

With the plague different causes produce the same effect; great heat and great cold equally subdue it; the southern parts of Turkey, therefore, are free from it in summer, the northern ones in winter; in Egypt, however violent may have been the contagion in winter and spring, it ceases about the summer solstice, and on St. John's day, old style, being the sixth of July, the inhabitants open their houses and go out; they attribute it to the heavy dews, and to the inundation of the Nile, which begins about that time, which probably may contribute thereto, since moisture is almost as powerful an antidote as heat: I have heard of people with that disorder on them having been exposed to the night damps with success, and at Alexandria and in Egypt, during the summer months, they all sleep on their terraces: at Cyprus, and in Syria, the heats of summer likewise subdue it; but to the northward of Rhodes, at Smyrna, Samos, Scio, &c., this depends upon the season; very hot summers will produce that effect,—but cool ones, not.

Populous cities should always be avoided; and the surest way to destroy the plague where it breaks out, is to evacuate the place, the inhabitants dispersing themselves about the country, and living under tents or huts separate from each other; a mode which was adopted at Samos this summer, and destroyed the contagion in its infancy, for when it broke out at Vathi in two or three houses, the families, or any that had had communication with them, were removed to solitary places in the country by the magistrates; and the inhabitants

likewise left the town, and dispersed themselves about the country; the other villages of the island put that place under quarantine, and it was thus prevented from spreading.

Had the same precaution been taken at Malta on the commencement of this calamity, the same good consequences would probably have resulted; but fear seems so totally to have taken possession of the minds of the magistrates on that occasion, that it left no room for salutary counsels.

In a memorial published some years ago by a British Consul, * long resident in Egypt, we are told that frictions of oil are not only a certain preventative, but likewise an infallible cure; I agree with him in the former part of his proposition, but entirely dissent from him in the latter; nor could I ever find that oil has been used in the Levant with success; vinegar, on the contrary, seems to be much more efficacious, not only taken internally with the food, but used externally as a lotion.

From some instances above given, it should seem that the infection may be received by the air; else, whence can proceed those warnings which people who have had the inguinary pest receive in a time of plague, and often previous to its being manifested, (since many who have it frequently conceal it,) or which others, who have never had the disorder, experience from sensations and twitchings in the groin; they most probably will have inhaled some pestiferous particles that had flown off from an infected body, and were floating

* Mr. Baldwin.

about in the air, but perhaps so corrected and mollified by the action of the air upon them as to be rendered harmless, and capable only of conveying a slight sensation, except in very populous cities where the plague rages violently, and then these particles may become noxious, and, if inhaled, communicate the infection strongly.

The subtle and potent virus of this disorder, which is so easily propagated and communicated, would render it capable of destroying the whole race of man, had not, fortunately, nature rendered it as easy to subdue ; any material that has imbibed the infection, by being exposed to the air for some time loses its destructive quality, and more certainly by the operation of water, fire, or fumigation ; and were it not so, all commerce and communication betwixt one country and another must be at an end ; nor would that suffice, since even the birds can convey it, for in Tuscany they date a plague from the killing a crow that came from Corsica, where the plague then raged : the danger in populous cities at such a time proceeds likewise from the domestick animals, and even flies* may possibly carry it from one chamber to another : therefore the best remedy an eminent physician could prescribe for so contagious a disorder, was to run away from it.

Having thrown out these hints for the consideration of

* The asserted danger from flies is an improbable exaggeration ; nor are any dogs capable of spreading infection, except those with a woolly coat : cats are always and excessively to be feared. W. T.

professional men, I shall leave to them all further discussion on the subject; being persuaded that much may be done by the scientifick professor in ascertaining the phenomena of the plague, and discovering a corrective for the most dangerous and baneful disorder that falls to the lot of humanity.

Colonel Rourke, the writer of the foregoing observations, from his long residence in the Levant, where he lived for the last thirty years of his life, is well entitled to attention. He was a very singular man, of large property, and a Protestant. He had long left Ireland, his native land, and had served in the Russian armies, where he had acquired the order of St. Anne. He had a residence in most of the islands of the Archipelago, in some a room at a friend's house, and in some a house of his own; but he lived generally in his boat, of which he had furnished the interior with every luxury both of Europe and Asia, and in which he always made it a fixed rule to sail before the wind, for as he was equally at home in all the islands, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him to which of them he steered his course. He had a good library on board, and was a very clever well-informed man. He died at Cyprus, in 1814, and left to two maiden sisters in England all his property, his curiosities, and the best collection of medals of the Greek islands that ever was formed, I was told, by a single individual.

I copied his observations at Zante, in 1814, from an

APPENDIX.

original paper in his own writing, which he had left with a friend of mine.

The plague appears in all shapes. An old Turk in Salonica walked about lately (I write in 1814) much afflicted with what had all the symptoms of an ague for three weeks, and when asked what ailed him, he feebly answered "δὲ ἰμπερὺν—*It, imperu,*" I can't—I can't, (a common expression in the Levant to denote illness) At the end of that time he died of declared plague.

Mr. Pyburn (an English merchant of Salonica) tells me that once, in 1812, on examining a bubo on a woman's throat with a microscope, he found it to contain millions of worms of different colours, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye*. 1814.

M. Petridi (inspector of the Great school at Zante) had the plague when a child at *Pera*, and was constantly nursed by his uncle, who never caught it till 1812, when he died of it. Mr. P. lost six brothers by it.

Thermometer at Constantinople at Noon.
1816.

Feb. 17th	44
18th	58

* This agrees with Chandler's account. "The plague might, perhaps, be truly defined a disease arising from certain animalcules, probably invisible, which burrow and form their nidus in the human body."—*Travels in Asia Minor*, chap. 83.

Feb. 19th	36
20th, snow	33½
21st	37
22d	41
23d, snow	38
24th	41
25th	34
26th	43
27th	52
28th	49
29th, rain	58
March 1st, rain	56
2d, little snow	39
3d	40
4th	47
5th	53
6th	52
7th	57
8th	59
9th	60
10th	67
11th	62
12th	69½
13th	53
14th	49
15th	63
16th	45
17th	51
18th	62
19th	71
20th	66
21st	65
22d—61½, and 3 hours after ..	51
23d	56
24th	57

March	25th	40
	26th	46
	27th	55
	28th	65
	29th	53
	30th	59
	31st—48, and 1 hour after ..	56
April	1st, little snow	36
	2d	44
	3d { morning early 33, noon 46, } { and at 5 P. M. } 57	
	4th	52
	5th	54
	6th	50
	7th	50
	8th	59
	9th—66, and at 3 P. M.	54
	10th	50
	11th	56
	12th	51
	13th	56
	14th	66
	15th	74
	16th	64
	17th	65
	18th	59
	19th	64
	20th	61
	21st	60
	22d	55
	23d	69
	24th	68½
	25th	65
	26th	66
	27th	72

April 28th	75
29th	61
30th	70
May 1st	59
2d	72
3d	69
4th	60
5th	62
6th	66
7th	71
8th	65
9th	62
10th	71
11th	61
12th	67
13th	73
14th	84
15th	71
16th	64
17th	68
18th	68
19th	69
20th	70
21st	75
22d	69½
23d	72
24th	63
25th	64
26th	69
27th	72
28th	70
29th	70½
30th	75
31st	78
June 1st	73½

June	2d	69
	3d	72
	4th	73
	5th	73
	6th	74
	7th	74½
	8th	74
	9th	73
	10th	74
	11th	76½
	12th	79
	13th	81
	14th	82
	15th	84
	16th	85
	17th	78
	18th	79
	19th	77
	20th	78½
	21st	71
	22d	68
	23d	75
	24th	81
	25th	84
	26th	81½
	27th	78
	28th	76½
	29th	76
	30th	76
July	1st	71
	2d	78
	3d	80
	4th	77
	5th	80
	6th	75

July	7th	77
	8th	80
	9th	76
	10th	79½
	11th	79½
	12th—83, at night	79
	13th, storm	67
	14th	70
	15th	70
	16th	75
	17th	76
	18th	77
	19th	75
	20th	81
	21st	83
	22d	78
	23d	87
	24th	82
	25th	86
	26th	87
	27th	84
	28th	77
	29th	76
	30th	77
	31st—83, and at 10 P. M.	78½
August	1st—89, and at 9 P. M.	80
	2d—89½, and at 8 A. M.	95
	3d	86
	4th	80
	5th	80
	6th	82
	7th	80
	8th	79
	9th	81
	10th	76

	11th	78
	12th	77½
	13th	78½
	14th	79½
	15th	79½
	16th	81
	17th	79½
	18th	76
August	19th	84
	20th	79
	21st	76
	22d	78
	23d	82
	24th { high south wind for the last six days	73
	25th	69½
	26th	79
	27th, rain	70
	28th—69, and in the morning..	60
	29th, rain	68
	30th—70½, and at 11 P. M.	59
	31st	70
Sept.	1st	73
	2d	74
	3d	77
	4th	83
	5th	79
	6th	78
	7th	78
	8th	77
	9th	71
	10th	68
	11th	70
	12th	75
	13th	73

14th	74
15th	68½
16th	70½
17th	73½
18th	74½
19th	76
20th	72½
21st	74
22d	76½
23d	76
24th	83
25th	83
26th	78
27th	66
28th	65
29th	67
30th	65
Oct. 1st	70
2d	73
3d	71
4th	71½
5th	70
6th	74
7th	76
8th—67, and at 8 A. M.	57
9th	73
10th—68, and at 9 P. M.	55
11th—66, and at 8 A. M.	55
12th—68, and at 8 A. M.	50
13th—71, and at 8 A. M.	53
14th	65
15th	57
16th	54
17th	52
18th	64

Sept. 19th	62
20th	67½
21st	69
22d	73
23d	76
24th	60
25th	72
26th	66
27th	69

*Translation of a Firman for Mr. W. Turner, issued the 22d
September, 1813.*

TURAH.—(Royal Signature.)

Akhan Mahmoud, Son of Abdul-Hamid, the Victorious *.

To the most Illustrious among the Judges and Cadies,
Mines of Science and Eloquence; the Judges and Deputy
Judges of the Districts situated on the Road from Smyrna,
coming and going to the Places under-mentioned,—may
whose Learning be increased; and to the most Glorious
among their Equals, the Commanders and Generals of
Janizaries, and other Officers,—may whose Power be
increased;—on the arrival of this high Imperial Diploma
be it known, that,—

IN a note presented to my Imperial Stirrup, under the Seal
of the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of

* The line in black letter is the translation of the Turah—which is
made in a large flourish at the top of the firman.

the English Government residing at my Sublime Porte, the most glorious among the Chiefs of the Christian Nation, Robert Liston, Esquire, may whose end be attended with happiness,—he sets forth,—that Mr. William Turner, a Gentleman of noble English origin, wishes to set out on a Journey from Smyrna to Akhyssar, Karahyssar, Sahib, Angora, Aconia, Amasia, Magnesia, Nice, Brusa, Nicomedia, and their environs, and from thence to my Sublime Porte, attended by one Janizary and two Frank servants;—the said Ambassador asking the issue of my Imperial Command, to the end that all attention and care be given that the above-mentioned Gentleman, attended by one Janizary and two Frank servants, may not be molested during his journey, in the post houses, or in any place where he may make a stay, contrary to the Imperial Capitulations on the part of the tax-gatherers for the capitation tax, or on the part of any others under any other pretext, that he may be handsomely treated, protected, and defended, and provided with proper escorts at his own expense for his passage in perfect safety through the places that are frightful and dangerous; wherefore it is my order that you act in the above-mentioned manner.

Now you who are my judges, and others above-mentioned, in conformity to the ties of perfect friendship and good understanding firmly subsisting between my Sublime Porte, and the English Government, as it is necessary to protect and defend their travellers and subjects, my Impe-

rial Firman has been issued, to the end that all care and attention be given that the above-mentioned Gentleman, attended by one janizary and two Frank servants, may not be molested or disturbed on his journey from Smyrna, coming and going to the places above-mentioned, during his journey, in the post-houses, or in any place where it may be necessary for him to make a stay, contrary to the Imperial capitulations, on the part of the tax-gatherers by a demand of the capitation tax, or on the part of any others under any other pretext; that he may be handsomely treated, protected and defended, and provided with proper escorts at his own expense, for his passage, in perfect safety, through the places that are frightful and dangerous;—I have ordered that on the arrival of this my Imperial Firman, you will act in the above-mentioned manner in this particular, agreeable to the tenor of the Firman, which is nobly issued, and to which all obedience and conformity are due, and you will abstain and forbear from any thing to the contrary: be it thus known to you, giving all faith to this noble sign, written at the end of the prosperous moon Ramazan, in the year eight and twenty, and two hundred and a thousand, (*i. e.*, the month of September).

At the Defended Residence of Constantinople.

Translated from the Turkish Original.



To the most Learned Effendis, conversant in the Law, the Cadees and Deputy Judges of such Places as are situated on the Road from Tripolizza to Athens, may whose Science be increased; and, to the most Glorious among their equals, the Voivodes, Commanders, Chiefs and Officers, may whose Power be also increased; as well as to the Post Masters!

NOTICE is hereby given you, that, whereas the Secretary of the English Ambassador resident at present in Constantinople (the most distinguished among the Noblemen of the Christian nation, may whose end be attended with happiness) is now sent on pressing business from Tripolizza to Athens, together with two of his own attendants, and in company of one of our Tatars,—on their arrival on the way, to the places under your jurisdictions, you will give all your attention and care, in order to fulfil the duties of hospitality, by the Officers, Commanders, and Chiefs, of such places as it may be necessary for them to rest in by night,

furnishing them with all such eatables and drinkables as are requisite for one night;—in order that all necessary post horses and proper escorts be provided for them on their departure; and that they be forwarded in perfect safety to each of you.

To say which, this *Buyruld* is written and issued from the *Divan* of the Morea, and sent with.....; on its arrival (God willing) it is requisite that you should act, and behave yourselves according to its contents, and you will forbear, and refrain from any thing to the contrary.

Gemaziel-evvel, 9th—1229.

Id est—May 1st, 1814.

Esseyd, or El-Seyd, the Emir; Ahmed Pasha being descended from Mahomet.

The following Letter, written when the Author had no design to publish, at the request of a Friend who is a member of the Bible Society, is inserted as the readiest channel for communicating the information it contains.

Albany, May 14, 1818.

My dear Sir,

In reference to the conversation which I had with you, on the best means of extending the benefits of the Bible Society to the countries of the Levant, I have now the pleasure

to subjoin the little information I am possessed of which can be of service in promoting that end;—I do this with the less reluctance, as I had fully purposed, had I published my journal, to devote one of its chapters to this interesting subject.

I do not hesitate to begin by asserting that if there be one country in the world in which the diffusion of the Bible would effectually tend to soften bigotry or enlighten ignorance more than in another, that country is the Levant. To every sect of religion existing there, (except that of the Jews, whose rites and duties are so strictly enjoined, that there is no room for misinterpretation,) the study of it must be eminently beneficial: the different sects of Christians in the Levant,—the Greeks, the Armenians, the Syrians, and the Copts, are in the lowest state of intellectual degradation on the subject of religion: its voice is never heard by them except from the lips of their priests, who, anxious to establish their own power on the credulity of their flock, so pervert its doctrines as to persuade the vulgar that a rigid observance of the ceremonies and fasts of the church will secure to them salvation, and that no crime is unpardonable save the withholding of its dues; in compliance with these principles, the spoils of the robber and the pirate are frequently divided with the church, and obtain them immediate absolution for the most horrid crimes. I cannot better illustrate the low cunning of the Greek priesthood and the brutal ignorance of the Greek people, than by a relation of

the following anecdotes which happened during, or shortly before, my residence in the Levant:—

Two Mainote robbers who had plundered a Greek priest in the Morea, on leaving him and carrying off his property, expressed to each other their fears lest, as they were known to him, he should excommunicate them. To deliver themselves from the danger of his dreaded anathema, they returned and murdered him.

Shortly before my arrival at Athens in May 1814, a Maltese vessel had been boarded by Albanian pirates off the island of St. George of Skyro, (at that time their strong hold). They were headed by a *Greek Priest*. Their first act was to murder the captain and crew, in all thirteen men. One only escaped, in the first instance by not being on deck, and afterwards from their finding he might be of use to them; for they sent him to announce that on the deposit of a certain sum the vessel and cargo (which they dared not sell) would be restored. On searching the vessel after the massacre, the robbers found on the spit the dinner which their victims had been preparing, and which they were beginning to eat, when their leader (who had been the instigator of the massacre, telling them that heretics deserved not mercy,) snatched the untasted morsel from their lips, and severely reproved them for thinking to eat meat on a fast-day.

A Greek of Smyrna, who had committed a murder, took refuge from justice in the house of an European merchant of that city; on the day of his concealment, his protector

humanely sent him part of his dinner, but he refused to eat it, alleging that as it consisted of meat, and that day was a fast-day, it would be a violation of the ordinances of his church; this hypocrisy so disgusted his host, that he immediately turned him out of his house.

While I was at the island of Cos in January 1816, I lodged in the house of the Greek Archbishop of the place: he was a corpulent man, of gross habits, which he had evidently acquired by long indulgence in "the fat slumbers of the church:" but he was rigidly exact in the outward ceremonies of his religion, every morning recited his prayers regularly, reading, or rather chanting, a part of the Bible, and, it being the time of the Greek fast which succeeds their Christmas, would, on no account, taste the meat and the milk dishes which my servant cooked for me, though he every instant had a longing for them, and perpetually expressed his regret that I had not arrived at a time when he might have shared my dinner; during my three days' residence in his house, I saw frequent instances of his rapacity on religious pretences; such are so common that I took little notice of them, but one of them was of a nature so impious, so disgusting, that I could not dispense myself from noting it in my journal: a Greek woman, very poor, who was on her death-bed, sent to the archbishop, begging him to send a priest to confess her before she died; he refused to do so, unless she previously sent him five hundred piastres, (about 25*l*.) a sum utterly beyond her power to raise; she sent fo

the Greek Codgià Bashi, (chief of the Greeks,) and deputed him to speak to the Archbishop: I was present when he came to make the bargain; he soon convinced the Archbishop that five hundred piastres were out of all question, and the demand was accordingly dropped to one hundred: the Codgià Bashi said the woman had not above fifty; "Then let her sell her furniture and ornaments," said the Archbishop; "But there is no time," replied the C. B., "she is dying." I shall never forget the cold brutal tone in which the Archbishop rejoined, "Well, let her die then—" "a good voyage to her." ("Ἐ καλὰ ἂς ἀπὸθῇ καλεῖσθαι τῇ.") At length the Codgià Bashi retired, refusing to give more than fifty piastres; but on his return to the woman, her fear of dying unabsolved overcame every other consideration, and she sent her ornaments, (bracelets and earrings, and the few sequins she wore about her neck): the Archbishop, after having leisurely considered and weighed them, and assured himself of their being worth the sum he had demanded, sent a priest to her. These scenes are so common that a relation of the woman who brought the first message, and afterwards accompanied the C. B. in bringing the second, expressed no sort of indignation, but bargained as if he had been buying corn: the woman was of bad character, having had three husbands, all Turks, of whom she had abandoned one, and the other two had abandoned her.

A French lady, of a very charitable disposition, whom I knew at Cyprus, told me that she was totally disgusted by

the shameless instances of the rapacity of the Greek clergy which her visits to the cottages of the peasants brought almost daily under her notice. One she mentioned to me as having happened shortly before my arrival. A Greek widow with three children, in the lowest state of poverty, who was on her death-bed, was complaining to her of her inability to buy the medicines and comforts requisite for her situation. The lady, observing a very neat gilt Venetian looking-glass in her room, advised her to sell it and provide herself from the money it would fetch. She answered, that by advice of the Greek priest who attended her, she had bequeathed that glass to his convent. "Indeed! but surely you should scrape together every thing you can for your children. What resources do you leave for them?" "Oh!" she replied, "the Papa says that *Heaven will take care of them!*"

It is not possible to give a stronger instance of Greek credulity than that which is exhibited in the pretended descent from Heaven of the Holy Fire into the supposed Sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. The flame is pretended by the priests, and believed by the vulgar, to descend from Heaven at the prayer of the Greek bishop. I was present at this scene in the Easter of 1815. There were two thousand Greek pilgrims (exclusive of Armenians, Syrians and Copts) then in the city. On the day after Good Friday, when the ceremony took place, the church was crowded by pilgrims, men and women, each carrying a taper to be

lighted by the heavenly flame. The Greek bishop entered the Sepulchre, accompanied by the Armenian patriarch, and by a Turkish soldier, whose well-paid silence is adduced as a proof of the miracle. Large sums were paid by the credulous to be placed near the window, from which the fire is given out. For twenty minutes the pilgrims were kept in suspense, and this interval was filled by cries of impatience, and by furious and even bloody efforts of those at a distance to remove and supersede the happy few who had obtained a place near the window. At length it opened, and a wild shout of enthusiasm followed the delivery of the fire. In a moment the whole building was in a blaze from the countless quantities of lighted tapers. The pilgrims, on receiving the fire, eagerly burnt their bosoms, their faces, and their beards, with it, and treasured up in their bosoms the candles which are religiously kept as relics to the day of their death, and descend to their children, who preserve them with reverence.

This is not the time for a detail of the ceremony; the blindness of the people is sufficiently proved by its existence. The scenes which then passed in Jerusalem, and those which I afterwards witnessed in the passage of the pilgrims to the river Jordan, are ample proofs of the accomplishment of the prophecies which predict the abomination of the holy places. I have by me the description of them, and can never forget them, but the details would fill a volume, and I know not when I shall find time to prepare it.

Bigotry and ignorance are such inseparable allies, that I need not state how addicted to the former feeling are the Greek vulgar. They are taught to look on none as Christians, but the Russians and themselves. So systematick are the impressions of this kind inculcated into them, that when a Greek confesses to a priest his having robbed a Frank, (European) restitution is not (as usual, when the case concerns their own sect) enjoined as a condition of absolution. I knew an instance of this in the servant of a French gentleman, the interpreter of the French consul in Cyprus, who had robbed his master. I have frequently been told I was no Christian for eating meat on Wednesdays and Fridays.

A priesthood of this character were not likely to promote, even if they would consent to permit, the dissemination of the Bible among a people, whose ignorance ensured to them wealth and power.

Accordingly, on arriving at Zante, in September, 1813, I found lying there numbers of Greek testaments which had been sent by the Bible Society for dispersion through the Morea. None of the Greeks would buy them, (not that great exertions had been used to distribute them) urged no doubt by their priests, who pretended that, being printed by heretics, they must contain heretical doctrines. I took one of these Bibles with me in my cursory excursion through parts of the Morea, and of Greece. I found that the objection to them did not originate with the people, for on my

spreading the report that I had one with me, numbers of Greek merchants, and other respectable individuals of that nation daily called on me to read it, admired the purity of the translation, and lavishly praised the zeal and the liberality of the Bible Society. Seeing that the consent of the priests could alone ensure the distribution of the Bible, on my return to Constantinople in the Autumn of 1814, I called on the Greek œcumenical patriarch with Mr. L. (chaplain to the British embassy at the Porte, and a subscriber to the Bible Society) presented his Blessedness* with an extract of a prospectus of the Bible Society which I had translated into Romaick, and with a copy of the Greek testament handsomely bound (which had been sent out to him two or three years before, but from negligence had not been delivered) and requested that, after having read it, and ascertained it to contain nothing but the uncorrupted and unillustrated text of the Bible, he would write down his consent that all the Greeks might receive and read it. We did not extort from him this consent till a second visit. He first pretended that the translation was unnecessary, as there were scattered through Greece many Hellenick copies of the Testament, and that all the Greeks who could read Romaick, could also read Hellenick. This assertion my own experience enabled me positively to contradict, for in my travels I had met with many Greeks who could read *only*

* Τῆν Μαναρίαν Ἰῶ, the title given to the Patriarch by those who address him

Romaick; and indeed the greater facility of the latter language, and the system of education of children by the papas now established in many parts of Greece rendered it natural that it should be so.

At length we obtained the Patriarch's consent, cleanly written in Romaick; signed and sealed, and Mr. L. transmitted it to the Bible Society, who very judiciously affixed an accurate fac simile of it to all the Testaments they afterwards sent out, by which the most important obstacle to their dissemination is effectually removed. But, unfortunately, the Society published their next edition without the Hellenick, and the Patriarch, though he admitted it to be the same translation as the former one in which the Hellenick was placed by the side of the Romaick, refused to affix his sanction to the edition; nor could all Mr. L.'s arguments, though he admitted the force of them, soften the obstinacy of his refusal.

After even the slight and imperfect sketch I have here given of the Greeks, it must be instantly seen what incalculable advantages that dissemination must tend to produce. The study of that volume, which speaks so feelingly to the heart, that even to the careless it seldom speaks in vain, must have the deepest and most salutary effects on a nation whose oppressors leave them few other comforts than those of religion, whose habits are from necessity so retired, and whose life in general so domestick; and it would become

the more general, as the children are now very commonly taught to read by the Papas.

When I was in Palestine, I made earnest inquiries after the printing-press for Arabick literature, established on Mount Lebanon; it was become nearly a nullity; the oppression of the Government had reduced the people and the convents to such poverty that almost every expense which was not entailed for the support of life was banished from domestick economy: I was informed that no book had been printed there for some time: I found but few Bibles in the country, and those few confined to the churches where they were read in that chanting hurried tone which is so totally unintelligible even to those who know the contents of the volume: I spoke of the Bible Society, and asked if any Bibles of that association had been distributed in the Holy Land, but no one had heard of it. On my return to Constantinople, I spoke of this to the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, with whom I was on terms of friendship; he assured me that he had no doubt the distribution of a few Bibles through that country would be received with delight, and a week or two afterwards, four Greek priests who had just arrived at Constantinople from the Holy Land, called at the British palace, earnestly asking for a Bible. On this Mr. L. wrote home for a supply of Arabick Bibles which the Society has since sent out, and which had arrived at Constantinople before

I left that city for England in October 1816. They have since, I believe, been sent to Aleppo, to the care of Mr. Barker, our Consul there : I have only to add that they cannot be in better hands.

Mr. L. received at Constantinople a few copies of Armenian Testaments sent out by the Society. These, at my request, he sent to Egypt, where there reside many merchants of that nation ; and I accompanied them with letters to Mr. Lee, our Consul at Alexandria, and to Signor Bogos, an Armenian, chief Secretary to the Pasha of Egypt, whom I had known during my short residence in Cairo, entreating their assistance in distributing them ; I do not know the regulations of the Bible Society with respect to the mode of distribution, but I recommended that they should be sold to the opulent and given to the poor : I have not heard the result of any of these recommendations. The best channel of communication which the Society can adopt, is to address their letters to the chaplain of the British embassy at Constantinople, to whom the ambassador would cheerfully give his official assistance in corresponding with the Consuls at the respective stations from which the Bibles can most conveniently be issued.

Such is a brief view of the little I observed in my travels that could promote the views, or excite the interest, of the Bible Society : I shall be happy if the communication of it prove useful, and only regret that it was in my power

to do so little ; but if these few hints give any light by which the Society may be enabled to discover means of more extensively diffusing its benevolent designs, I shall think myself amply repaid for my humble exertions, and shall not think I have written in vain.

Believe me, ever, dear Sir,

very sincerely yours,

W. TURNER.

END OF APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

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